



THE REV. JOSEPH TRAVIS, A.M.

Autobiography

OF THE

REV. JOSEPH TRAVIS, A.M.,

A MEMBER OF THE MEMPHIS ANNUAL CONFERENCE.

EMBRACING A SUCCINCT

HISTORY OF THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, SOUTH;

PARTICULARLY

IN PART OF WESTERN VIRGINIA, THE CAROLINAS,
GEORGIA, ALABAMA, AND MISSISSIPPI.

WITH

SHORT MEMOIRS OF SEVERAL LOCAL PREACHERS, AND AN
ADDRESS TO HIS FRIENDS.

EDITED BY THOMAS O. SUMMERS, D.D.



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Editorial Note.

IN the Preface to this Autobiography, the venerable author indirectly apologizes for the unstudied, colloquial style in which it is written. As he did not, however, write for carping critics, but for Christian friends, there was no need for an apology. The author empowered the editor to make such changes in the work as he might see necessary, in preparing it for the press; and this, of course, he has done; but he has not interfered materially with the free and easy style of "narrative old age" which characterizes the book. An editor, in our opinion, ought not to use his prerogative very extensively in editing an autobiography—especially such a one as the present, in which the modes of expression, no less than the subject-matter, reproduce on the printed page the individuality of the writer, who may have been seen and heard in the pulpit and at the hearth-stone by many of his readers. Thousands perhaps will purchase the book and peruse it with delight, because it is "Brother Travis," or "Uncle Travis," who speaks, and not his editor for him. Those who have no personal acquaintance with the author will be well paid for their perusal of his biography.

an honored name belonging to the heroic age of Methodism is here embalmed; and many an interesting incident is told respecting the worthy men of other days—the elders who have obtained a good report, and to whom the present race of Methodists sustain a filial relation. Such men and their deeds ought to “be in everlasting remembrance.”

NASHVILLE, TENN., Sept. 3, 1855.

Preface.

I HAVE been solicited, more than once, to write out a history of my life and travels, but I always hesitated, from the fact that I had never accustomed myself to writing for the press; and also that the matter afforded might not compensate the reader for the trouble in giving it a perusal.

However, being by affliction confined to my house for nearly two years, and consequently compelled to dismiss my school, and having no particular employment to engage my attention, except preaching at my own house once a fortnight, sitting in my chair, I at length concluded to write out a brief history of my life; embracing at the same time some historical facts in relation to our Church in Western Virginia, North and South Carolina, Georgia, etc. This I thought might be interesting to the reader, and might especially exhibit the superintending care and manifested appro-

bation of the great Head of the Church towards us, as a branch of his general Church militant—he having so wonderfully prospered and so abundantly blessed the itinerant toils and labors of our fathers, as pioneers of Methodism in the above-named Southern States.

The statement of these facts must always be matter of gratitude and thanksgiving to God by the younger class of Methodists, and the recollection of them by the aged fathers and mothers in Israel, who may be yet surviving the tomb, will not only impart much joy and delight, but must constrain them to cry out: “See what great things the Lord hath done for us!”

In writing this little book, I have studied perspicuity and sententiousness. Hence my language in the general is simple and plain, more designed for common readers than the more learned.

I am aware that the critic may find some things on which to animadvert; but this to me is matter of little moment, in view of the grand object for which I write—the manifestation of the grace of God towards myself as an individual, and to the Church of which I am an unworthy member, but to which I have belonged, and which I have truly loved these fifty-four years and upwards.

I have yet another object in view, and that is, that I may continue to speak, when coffined and sepulchred in the silent tomb. I want to be doing some good when

dead and gone; and I do trust that this little manual may have the desired effect. As to my *itinerancy*, I am completely *laid on the shelf* by affliction, I fear for life, being in fact a real *Mephibosheth*, "lame in both feet." But I do thank God that I have the use of my eyes and fingers. And I also retain some (if not an abundance) of the powers of ratiocination. Hence, with my pen, I will now try to promote the cause of our common Christianity. I only lament that I had not accustomed myself in earlier life to the task and art of composition. Yet if I fail in the florid and gorgeous style, I will aim at the comprehensive.

In introducing several of our local brethren, of whom no public notice had ever been taken, I was fully convinced I should afford some satisfaction to their numerous friends and relatives, who would like to ascertain those parts of Immanuel's lands in which they toiled and spent the prime of their days whilst in the itinerancy.

Several little interesting anecdotes of our fathers in the ministry appeared under my signature in the *Christian Advocate*, of Nashville, ten years ago; but as a good story cannot be too often told, and many may have never read them in that periodical, and those who may, have by this time measurably forgotten them, I have again introduced the substance of them in this work; though by no means *verbatim*, as I had no reference to

those numbers written by me for the Advocate, when I penned this work.

My only apology for my short address to my friends and acquaintances in the South is, that I sincerely love them, and desire, from the ground and bottom of my heart, to meet them in heaven. And my prayer to God is, and shall be, "that they may be saved." The reader will, in sheer justice to myself, keep in recollection that I have written out the whole of this work under circumstances by no means favorable, as I have had a chronic rheumatism in one leg and foot, which at times deprived me of any rest or sound sleep through the entire night; as also, the erysipelas on the other leg and foot; but my age and multiplied afflictions seemed to whisper in my ear, "What thou doest, do quickly." Hence, such as it is, I present it to the inspection of a charitable, religious, and friendly community. And if by so doing, I shall afford any good to my fellow-creatures, or in any wise benefit the Church, or in the least degree advance the glory of God, my object is gained, and I shall feel myself more than compensated for my labor.

JOSEPH TRAVIS.

CHINA GROVE, near Grenada, Miss.,

April 24th, 1855.

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CHAPTER I.

My Birth—Parentage—Removal to Virginia—My early Religious Impressions—My joining the Church—Great Revival of Religion in Harrisonburg—Removal to South Carolina—My Conversion—Exercises of Mind about Preaching—Admitted on Trial in the South Carolina Conference, December, 1806.

I WAS born on the 13th of September, 1786, in Harford county, Maryland, in what was then called Bond's Settlement, about twenty miles above Baltimore. My father, Robert Travis, was of English descent; my mother, Phebe Travis, of French extraction: her maiden name was L'Estrange.

I was the youngest of fourteen children; and was almost miraculously saved from death at the age of only three days, at which time my father's house was burnt down. In the midnight hour the house was discovered to be all in a blaze; and, in the hurry and bustle of rescuing my mother from the devouring flames, I was for the moment forgotten. But just a

little before the roof fell in, a young lady, who at that time was staying with my mother, recollected me, rushed back into the house, and was fortunate in snatching me from impending ruin. As the roof fell in, my afflicted mother recollected me, and exclaimed, "My child! my child is lost!" When the young lady presented me to my mother, she cried out, "Let the house and all go! my child is safe!" The narration of this scene to me, by my dear parents, has tended to inspire gratitude to my heavenly Father, whose providential care was thus manifested towards me in my helpless infancy.

My parents were members of the Methodist Episcopal Church before I was born—having connected themselves with the Church under the ministry of the Rev. Free-born Garrettson, or the Rev. Wilson Lee, I am not certain which. In the year 1789, my parents moved to Virginia, and settled in Rockingham county, where they, as soon as practicable, united with the Methodist Episcopal Church in that section of country; and my father's house was always the welcome home of the weary and weather-beaten itinerant preacher. Young as I was, I have a distinct recollection of the Rev. Messrs. George Wells, John Pitts, Morris Howe, Valentine Cook, and Enoch George, (who was subsequently made bishop,) yea, and of many others, of whom it may be truly said, they "were burning and shining lights." Some of the above-named men of God frequently preached in my father's neighborhood, and especially at a little village, about four miles distant, called "Rock Town," but, at this time, a considerable town called Harrisonburg, concerning which place we shall speak more fully

hereafter. Among those who but occasionally visited that section of country were Joseph Everett, Joshua Wells, Seely Bunn, and William McKendree; (afterwards bishop,) all names and men of precious memory—some of whom I shall again bring into view.

I was about three years of age when I met with an accident that crippled me for life: whilst playing with some tools in my father's shop, I struck one in the joint of my left knee; and before the wound became healed, I had a fall from a chair which gave it a wrench, causing what is vulgarly called the *joint-water* to run out. My knee and leg immediately became greatly swollen: so much so, that the first physician that my father employed was for amputating the leg above the knee, against which my dear mother most solemnly protested. Another physician was called in; and, after three long months of incessant attention by him, and unremitting care and nursing by my mother and others, I was so far restored as to be able to hop about a little, and ultimately to go limping with but little pain or inconvenience. But my leg remained crooked, and my kneec-pan entirely out of place—in which situation it remains to the present day, (March 8th, 1855.) Yet “goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life,” as you will perceive in the sequel.

A year or two after this affliction, my parents moved to the village before mentioned, namely, “Rock Town.” Here I was put to school; and my associates were in general of quite a wild and wicked character. Whilst in the country, I had no temptations to vice: my sainted mother had early taught me to pray, to refrain from bad

language, and to reverence and keep holy the Sabbath day. When there was no public worship convenient for us to attend, my father would frequently have public worship in his family three times on the Sabbath day, namely, morning, noon, and night.

After being in the village a year or two, I was prevailed on by some of the village boys one Sabbath to join in a company of bird-nest hunting. My parents knew nothing of the circumstance. It was customary with my father at family prayer, at night, to call upon some one of the children to read a chapter. This night (Sunday night) he turned round to me, and said, "Joseph, you will read for us." The request went like a dagger to my poor sin-smitten soul. What, I! who have been breaking the Sabbath in hunting birds' nests, now to read in family worship!—it would be the height of hypocrisy; and to disobey my father would be a heinous sin. I hesitated for some time; but the request or command of my father being renewed, I ventured to the table, on which lay the good old family Bible; and, with trembling limbs and a guilty conscience, I opened the sacred volume, and read as well as I could—I know not how. After prayer we all retired to bed. But, alas for poor me! sleep had departed; and the sweet restorer of nature and of rest could not be wooed by me. My guilty conscience haunted me like a ghost. I kept silent until about midnight, when I could no longer restrain my feelings. My groans and cries awoke my parents. My father called to know what was the matter. I made no reply; but continued my incessant groaning and weeping. Finally, my father came to me, lay down

on the bed with me, and after some length of time I went to sleep. That was the first and last bird's nest that I ever hunted on the Sabbath day. Should any child read this my sad story of Sabbath-breaking, let him take heed, and avoid the rock on which I had so unfortunately split. Or if, like me, he has already been guilty of the act, then should he with repentant tears and deep groans return unto the Lord, and beg forgiveness. And parents! you who may read it, permit me to say, Teach your children early and betimes the fear of the Lord—teach them to pray, to keep holy the Sabbath day; and this teaching will grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength: yea, “train up a child in the way he should go; and when he is old he will not depart from it.”

At another time I was much tempted to swear, to be in fashion with other boys. But the fear that my mother might hear of it completely repelled the tempter, and to the present day I have never used a profane word. Thanks be unto God for a pious mother!

My religious impressions continued to increase. I was attentive to church, and to private devotion; and I do think that I was happily converted at the age of about eleven years. At that time, I felt a joy and peace in believing that I never before had experienced. But I unfortunately kept my feelings to myself, and by degrees those happy feelings left me. I nevertheless continued punctual to my church and to private prayer. At times, particularly under preaching, my heart would be tendered, and tears would flow in abundance. The enemy of my soul now fell upon a new method to draw

me off from God and the deep concern of my soul's salvation.

I was severely and awfully tempted to infidelity, yea, to downright Atheism. Again and again have I had to look up to the sun, to convince myself that there was a God, who built the skies, and formed the earth with all its vast apparatus. I became afraid to read my Bible; it appeared to be so full of contradictions, and so many passages entirely beyond my comprehension; and yet to doubt the Bible and the existence of a God were equally abhorrent to my mind. It was not very long after this attack of the Devil upon me, before two of my schoolmates passed from time into eternity. One of them, Mr. G——, was a wild, wicked, and profane youth. After he quit school, he became a clerk in a store in our village. A respectable farmer one day stepped into the store and inquired for a Bible. Young G—— asked him what he wanted with a Bible. His reply was, for his children to read; upon which the unfortunate G—— remarked sarcastically and indignantly, that “there was not a word of truth in it.” The moment he uttered these blasphemous words, as he afterwards acknowledged, an arrow from Jehovah's quiver fastened in his guilty soul, imparting sorrow, anguish, deep and black despair; and he forthwith proclaimed that the door of mercy was shut against him, and his damnation sealed. I saw him about a week after this unfortunate circumstance took place with him. But, oh! may I never again look upon such a haggard, wretched, and terrific countenance! His friends had to watch him day and night, to prevent his laying violent

hands upon himself. However, a few days after I saw him, when one of his brothers who was appointed to watch him accidentally fell asleep, young G—— seized the opportunity—hastened to the woods—hunted a grape-vine—tied it around his neck—climbed a tree—fastened the other end of the grape-vine to a limb—gave a spring off—broke his neck—and landed in an awful eternity. Thus ended the days of poor Mr. G——. And if such be the result of infidelity, God deliver me from it!

Another but far different instance of mortality took place with another of my schoolmates, William Steward by name. He was a moral, upright, modest, and high-minded youth. When taken sick, he was about sixteen years of age. During his sickness, he became convinced of the necessity of a radical change of heart. He sought and found the pearl of great price. I heard of his extreme illness, and went to see him the night he died. He had not turned himself in bed for four days, and was speechless. The physician, who, by the way, was a Methodist preacher, concluded to have prayer in the room where Mr. Steward lay: not, as he thought, for his sake, whom he viewed already unconscious of any about him, but for the sake of the company present. But whilst at prayer, Mr. Steward rose up in the bed, with the death-rattle on him, and shouted aloud,—Glory! glory! glory to God! I am going safe home to heaven!—meanwhile clapping his pulseless hands together, and raising them in token of complete victory over death, hell, and the grave. He gently laid his head on his dying-pillow, and in a short time breathed

his last, without a sigh or groan, and winged his happy flight to the regions of endless bliss. The language of my heart was, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." I went home, but did not enter the house. I sought a fence-corner in the darkness of the night, and there, upon my bended knees, I covenanted with my heavenly Father, if he would but give me the religion of William Steward, I would serve him all my days. The wretched death of the unhappy Mr. G——, and the triumphant death of Mr. Steward, both combined, silenced and completely dissipated my doubts in reference to the holy Scriptures. Here were facts, and, as they are sometimes called, "stubborn facts," which, like to figures, cannot lie; and thus being able to "turn and discern between the righteous and the wicked," I no longer hesitated in mind what course to pursue, but fully determined to serve the true and living God, and to seek for genuine and experimental godliness. And the more effectually to obtain this grand and glorious end, I concluded best to join the Church; and accordingly on the 1st of April, 1801, at a night meeting held by that amiable and excellent man of God, the Rev. James Paynter, of the Baltimore Conference, I presented myself for trial in the Methodist Episcopal Church at Harrisonburg, Rockingham county, Virginia. And just here, for the benefit of the young, as I was at that time only between fourteen and fifteen years of age, now that almost fifty-four years have rolled around, allow me to say that I have never for a solitary moment from that time to this repented that act of joining the Church. It is true I

did it tremblingly, fearful that I would not walk as consistently as a Church member should, and that in all probability in less than two years I should be expelled the Church. I had my weaknesses, and I was conscious of the fact: levity and making fun was particularly a besetting sin of mine. But thank God, in less than two years I became happily converted, and was made to rejoice in the pardoning love of God. However, after joining the Church, for some time

“I rested in the outward law,
Nor knew its deep design.”

In 1802, the Rev. James Ward and the Rev. Leonard Cassel were appointed on Rockingham Circuit. Mr. Ward, I presume yet living, was at that time among the most useful preachers. Wherever he went, revivals generally attended his labors. Mr. Cassel, though young, and in the first year of his ministry, was most cordially received, the Lord being with him and abundantly blessing his labor of love. He travelled eight or nine years, filling important stations, and died at his post, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, deeply and sorrowfully lamented by his charge in Baltimore, as well as by thousands of others acquainted with his gifts, graces, and usefulness.

The Church, however, in Harrisonburg, the fore part of this year, was in a deplorable state of lukewarmness, and prejudices among the members abounded much more than did the grace of God. I can never forget the night I attended my class, when the leader sang and prayed, unfolded his class-paper, burst into a flood of

tears, and with a half-choked utterance said, "Brethren, go home, I cannot meet you in class to-night." He picked up his hat and walked out: after which, in slow and awkward procession, the rest of us followed.

On my way home, passing by the stable of the class-leader, I heard a groaning in the stable—the sound being that of a human being. I approached nigher, and it being a moonlight night, I peeped into the stable through a crack, and there distinctly saw the class-leader (James Burgess) upon his knees, begging God to have mercy upon the Church. Oh! that we had more such leaders in this day as he then was!

There was an appointment for Bishop Asbury to preach in our village, which called forth a goodly number of hearers. He was accompanied by the Rev. Nicholas Snethen and the Rev. Enoch George. All three preached—first, Bishop Asbury, in his orthodox and regular manner, producing *serious attention*: then, Mr. Snether, in his eloquent and rhetorical style, affording *delighted attention*: then, Enoch George, by his heavenly pathos, his weeping eyes, and pungent truths, produced a *weeping attention*. He began to break in pieces the flinty heart, and to melt down into tears the iceberg professors, whilst sinners in Zion began universally to quake and tremble. But so it was—the meeting broke up without any special effort being made to get souls converted, and to build up the waste-places of our little Zion. Nevertheless, the good seed was sown, productive of a very rich harvest in quite a short time.

Truly mysterious are the ways of Divine Providence. God has "his way in the calm, in the storm, and in the

whirlwind.” And a thousand ways has he to carry on the great, benevolent, and glorious work of human redemption; and he so ordered that that good work, already begun, should not stop at what it then was, but increase and deepen, until the entire breach of the Church should be healed, and many more added to her numbers. This was brought about in a very unexpected manner. A youth by the name of David Shaver, an apprentice to one of our brethren in the village by the name of Sykes, was sent the next day (Monday) on an errand of some business to a Mr. Bryant’s, a local preacher, living about six miles distant. Mr. Bryant inquired of young Mr. Shaver about the meeting in town, and he, (no professor,) to please the preacher, told him that they had a *wonderful time*, and added that there was to be preaching again there to-night. Brother Bryant was so elated at the intelligence that he spread the news far and wide, throughout the length and breadth of his neighborhood, and lo and behold, a goodly number, from five and six miles round, collected in for preaching. It so happened that Brother Cassel was in town, and he concluded that, as the country people had ridden such a distance to hear preaching, they should not be altogether disappointed, and that he would endeavor to preach to them. So preaching was announced in the town for that night, and a good congregation in a short time was collected together. About midway of the sermon, quick as lightning from heaven, the power and presence of the great Head of the Church was manifested in the midst. Ah! it was truly glorious—sinners crying aloud for mercy, mercy—happy Chris-

tians shouting, lukewarm professors weeping and groaning—while those who had been at variance with each other were now in each other's arms weeping, and mutually begging each other's pardon for their hard thoughts and still harder words against each other, promising hereafter and for ever, to live in brotherly love, and to pray for one another.

The meeting continued until about midnight. Next day they met again, and yet a greater display of glory and of power pervaded the entire assembly; and thus it continued, more and yet more gloriously, for eight days and nine nights, and at its conclusion one hundred and seventeen whites and several colored persons were added to our Church. Never did I witness, before or since, such displays of divine power. Profane sinners, downright skeptics, and God-defying wretches, would enter the church with their sarcastic grins, and countenances telling out upon them their rage and hellish malice at the work going on, and in less than ten minutes the very vilest of all such would be stricken to the floor, as if shot by a deadly arrow, and for an hour or so remain speechless, breathless, pulseless, and, to all appearance, perfectly dead—then, afterwards, with a heavenly smile, look up, stand up, and shout aloud, "Glory, glory to God! my soul is converted, and I am happy." Many became afraid to enter the church, and at a tavern one day it was asked by the company who would venture to go in and bring back the news of what was going on, when a Mr. Mackey proposed himself, as he was not afraid. I knew this young man well—he was amiable, only very wild and heedless about religion. I noticed

him when he came in. I saw him when he began to count the number of persons then down on the floor. He proceeded as far probably as from one to six in counting, when down he came. He lay for about an hour. I remained close by him, and when he arose he commenced shouting "glory to God!" and taking me by the hand, exclaimed, "Oh! had I known the power of God, I should not have resisted it, as I have done." So when he made the report at the tavern, he had, of course, to report himself among the number of the slain of the Lord.

But the most happy convert that I witnessed, was a young man of talents, birth, and education, but a professed infidel. He came into the church, fearing no consequences, and defying any power, human or divine, to make a fool of him; when, astonishing to relate, in about ten minutes, yonder he lies, prostrated on the floor at his full length. Breathless and pulseless he lay for an hour or more, and when he rose, it was tremendously glorious—and of all the loud shouting and incessant shouting I ever heard, it took the lead. He afterwards became a minister of the gospel. O for such times again in the churches! Probably we might have them if we but had such weeping and praying class-leaders as the one I have just mentioned. I sincerely believe that this revival was in answer to that man's prayer. O Lord, lay the worth of souls on the hearts of our official members, both of clergy and laity!

But where was I all this time? There I was in the very midst of the forked lightnings of divine truth, the thunders of divine power pealing all around me, the

slain of the Lord many at my feet. But strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless a fact, that I remained throughout the whole scene of wondrous power and grace, unscathed and unhurt. Indeed, I was a mystery to myself: I could not fully rejoice with those who did rejoice, nor could I weep with those who wept, feeling no condemnation. But, as before stated, the Lord has "his way in the calm, and in the storm." My hour for salvation at last came, when under a sermon of that great and excellent youth before mentioned, Leonard Cassel, I became most powerfully alarmed. He was preaching on the unpardonable sin, and stated that any one who pronounced shouting to be the work of the devil, committed said sin;* when at that time a negro commenced shouting up in the gallery: I looked up, and the devil suggested to me, that that was the work of the devil; and immediatly again suggested to me, that now I had committed that sin in thought, which was just the same as if I had done it in speech. I had to be shaken off my lees, and my foundation of morality removed some way or other; and I believe the Lord permitted the devil to shoot at me with the breech-end of his gun foremost. I had not as yet built my hopes of heaven alone upon the atoning merits of Christ: my morality, my prayers, and church-going duties were too much appreciated by me, and in particular as regarded my future destiny.

I now became despondent, and fearful that I never should obtain salvation. In the autumn of this year,

* The reader will hardly endorse this opinion.—[EDITOR.]

my parents moved to South Carolina. I, all the time, was truly wretched; but determined, if I went to hell, to go there praying for pardoning mercy. In the month of January, 1803, I was sent on an errand some four or five miles from home: it was nearly dark when I got to the place. Some folks were there drinking pretty freely: they asked me to drink. I refused: the enemy, as it were, whispered in my ear, You might as well turn out at once, and drink and sport: you will never get religion, and you are sure of hell any way you may take it. I involuntarily gave my head a shake, which any of the company might have noticed, had they been looking at me. After I had attended to my errand, I started home in the dark, without tasting their liquor. On my way home I got lost. I threw the reins of the bridle loose upon my horse's neck, and prayed to the Lord to direct my horse homeward. About nine o'clock at night I reached home. All had retired to bed but my mother. I sat at the fire a few minutes, and then walked out to pray. In passing by the kitchen, the door being open, and the old cook not being in, I concluded that I would step in there and pray, as it was cold. It was my custom always to sit down and meditate awhile before I got upon my knees. Accordingly I sat down upon a bench, and, in meditating, asked myself the question, Did not the Lord hear my prayer to-night, in guiding the horse, and in bringing me safe home? Does he not equally, yea, much more care for my never-dying soul? Will he not hear my prayer for its salvation? Yes: he will. *He will.* HE DOES. Faith was immediately imparted to me. The smiles of

the blessed Trinity rested on me: my burden dropped off: my chains and fetters were broken: joy sprang up in my soul; and I was now enabled to hope in my blessed Redeemer. Thus I was converted in a kitchen, and upon a negro stool. O bless God! that he is not limited to either time or place. Religion can alone impart solid and lasting peace, either in the kitchen or in the parlor—in the negro hut, or in the palaces of kings. I did not shout or make any noise, but I hastened into the house. My beloved mother, who all along had been deeply interested for me in my peculiar situation, and had prayed for me hundreds of times, was sitting at the fire, knitting; the candle burning but dimly, and but little light from the chimney; but as I opened the door and stepped in, she sprang from her seat, ran to me, took me in her arms, saying, “O, my child, has not the Lord converted you? are you not happy?” With a grateful heart, I replied, “Yes, yes, I am now happy.” But how she should know it was a mystery to me. She must have read it in my looks; but then she was so aged, and blind, and the lights so dim, I could not tell how she could have distinguished looks at that distance. I am sorry that I never asked her how she came to find out the change wrought upon me.

That night I lay down happy, and awoke happy in the morning. But during that day the enemy had well-nigh succeeded in robbing me of my confidence—suggesting to me that if I had been truly converted, I should have shouted as other converts generally did. I however continued to pray, and my peace was again gradually restored to me.

My parents had designed me to study medicine; and I accordingly went to live with a brother-in-law, (Doctor Walsh,) but after having remained some little time, I became dissatisfied with the profession, and entirely abandoned the thought of physic, and took up a school in the neighborhood, in which, by the way, I had to engage in public prayer with my students, which was a great cross. In visiting about in my neighborhood, I was frequently called upon to lead in family worship, and was ultimately (young as I was) appointed class-leader of our society.

In the course of a few months, I became seriously concerned about preaching, but resisted the thought, fearing that it originated from pride, or might be an immediate and direct temptation of the enemy. This impression followed me for more than two years.

I at length began to lose the life and power of religion. I might pray in secret for myself, for my class, or for my parents, and feel but little comfort; but the very moment I would ask God to show me his will about my preaching, instantaneously my soul would become happy, and I would be ready to shout, Glory! glory! I notwithstanding continued to doubt my call to the ministry. Being lame, and young, and inexperienced, I would at times in a congregation look over, and see several hale, sprightly, and good-looking young men, and would be ready to say to myself, Now if the Lord wanted more preachers, how easily could he convert one of those good-looking young men, and thrust him out into his vineyard—they are so much better fitted for usefulness than myself. I must here relate a little cir-

cumstance, which, though somewhat strange, was nevertheless true. Lorenzo Dow was to preach in my neighborhood. I had never seen him, or he me; but hearing that he was peculiarly pious, before I started to Church, I retired into the woods, and prayed to my heavenly Father that if it was his will that I should preach, he would give me a token by L. Dow. I went; and the congregation being too large for any house in the village, he mounted a block in the street. I was standing at his right side, rather somewhat behind him. About midway of his sermon, he commenced a talk on the ministry, and finally turned round to the right, and with his finger pointed at me, saying, "There stands a young man that the Lord intends to make a preacher, if he will but go home and get more religion." Truly, had the earth opened under my feet, I could not have felt much more consternation than I did on that occasion. That night he was to preach at the house in which I was boarding. We had as yet no introduction, but after he had done preaching, he came to me, and said, "Don't you think you ought to preach?" I replied, if it was the will of God, I would try. Next morning he proposed the same question to me. I made the same reply. He then asked me if I was a Calvinist. I answered, no; and that was all that passed between us on the subject. It was but a short time before it was suggested to me, that Dow might have noticed my countenance changing whilst he was dwelling upon the ministry, and that that made him act as he did in pointing me out in the whole congregation. I again sunk into doubts relative to my call. But the reader must indulge me a little further, in

reference to this all-important subject. I am no enthusiast, in the general sense of the word, nor do I view myself as visionary; but I must here relate a dream that I had when quite a boy. I dreamed that there were twelve preachers at my father's house—Bishop Asbury among the number; and that one of the preachers took me in his lap, saying, "I must go with them." I at once felt willing, as also did my father, my mother somewhat hesitating, I being her youngest child. She, however, consented. The preacher gave me a piece of gold coin, saying that "I had sold myself to them;" at the same time stating that "he must write it on the calf of my leg;" and I thought in so doing, he made a mistake, and wrote another name instead of mine. This dream rushed in upon my mind, just as fresh and impressive as if it had transpired the previous night. Its application to me was powerful: "Remember that he wrote another name instead of yours. Now if you bury the talent that the Lord has given you, he will take it from you, and give it to another." I ultimately yielded, and consented to obtain a recommendation from the Quarterly Conference for the Annual Conference which was to meet in Sparta, Georgia, December, 1806. During the sitting of the Conference, I remained at home, and made it my daily and nightly prayer, that if the Lord did not will me to preach, that I might not be admitted on trial in the Conference. But I was admitted. And I thank God for seeing proper to call me, unworthy as I was, to the sacred work of the ministry.

CHAPTER II.

Some remarks on the Rev. Joseph Everett—Brunswick Circuit, to which I was appointed—People of said Circuit—Sparta Circuit—Rev. Jesse Lee—An Anecdote of Robert Martin—Annual Conference within the bounds of my Circuit.

THERE were admitted with myself, in the South Carolina Conference this year, the following brethren:—Osborn Rogers, John W. Kennon, James Hunter, Solomon Bryan, Charles Fisher, Joseph Harley, William Scott, Elias Stone, John Collinsworth, Robert L. Edwards, Angus McDonald, Leven Sellers, James Norton, and William Arnold—fifteen in all. There is only one remaining on the itinerant list with myself at this date, 1855, namely, William Arnold. The greater number have gone home to their reward in heaven. Dear Brother Arnold and myself are yet lingering on these mortal shores. O that our sun may go down serene and cloudless; and that we may meet with those of our classmates who have died in the faith; and that in glory we may be reunited, not in preaching Jesus and the resurrection, but in giving “glory and dominion for ever and for ever to Him that loved us, and washed us from our sins in his own blood, and hath made us kings and priests unto God and his Father.”

In a few weeks after the adjournment of Conference,

Brother Reddick Pierce, who was appointed to the Montgomery Circuit in North Carolina, passed through my neighborhood, and brought on my appointment for Brunswick Circuit, part in North Carolina, and part in South Carolina. We would journey together for several days; so he tarried a short space, until I got ready to start. I bade farewell to my affectionate parents and two sisters, and hastened my departure for my new and untried field of labor. That day we stopped at the house of an old acquaintance of mine, and got dinner. The old lady (a good Presbyterian) asked me where I was going. I answered her, "On a circuit, ma'am." "On a circuit!" quoth she: "I hope not to preach." I told her "I was going to try." "Ah," says she, "Joe, it will be a poor preach that you will make." Well, I verily thought so too. But after dinner, I proceeded onward; the old lady to the contrary notwithstanding. In a few days the weather became quite disagreeable, and on Sabbath morning it was snowing; but not being so well pleased where we stayed on Saturday night, Brother Pierce proposed our journeying on. Having gone some miles, Brother Pierce's horse threw him, and he told me "that he viewed it as a judgment for travelling on the Sabbath;" and we determined to stop at the very first house we could get entertainment. We finally saw a house: we rode up. Brother P. inquired if two Methodist preachers could tarry there through the day and night. The prompt reply was, "No." So we had to journey on; and after riding several more miles in the snow, we came to another house, quite decent in its exterior. Brother P. again asked, "if

two Methodist preachers could tarry there until morning." "I reckon so," was the answer: "get down and come in." Upon entering, I found the interior yet more inviting than the exterior. The smiles of the good lady of the house, the mild and gentle manners of the children, all told out that we had obtained a pleasant berth for the rest of the day and night; and upon further acquaintance we found that we were in the friendly house of a Presbyterian clergyman, who had just returned from preaching that day to one of his congregations. And nothing would do but that one of us must preach to his family and servants that night. Brother P. called me out, and said, "Brother Travis, you must preach to-night." I begged him again and again to preach himself; that he was two years older in the ministry than I, also older in years; and that it would be treating our kind host and hostess with disrespect to impose such as I upon them. But he would listen to no argument from me. The good old Presbyterian lady's remark had haunted me all along: "Poor preach, Joe." And now to get up before a learned Presbyterian preacher and his quite intelligent family, was to me no little cross. I, however, sang and prayed, and took my text, and did as well as I could; but ever and anon, the "poor preach, Joe," of course would cross my mind.

We left the kind and hospitable family next morning. No charge for either man or beast. Brother Pierce had a youth with him, afflicted with rheumatism, whom he was aiding on to his friends in North Carolina, and there was no charge for him. In a few days after this, I had to part from Brother Pierce, much to my grief and deep

regret. I truly found him all the way a pleasant, sociable, and every way agreeable companion. I loved him then : I love him still ; and hope to love him in heaven, world without end.

On the next Sabbath I reached Lumberton, in North Carolina, and preached in that place, which formerly was attached to Brunswick Circuit, but now cut off, and fixed to Bladen Circuit, under the charge of Brother Thompson, appointed to that circuit. I put up at a Mr. McNeil's, who was a Presbyterian, but his wife a zealous Methodist, and is so to the present day, if yet living, in Covington, Louisiana. Her house ever afterwards was my home for many years, when passing through Lumberton. Few women in our Church, or any other Church, deserve more esteem, and are more worthy of praise than Sister McNeil. The society at Lumberton at that time was small ; but the few were worthy members of the Church, and thus remained until removed to the Church above.

Before I enter upon the history of my circuit, I will revert to the valley of Virginia for a little space. Valentine Cook, Seely Bunn, Morris Howe, Stephen G. Rozell, George Wells, John Pitts, Joseph Everett, and James Paynter, who, in my youthful days, were laboring in that section of the Lord's vineyard, have all gone to their sweet rest and blessed reward in heaven ; as also Bishops George and McKendrec. James Ward and Joshua Wells, both of the Baltimore Conference, I think, are yet, in 1855, warring a good warfare, preaching as oft and as well as they can, and, I trust, daily ripening for their inheritance in a better world.

Joseph Everett was emphatically a man of God, and a minister that needed not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth, and giving to saint and sinner their portion in due season. He had his peculiarities—by some pronounced eccentricities. Yet, take him for all in all, he was for utility excelled by few, and for untiring effort, godly zeal, and patient perseverance, equalled by none. I must here relate one or two interesting anecdotes of this indefatigable pioneer of Methodism in Western Virginia :

On a rather sultry summer's day, he was preaching in the country, in his shirt sleeves, his coat being somewhat oppressive to his plethoric frame ; and, having reproved a certain son of Belial for misconduct in the house of God, he became so enraged that he forthwith made at Mr. Everett in the pulpit ; upon which Mr. Everett wheeled round to him hastily, rolling up his shirt sleeve, and exclaiming at the top of his voice, "Do you think that God ever made this arm to be whipped by a sinner ? No, no !" at the same time giving a tremendous stamp with his foot on the pulpit floor, at which the poor cowardly wretch turned as pale as a corpse, hastened down from the pulpit, and sneakingly walked out of the church. Mr. Everett calmly resumed the thread of his discourse, and finished his sermon, as if nothing had happened to interrupt him.

At another time he had an appointment to preach at a certain place to a people hitherto hardened, and to all appearance impregnable to all the artillery of gospel truths. Whilst giving out his hymn, a thunder-cloud very hastily came up. The thunder became more and

more severe. In time of prayer it was alarmingly so. Mr. Everett prayed for the thunder to come yet nigher. It came. He called out the second time, "O Lord, send thy thunder still nigher!" With that, the house appeared to be in a blaze with lightning. Sinners, both male and female, in almost every direction through the house, were prostrate, crying aloud for Mercy! Mercy! The result was great and glorious.

Strange to tell, a certain individual, the next day, went to a magistrate to inform against Parson Everett, stating to the magistrate, that he verily believed that had Mr. Everett called the third time, they would all have been struck dead; and he believed that such a man ought to be legally stopped from travelling the country at large. The magistrate, apparently quite serious, asked him "if he really thought that Parson Everett had power with God?" The man responded, "I really do." Upon which the magistrate replied, "I then can do nothing with such a man. You will have to let him go."

Mr. Everett had formerly been a Presbyterian, or one of what was at first called "New-lights," disciples of the great and good Mr. Whitefield. He unfortunately, however, backslid, and became openly profane, and thus remained for some length of time. It pleased the Lord, in his infinite mercy and goodness, to reclaim him under the Methodist ministry; and in the year 1780 he became an itinerant preacher.

He died on the 16th of October, 1809. On the night of his death, about twelve o'clock, he awoke from a gentle slumber, and immediately his devout and pious soul

became inflamed with uncommon ecstasy and heavenly joy, and in exclamations of praise he shouted aloud, "Glory! Glory!" and thus continued for about twenty-five minutes, and then ceased to shout and breathe at the same time. O "let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his." For nearly thirty years this truly excellent man bore the burden and heat of the day, on circuits, in stations, and on districts, and finished his course with joy and triumph. What encouragement to the wayfaring, weather-beaten, and toiling itinerant to endure unto the end! And what a delightful eternity to spend in association with such immortal worthies, who have gone before us, awaiting our arrival, to hail us on that delectable shore of complete deliverance.

We might add much more in relation to our beloved Methodist Church in the fertile valley of Virginia; but as I do not design a voluminous work, we will let the brief remarks already made suffice, as fully evincing the grace of God in the Methodist ministry when and wherever our preachers have faithfully and zealously labored. Parts of this valley will, however, again pass in review, in noticing our visits to that section of country since our first removal from it to South Carolina. Methodism has continued its growth and unparalleled success in those parts, until it has become the most populous and most popular Church in that section of Western Virginia.

We will now return to make some remarks about the circuit to which I was appointed. John Collinsworth was appointed with me. We were of the same age in the ministry. He was perhaps a few months older than

I. The charge of the circuit devolved upon myself; and, young and inexperienced as I was, the responsibility became greatly fearful; and what added to its weight was, we had no presiding elder until the last quarter of the year. That gifted and lovely man, Rev. Bennet Kendrick, was appointed on the district in which my circuit lay, but before he reached that part of his work his Master called him home to receive his reward in a better world. The name of Kendrick was known and beloved by thousands: he had filled many important town stations. At the Conference in Sparta, December, 1806, he called for a location, which was reluctantly granted him. The entire Conference, loving him, and so greatly appreciating his real worth, they knew not how to give him up. He remained at Conference after he obtained his location, sitting in the Conference-room dejected, and apparently deeply distressed, for several days. One morning previous to the adjournment of the Conference, he entered the room in a flood of tears, and with a tremulous voice said, "Brethren, will you forgive me, and take me back among you?" The heart-cheering interrogatory was responded to with acclamations, yes, yes, yes! He was accordingly received back into the Conference, and appointed on Camden District. But the great Head of the Church had appointed him his home high up in heaven.

Jonathan Jackson was, by the bishop, appointed in his place, but he never reached our circuit until the close of the year—the last quarterly meeting for the circuit.

About the first appointment I reached on the circuit, I was not a little concerned in witnessing what was called

the *jerks* and *dancing exercise*. To see persons tumbling down and jerking, hard enough, I thought, to dislocate the joints; women's combs flying in every direction, and their hair popping almost as loud as wagon-whips—I knew not what to think of it. I never before had seen the like; but ultimately came to the conclusion that religious people might have the jerks, but that there was no religion in the jerks—in which opinion I have remained steadfast to the present day. I can never forget one Sabbath, standing on a floor to preach: Brother Christie, a pious and upright man, the class-leader, was standing close by me; and while we were repeating and singing the first hymn, he was taken with the jerks, knocked the hymn book out of my hand, and gave my unfortunate nose a hard rap. It was some time before I could recover from consternation and pain; and in spite of myself an association of ideas intruded upon me something like this: that if the jerks were from God, he would not wish me to preach to that congregation, under such mal-treatment inflicted on me by the jerks. I, however, endeavored to banish such thoughts, and proceeded in the usual exercises, as if nothing had happened. I have always considered the jerks an incomprehensible sensation, or agitation, produced upon pious people. I ascertained the fact, however, that they were far more prevalent with weak-minded and nervous professors, than with those of well cultivated minds and healthful bodies.

Our predecessors on the circuit were James Russell and John Porter—both men of zeal and revival qualifications. I had to follow in the train as well as I could,

and endeavor to keep up the revival. I became somewhat enthusiastic in thinking no good was done if there were no noise or shouting going on, hence I became quite vociferous, much to the injury of my lungs and breast. The house of the Rev. Julius I. Gause, who lived within the bounds of the circuit, was my welcome home. He was a local preacher of note, and of first-rate talents. His concern for my happiness and well-being was truly apparent, which, of course, caused me to love him the more. One day, at his house, in his bland and affectionate manner, he says to me, "Brother Travis, if you had more faith and less noise, you would do equally as much good." *More faith and less noise* appeared to ring in my ears day after day. I verily believe it saved my life; for my life, on one occasion, was despaired of—having broken a blood-vessel, I was taken up for dead from the floor, and lay insensible for an hour or more. But by the goodness of the Lord, I so far recovered as to proceed on my appointments, in a day or two, and by attending to Brother Gause's suggestion, I finally recovered. I shall never forget the excellent motto, *More faith and less noise*.

My circuit was large and laborious. I began again to doubt whether God ever designed me for such a work, and I came to this conclusion: if no soul became converted under my preaching within six months from my coming on the circuit, I should take it as a signal that I was not in my proper place, and wend my way homeward. Before the close of the six months, a young gentleman of rather high birth, good education, and interesting manners, under my poor talk, became most

powerfully convicted: so much so, that his nose burst out a bleeding. He left the congregation, took the woods, went to praying, and never rested until he was happily converted. He afterwards became an acceptable and useful itinerant preacher in our Church—travelled several years—ultimately located—and when last I heard from him, he was a faithful, upright, and holy minister of the gospel. O may I meet dear S. J. in the kingdom of glory. S. J. is Samuel Johnson, known by hundreds.

My circuit bordered on Wilmington, North Carolina. I went to see the place, and spent a night with the Rev. Joshua Wells, then stationed in that town. He acted the part of a father to me, by giving an abundance of good advice, and particularly pressing upon me the necessity of study, letting me know that he often had gone with patched elbows in order to procure suitable books to read. This is the same Joshua Wells previously mentioned by me, now a superannuated preacher of the Baltimore Conference, between eighty and ninety years of age.

During this year, Brother Collinsworth and myself had some good and gracious seasons of merciful visitations. A goodly number was added to the Church. Brother Collinsworth was truly a pious, zealous, and useful young man. There was somewhat of an ascetic spirit and temperament of mind exhibited by him, which, with those who were not acquainted with his real worth, rendered him somewhat unpopular. But he labored faithfully and prayerfully. He was emphatically a man of prayer; and such he continued until the year 1834,

when he was called to his "inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

There were on this circuit a goodly number of local preachers, some of whom were bright and shining lights: Richard Green, much beloved, and a good preacher; Julius J. Gause, of high standing in Church and State; James King, hard to excel in pulpit eloquence; Edward Sullivan, a plain preacher, and humble, fervent, Christian; Dennis Hankins, simple-hearted, sincere, devout, and humble, and a pretty good preacher: he has at this time two sons living in Grenada, Mississippi—Doctor William, a Baptist, and Samuel, a lawyer, a Presbyterian—both high-minded and honorable gentlemen. O that they may meet their father in heaven!

There were also on this circuit many pious, praiseworthy, and magnanimous lay members. Brother Gibbs always treated me as his own child. He also has two sons out in this country, viz., John and William, both members of the Methodist E. Church. There was also Peter Gause, whose house was always open for the preachers—a good man, and a useful and honorable citizen, as well as member of our Church. He also has a son (Peter Gause) living in Grenada, and also a member of our Church. His daughter, Jane Wilkins, died a year or so ago. As she is beyond the influence of either praise or blame, I can write freely concerning her, which I will do in few words. And suffice it to say, that she was the accomplished lady, the thoroughgoing Christian, the steadfast Methodist, (yet no bigot,) the affectionate wife, the humane mistress, the kind and attentive foster-mother, (having no child

of her own,) the obliging and tender-hearted neighbor : in short, she had but to be known in order to be beloved. She is gone, but no doubt has gone safe to breathe a more salubrious air in the regions of bliss, perfectly freed from the afflictions which she had to encounter in this vale of tears. Bethel Durant, John and Thomas Durant, Benjamin Gause, Thomas Frink, Richard Holmes, Robert Howe, and many others, brought me under lasting obligations to them for their kindness, attention, and affection towards me. They most cheerfully bore with my weakness, and, as far as in them lay, endeavored to hold up my hands, and to sustain me in my work and labor of love among them. But all these brethren, and many of the sisterhood, had their souls enlisted in the cause of Methodism and of vital Christianity.

The circuit at large sent on a strong petition to Conference for the return of Brother Collinsworth and myself to them, which was not granted—probably all for the best.

After our last quarterly meeting, I bade farewell to my Brunswick friends, and hastened onwards to my aged and widowed mother. My father died very suddenly some months before. He had been afflicted with asthma for several years—sometimes better, then worse. The night on which he died, he prayed in the family with more than common feeling and strength. My mother being unwell at the time, slept in another bed. In the morning the cook called him for breakfast : there was no answer. My mother, alarmed, got out of her bed and went to him ; and, behold, he was cold and stiff in death, without the sign of any struggle whatever !

So easily thus did he pass from earth, I trust to the joys of paradise. He was about seventy-two years of age.

On my way home, in passing through Camden, I met with Bishop Asbury and the Rev. Daniel Hitt, and tarried all night with them at Brother Isaac Smith's. Bishop Asbury insisted on my going on to the Conference to be held in Charleston. I begged off, stating that I had not seen my mother for nearly a year. He still insisted, and I continued my plea. He finally remarked that if I wished an appointment for the next year, I must come on to Conference. I then came out somewhat boldly, and told him that the Discipline did not require my presence at Conference, being but a probationer of the first year. I however remarked that if after I got home I found it practicable to come, I might do so. But after getting home, I did not feel like leaving again so soon. I wrote a few lines to the bishop, begging to be excused, and to continue with my mother during the sitting of Conference; which, I presume, satisfied the good old bishop, for in due time I received my appointment for the next year.

January, 1808. I was appointed to Broad River Circuit, in Georgia, to labor by myself. But shortly after the adjournment of Conference, a change was made to accommodate Brother Abda Christian, who was appointed to Sparta Circuit. My name, however, on the printed minutes remained annexed to Broad River.

Brother William Arnold was my colleague on Sparta Circuit, and the Rev. Josiah Randle our presiding elder. Brother Arnold was of the same age with myself in the

ministry, and somewhat older in years. The charge of the circuit again fell upon myself. This, I verily thought to be a great blunder, Brother A. being, in my opinion, every way better qualified for taking charge than myself: being a larger, better looking, and better preaching man than myself. But I submitted, and did as well as I could. We had a pleasant year. Brother Arnold is yet living, or I should remark pretty freely and fully concerning him. Suffice it to say, that I always found him a gentleman in the true and legitimate sense, the humble and pious Christian, and the gifted and zealous minister of the Lord Jesus Christ.

It was on this circuit that I became acquainted with that good man, Robert Martin, generally but vulgarly called Bob Martin. He was somewhat eccentric; but no one presumed to doubt his genuine piety. His attachment to Methodism, with all her rites and ceremonies, stood forth in bold relief. The reader must here indulge me in the relation of a circumstance concerning him, which took place but a few years previous to my coming on the circuit. The rule on slavery in our Church was, by some of our preachers at that time, *imprudently* and very *injuriously* enforced, even in the slave States. Brother Martin was expelled the Church for either buying or selling a slave—I am not certain which. But so it was, that notwithstanding his zeal, upright walk, and undoubted piety, he was excommunicated. He continued, however, to attend church as regularly as ever: yea, to get happy, and to shout “hallelujah” and “glory to God.” At one of our quarterly meetings, on the Sabbath morning, Brother Martin was there in due time

for love-feast. But, alas! for him there was no admittance. He lingered about the outside door-posts for some time: he at length crept under the meeting-house floor. During the love-feast he became quite happy, and could no longer refrain, but began shouting aloud "Glory, glory." The intonation of his voice was recognized by the brethren and preachers holding the love-feast. The presiding elder spoke, saying, "that is Brother Martin;" and forthwith ordered the floor to be ripped up, and to let Brother Martin in among them, which was immediately done; and those who had even given in their voice for his expulsion now embraced him in their arms, weeping and praising God. The remaining part of the love-feast was truly glorious. As Brother Martin lived, so he died, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. This anecdote was attributed to James Russel, the last year, in the Southern Christian Advocate. It was a mistake in the writer, for it was Robert Martin, of Georgia, and not James Russel, of North Carolina.

It was also on this circuit that I became acquainted with the venerable and sainted Myles Greene, who but the year before last fell on sleep, and left the walls of our Zion, to enter into the New Jerusalem, and to inhabit that building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. His care, attention, and advice to me on this circuit, were not only thankfully received by me, but were truly advantageous at that time, and in after life.

Another pious local preacher, Father Reece, did me much service. I trust that the good Lord has rewarded him accordingly. Many years ago he went home to

God and glory. O the lasting benefit that pious, judicious, and experienced local preachers can confer upon the young and inexperienced itinerant! May the great Head of the Church still incline them to the noble and charitable work.

The venerable and gifted Jesse Lee was on this circuit the previous year; and I must here be permitted to introduce an anecdote in relation to him that year. He went to a camp-meeting in one of the adjoining circuits, where they were threatened by a mob of ruffians: the Rev. Mr. Lee took the stand, and gave out for his text, "The good Lord, pardon every one." "Now," says he, "my introduction is as follows: at a certain time, when I was preaching in the New England States, a certain person at the door kept threatening to whip me as soon as I had done. There was present a large, athletic man, who had but recently joined our Church, who, immediately as I had dismissed the congregation, went to the door and cried out, 'Where is the man who wanted to whip the preacher?' The man forthwith stepped forward, upon which the young Methodist, with one sure and certain blow, prostrated him. He called again, 'Any more who wish to whip the preacher?' A second individual stepped up, and the young Methodist, with equal facility, brought him to the ground. He cried out the third time, 'Any more ready to whip the preacher?' With that, quite a bully presented himself. The young Methodist, after a little struggle with him, soon made him cry out enough. He called the fourth time, but no response was heard. Now," says Jesse, "let us Methodists alone: you know not into what

hands you fall when once you begin to impose upon us." It had the desired effect: the mob retreated, and all was quiet throughout the rest of the meeting.

It was in this year that I became acquainted with the Rev. Joseph Tarpley and the Rev. Hilliard Judge, who were on a circuit joining mine. Both of these young brethren were admirably calculated to do much good. Whilst they continued in the itinerancy, their labor was abundantly blessed, and many, many souls were converted through their ministry. But they both married, and located; and both have long since died, and I trust have gone to a better world. I expect to notice both more fully before I close this little work.

I also this year became acquainted with the noted and celebrated James Russel. He married, and located. He went home some years since. I also expect to speak fully and satisfactorily in relation to him in this work—being intimately acquainted with him for several years.

There were many lay members of our Church in this circuit, of excellent character and depth of piety.

In Sparta village, I can never forget, whilst the powers of my memory remain unimpaired, a Thomas Ford, a Dennis Ryan, a Zadok, and Philip Turner, and a Brother Kennon. These and their families were worthy of being held in high estimation. In Powelton lived a Brother Doughty, the very salt of the earth. In the country were a brother and sister Rogers, the esteemed parents of the Rev. Osborn Rogers, who for many years was in the travelling connection. He entered the same year with myself, is now local, but, as far as I can

learn, still faithful in and out of the pulpit. There were also Brother and Sister Cooper, parents of our beloved Urban Cooper, who itinerated for a few years, located, and shortly afterwards went to his inheritance of light and glory in the spirit-land. Brother Cooper was a man of extraordinary pulpit talents, and had he lived, would have been a star of the first magnitude in the Southern galaxy of itinerant preachers. But God is too wise to err—too good to do wrong; hence we submit to the removal of such from earth to heaven.

The Annual Conference, December 26th, 1808, was at Liberty Chapel, in the bounds of my circuit. It was held in the house of Brother Thomas Bush—Bishop Asbury presiding. The following brethren were received on trial, viz. :—Moses Andrews, Robert L. Kenyon, William Talley, Nathan Kimbel, Lewis Hobbs, William Redwine, Anthony Senter, Nicholas Powers, Jacob Rumph, Michael Burge, Lewis Pickins, John Henning, Joseph Saltonstall, William Capers, John Rye, Urban Cooper—sixteen in all. I know not that one of them is now alive—the great, good, and excellent Bishop Capers having recently ceased to work and to live. O the number of Methodist preachers that have died in these United States! But, ah! pleasing thought, if all have gone to heaven, what a glorious band will they form around the throne of God and the Lamb, singing, “worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing!” O that unworthy I may sweetly mingle with the beatific throng! It was once observed by an intelligent gentleman, (though no

professor of religion,) that “Bishop Asbury would present a greater number of Christian soldiers at the bar of God than ever did a Bonaparte of military followers in his march against Russia.”

The deacons ordained at this conference were:—Osborn Rogers, John W. Kennon, Charles Fisher, Wm. Scott, Joseph Travis, Robert L. Edwards, James Hunter, James Norton, Benjamin Gordon—nine in all; and all gone over the Jordan of death, except William Arnold, Osborn Rogers, and myself.

The elders ordained were:—Reddick Pierce, John Porter, Lovick Pierce, John Hill, James Russel, and Amos Curtis—six in all; and, as far as I can learn, all have finished their course, and have gone home to their reward, except the two brothers Reddick and Lovick Pierce, whom the chief Shepherd and great Head of the Church has seen best to retain a little longer on earth, to aid in building up the waste places of our Zion, and to assist in advancing the cause of our common Redeemer. May they yet for years remain among us, as beacons for our younger itinerants!

CHAPTER III.

Stationed in Georgetown—Prospects at first gloomy—Few Members—Persecution rages against me—An unexpected Revival takes place—Three hundred added to the Church, white and colored—Rev. William Wayne—Stationed in Columbia, S. C.—Rev. Claiborne Clifton—My sainted Mother professes Sanctification under one of my Sermons—Annual Conference at Columbia—Bishop Asbury in relation to my studying Greek, etc.—Stationed in Wilmington, N. C.—Rev. Jesse Jennett, a great and good man—The Society—The Colored People—I married this year.

AFTER the adjournment of Conference, January, 1809, I hastened on to see my dear mother, with whom I staid a few days, and took my departure for Georgetown, to which place I was appointed. By this time I had learned somewhat of the character of the town in which I was stationed—that for four years no preacher had been appointed there. The last one whom they had—viz., the eloquent and indefatigable James H. Mellard—the inhabitants of the place, or at least some of them, had raised the light-horse infantry, etc., to drive him out of the place. I ultimately concluded that the bishop thought me of no account, and Georgetown of no account, and he concluded to put two no accounts together; or that he might have thought that two negatives might perhaps make an affirmative. I nevertheless, considerably dejected, wended my way towards my

destined place of labor; and when I reached it, I found a few females and about three males belonging to the Church among the whites: however, there was a goodly number of colored people in Society, many of whom were truly pious: also, among the whites, an aged local preacher, William Wayne, of blessed memory. On the ensuing Sabbath, I had quite a large congregation; but entirely careless, and part, indeed, reckless. They ultimately got to smoking cigars in church in the time of divine service, and frequently at night pelting the church with brick-bats. My congregation, however, increased, and my labors among the colored people were apparently much blessed. I also got the good-will of some noted citizens, both male and female, some Episcopalians, and others belonging to no Church. Some sons of Belial made an attempt for three nights to waylay me and duck me in a pond not far from the church. The last night they made the attempt, we had a crowded house, and as I dismissed the congregation, a pious yellow man hastened to me at the pulpit, and requested me to make my way out in the crowd, as several were at the door waiting to seize me. A gentleman indeed, and in truth, wealthy and influential, though no professor of religion, by the name of John Shackelford, heard of the intended assault upon me, remained at the door until I came up, saying to me, "Sir, take my arm, and I will protect you." He conducted me to a house where a sister Carr resided, not far from the church. I there remained for some time. At length, expecting that the mob had dispersed, her son, a young lawyer, went with me to my boarding-house. When I reached

there at a late hour of the night, I found the greater part of my female charge sitting bathed in tears, not knowing but that my enemies had made an end of me. They had sent to divers places in the town where they thought I might have secreted myself, but could learn nothing about me. But we now rejoiced together for an hour or two. I then retired to rest, and slept quietly the rest of the night.

I continued preaching on to a crowded but thoughtless congregation until the month of May; at which time, if I had not sold my horse on a credit, and been moneyless, I should have left the place, in utter despair of ever doing them any good.

I must here relate another dream I had; and I do hope that the courteous reader will not hastily pronounce me superstitious. I dreamed one night that a huge and raging bull made at me at my church door, forbidding my entrance. I thought that many were standing around me, and rather carelessly looking on. I thought I cried for help, but not a soul would come to my assistance. I at length exclaimed, "In the name of God, I seize you!" I caught hold on his horns, and twisted his neck entirely round, at which he ran from me, and apparently crept under the church. I greatly rejoiced at the victory I had obtained. The dream impressed me, and I verily thought it ominous of success even in Georgetown. A few Sabbaths afterwards, I was preaching to a full house, on these words, "War a good warfare," designed to encourage and build up the few Christians among us. About midway of my sermon, I was strangely led off from the thread of my discourse

to address sinners. In a few minutes a tawdry-dressed lady in the congregation fell from her seat, and cried aloud for mercy; with that another in a different part of the house. The congregation involuntarily arose from their seats: not a smile to be seen, but a death-like paleness and deep consternation were depicted in the countenance of every sinner. In a short time I hopped down from the pulpit—invited mourners; when, lo and behold! between thirty and forty presented themselves around the altar of prayer, all kneeling down in their silks and nice broad cloths. From that glad day the good work went on: yea, the “bull was conquered”—Satan was driven down to hell, and many, many of his captives set at liberty, to rejoice in God their Saviour; and by “warring a good warfare,” they have already obtained the prize, and, before their unworthy pastor, have entered into their Master’s joy.

Our class-meetings and prayer-meetings would seldom break up before midnight; and my worst enemies, and even those who had threatened to burn my church down, would now walk across the streets to come to shake hands with me. Some of the Episcopalians joined our Church. O the change, the blessed change, wrought in Georgetown! I now loved the place, and was truly glad that the good old bishop had sent me there. To the present day I love Georgetown.

An Episcopal clergyman, by the name of Philip Matthews, (once a Methodist preacher,) attended one of my prayer-meetings. We had a gracious time. Several lay prostrate on the floor, speechless and apparently lifeless. The parson went about feeling the

pulse of one, and then another: finally he came to me and said, "Mr. Travis, I want you to pray for me." "Well," says I, "kneel down here, and I will pray for you." "O!" says he, "I want you to do it privately." I made no reply, but joined in the singing then going on.

My labors were hard, but my work was sweet. For weeks the revival continued to increase; with no help except the aged but zealous Father Wayne. Among the number of converts was a Frenchman by the name of Roque, a man of intelligence and good character. His besetting sin was profane swearing. At one of our meetings he became quite happy, when a certain good sister says to him, "Brother Roque, are you happy?" He replies, "Yes, yes: I is happy." She still looking him in the face, without any reply, he adds, "I swear I is happy." Poor man, he had been so accustomed to the phrase, that he had on that occasion forgotten himself. But he lived a pious and upright member of the Church for twenty years after this, died in the faith, and went home to glory. Hallelujah! glory be to God, for salvation and complete redemption, for every tongue, language, and nation, and kindred of people, who will but repent and believe!

This same Father Wayne had been for a length of time preaching to this people, both by precept and example, but apparently to no purpose. The good old man was also much grieved at his sons not being pious. There was a circumstance in relation to his youngest son (Gabriel) worth relating. Brother and Sister Wayne, with their youngest child, attended a quarterly meeting

in the circuit bordering on Georgetown. On Sabbath morning of the meeting, in love-feast, Brother Wayne became quite happy. He left his seat and went to where his little son Gabriel sat by his mother, took him up in his arms, and then held him up as high as he could reach, and with streaming eyes exclaimed, "Here, Lord, take Gabriel! O do take Gabriel!" Well, Gabriel grows up, and in his youthful days embraces religion and becomes a faithful minister of the gospel in the Methodist Episcopal Church; and after his father's death, preaches in the very same pulpit that the good old patriarch was accustomed to occupy. But in a few years Gabriel is called home, to live with his father gone before him in the paradise of God.

Did not the Lord, in answer to prayer, receive Gabriel that very morning that his aged and pious father made an offering of him to God? O that parents were more in the habit of giving back their children to God. I cannot but believe that the Lord would receive the sacrifice, and that such children would become shining lights in the Church of God, and finally, heirs of immortality and eternal life. Reader, don't forget old Father Wayne and his little son Gabriel: don't forget Hannah and her little son Samuel; but go thou and do likewise.

Father Wayne lived to a good old age—upright and conscientious in all his doings. He was the nephew of the celebrated General Anthony Wayne, famed for his military exploits in the Revolutionary war; but his nephew was equally famed for his spiritual warfare against principalities and powers, against spiritual wickedness in high places, and the rulers of the darkness of this

world. And as he lived, so he died, triumphing over death, hell, and the grave.

Many bright and exemplary members of our Church in Georgetown might here be introduced, such as Mrs. Sarah Johnson, Mrs. Frances Shackelford, Mrs. Wayne, Mrs. Carr, etc. During the year we had several from the Protestant Episcopal Church to come over to us. That Church was very friendly to me; and in the absence of their pastor, would on all occasions call upon me to bury their dead, by reading the funeral service of their Church, etc. My health was graciously preserved throughout the entire year, and never before could I have thought that I could have undergone such an amount of labor without serious injury to my health. We added about three hundred to our Church in that little town this year, embracing white and colored—the precise number of each I do not now recollect—however, the number of colored people was more than that of white. They sent on a petition to Conference for my return to them the ensuing year, which, by the way, was not granted—probably all for the best.

I now take leave of my beloved charge, and proceed to Charleston, to the sitting of our Annual Conference. Bishop Asbury is present in good health and excellent spirits. He preached with energy and feeling. He also held a love-feast on Sabbath morning for the preachers—a good time. O that such exercises were more common at our Annual Conferences than they are: the result would be truly beneficial.

This year the following brethren were received on trial:—John Rye, Frederic Wimberly, Alexander Tal-

ley, Alexander McEwen, Thomas Griffin, Alberton Jones, John Jennings, John B. Glenn, Andrew Grambling, John Tarrant, Michael Dunn, John S. Ford, John Webb, John S. Capers, James Capers, Henry D. Green, Duncan King, Drury Powell, and Whitman C. Hill—nineteen in all. No wonder that Bishop Asbury felt in good spirits, in beholding such a reinforcement in the itinerant ranks for the South Carolina Conference. But, ah! solemn thought—where are these nineteen brethren now in 1855? By far the greater part have fallen asleep in Jesus. Few, but very few, are yet remaining in this vale of tears.

The following brethren were ordained deacons:—Richmond Nolley, Charles L. Kennon, Coleman Harewell, Samuel Harrison, Benjamin Dulany, Christian Rumph, Thomas Mason—seven in all. I know not one remaining on earth. Our dear Brother Nolley was sent a missionary to the very State I am now sitting and writing in—the far-off Mississippi. He rushed through thick and thin, through wet and dry, to prosecute his mission. His motto was, discharge of duty, regardless of consequences. And in performing that which he believed to be a duty—in trying to reach a certain point of his work—he got belated, had to lie in the woods all night, and it being in the dead of winter, was found next day frozen to death. Blessed Nolley, thou art now resting from toil and labor, and sharing very largely in the ineffable delights of endless glory!

The following brethren were ordained elders:—William M. Kennedy, Robert Porter, James E. Glenn, Samuel Dunwoody, Abda Christian, Thomas **Hearthcock**,

Hilliard Judge, John W. Kennon, and John Collinsworth, who was ordained one year earlier than the time in order to go on a mission to St. Mary's. These beloved brethren have all gone: having filled up their measure of service on earth, the Master has called them to receive their hire.

“The love of Christ did them constrain,
To seek the wandering sons of men:
With cries, entreaties, tears, to save,
To snatch them from the gaping grave.”

Thousands will rise up and call them blessed.

The following brethren located at this Conference, viz.:—Samuel Ansley, James H. Mellard, Benjamin Gordon, Britton Capel, and James Jennings. If any of these be living I know it not. I shall probably find no more suitable place than just here to make a few passing remarks in relation to Britton Capel. He was the first one who gave me license to exhort, and who, as the presiding elder, took my name to the Annual Conference for admission on trial. He was a man that I much esteemed for his zeal and preaching talents; and I was truly sorry when I heard that he had left us, and joined those who were then called the Reformed Methodists. Some years after I met with him, and sought a private interview, on which occasion I talked plainly, but affectionately and respectfully to him. He began to weep, and remarked, “Brother Travis, it is too late for me to retrace my steps and come back.” This is the last interview I had with him. He has gone the way of all flesh, and is in the hands of his God.

My appointment for January, 1810, was in Columbia, the seat of government of South Carolina. I proceeded onward, and reached my field of labor in due time. I was most cordially received by the Rev. Clairborne Clifton, generally styled Major Clifton. I lived and spent a pleasant year with him and his amiable wife. Brother Clifton was a wealthy and influential citizen, a good lawyer, and excellent Methodist preacher. He would at times when at the bar forget, and style the jury "dear brethren;" yet as a legal gentleman, he stood eminently high, and as a Christian and a Methodist preacher, he was deservedly esteemed by saint and sinner. He has long since gone to his inheritance and home in heaven. But Columbia Methodists should never forget Lawyer Clifton, Doctor Green, and Daniel Faust, Esq.—yea, and a Benjamin Harrison, who, though he did not figure in either Church or state, yet fed and nourished the Methodist preachers to the utmost of his abilities, and was every way, when I knew him, a good and worthy man. A Brother Andrew Wallace, I understand, is yet living, and living to purpose, namely, to glorify God on earth, that he may enjoy his smiles and approbation for ever. Should Brother Wallace glance at this, I wish him to know that I still love him, have not forgotten his kindness to me, and hope to meet him in the paradise of God—the saints' everlasting rest.

We had some good times this year: several were added to our Church, worthy and respectable citizens. I frequently would have to sit down in the midst of my sermons, by the loud bursts of praise and shouting under preaching. Brother Clifton generally sat with his pencil

and paper, noting any little blunder I might make, and although he knew it at the time to be a mere *lapsus lingue*, yet to make me more cautious, he would present it to me. He was my true and honest friend.

I can never forget one Wednesday night, when preaching from these words, "The Lord openeth the eyes of the blind: the Lord raiseth them that are bowed down: the Lord loveth the righteous." Whilst dwelling on the character of the righteous, and the love of the Lord towards them, my aged and sainted mother fell to the floor. I hastened through my sermon—left the pulpit—went to her, and remained by her until she again revived; and as soon as she did, she shouted aloud, and praised God for the witness of sanctifying grace. She retained the evidence thereof until her death, which took place the following year, when she left the shores of mortality in the most triumphant and glorious manner. My mother was deeply pious, and beloved by all who knew her. Her talent in public prayer was rather extraordinary. Many a time has she been called upon to conclude meeting, after preaching, by prayer. She was truly conscientious in all she said and did—a strict observer of the Sabbath day, and a constant attendant on the means of grace. The Bible to her was emphatically the book of books: the class-room and the love-feast were places in which her soul truly delighted. She was plain in her dress, and simple and unaffected in her manners. Her heart was a stranger to guile and malice: she loved all—yea, even her enemies, if any she had. Take her at home and abroad, in the Church and in her domestic duties, and in her social intercourse, I much

doubt if she was excelled by any woman then living on earth. Probably many of her grand-children and great-grand-children may read these remarks, made by her youngest child, and let them recollect that, although he loved his mother, he has not painted her character in colors too glowing, or in language any wise exaggerant. Would the limits of my little book permit it, I should like to write out many pages in reference to my beloved mother. Suffice it for me to say to her grand and great-grand-children, follow her as she followed Christ; and if you thus do, you will assuredly meet your grandmother in heaven. I hope to meet her there myself, and to thank God that he blessed me with such a pious and godly mother. She was a member of our Church before my birth, and was over seventy years of age when she died. Her remains lie in the burial-ground in Columbia, South Carolina, to await that voice which awakes the dead, and summons home the elect of God from the four winds of heaven. I am conscious she will have a part in the first resurrection.

There were many pious and excellent members of our Church that I was now shortly to leave. Besides those already mentioned, I ought not to pass by a Brother Brice, who may yet be living;* a Colonel Hutchinson, and a Robert Warren, Esq., with their families, much to be esteemed for their benevolence, zeal, and fidelity.

It was in 1805 that Columbia had first a regular stationed preacher, and that was Bennett Kendrick, already mentioned as my first presiding elder—in 1806, Samuel

* John and Robert Brice are still "excellent members of our Church" in Columbia.—[EDITOR.

Mills, a good and useful man; in 1807, Dr. Daniel Hall, well known and beloved; in 1808, Lovick Pierce, yet living, and that to purpose; in 1809, Reddick Pierce, at present superannuated.

Our Annual Conference was held in this place for this year, December 22d. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were present. The brethren received on trial were:—Solomon Bryan, John Ira Ellis Bird, John Postell, Lewis Hatton, John Boswell, Daniel Brown, Samuel Jenkins, John Sewell, Reuben Tucker, John Campbell, Aaron Mattox, James Hutto, Samuel M. Meek, Thomas Dickenson, Andrew Pickens, Elias Stone, John Mullinex, Ashley Hewit, James Hays, and John Shrock—twenty in all. But, alas! how few are now remaining—none in the itinerancy, except John I. E. Bird, a superannuated preacher in the Mississippi Conference. He claims me as his spiritual father; and I would assure the world at large that I am not ashamed of having such an excellent and praiseworthy spiritual son.

The following brethren were ordained deacons:—Moses Andrew, Robert L. Kennon, William S. Talley, Lewis Hobbs, Anthony Senter, Nicholas Powers, Jacob Rumph, Thomas D. Glenn, William Capers, Urban Cooper, Joseph Saltonstall, and John Henning—ten in all—not more than one or two at present surviving the grave.

Those ordained elders were:—Osborn Rogers, Charles Fisher, Joseph Travis, William Scott, Robert L. Edwards, James Hunter, James Norton, and Jesse Stansel. I know not of any living, except my unworthy self.

The following brethren located:—Alda Christian, Epps Tucker, James Hunter, Thomas Hearthcock, Charles Fisher, Samuel Harrison, and John Henning. Reddick Pierce received a superannuated relation to the Conference. I think that none who at this time located are now on earth.

Bishop Asbury ordained the deacons, and Bishop McKendree the elders. At this Conference our congregations were large, attentive, and serious; and I must believe that considerable good was done. When my name was called in Conference, and the usual question asked, if there was any thing against me, my presiding elder (Reddick Pierce) answered, "Nothing against him." I was in the act of walking out, and got nearly to the door, when Bishop Asbury remarked, "I have something against Brother Travis." I turned round to ascertain what it was. He said that he understood that I had been studying Greek this year. I pleaded guilty to the charge, but remarked that in so doing, I viewed myself as treading in the footsteps of some of our most worthy and excellent brethren, such as George Dougherty, and many, many others. He made a few remarks on the danger of preachers' neglecting the more important part of their work, viz., "the salvation of souls," for the mere attainment of human science. He then bade me retire. The next day, meeting with me by myself, he took me in his arms and gave me an affectionate hug, requesting me not "to think hard of his remarks to me the day before: that he merely designed whipping others over my shoulders."

I took it all in good part, for I always did truly

esteem and love Bishop Asbury. O that our Church may never become unmindful of the toils and privations of this excellent man of God, and apostle of American Methodism. Bishop Asbury was not opposed to science, and particularly that science which aided in the elucidation of the holy Bible, and assisted the expounder thereof in giving a correct *exegesis* of its contents: indeed, it is said that he himself always carried with him the Hebrew Bible. Any one of discernment and judgment who has heard Bishop Asbury preach, could not but notice his chaste, though plain style, his grammatical correctness without the redundancy of rhetorical figures. In argumentation he abounded in *enthymemes*, without the circumlocution of logical propositions. Indeed, he was a learned man; and in the science of theology, had but few equals, if any superiors. Yet he desired to keep the preachers ever mindful of their great, important, and all-absorbing work, believing that the salvation of one poor soul outweighed all the books in the universe. We expect in this little work to make some further remarks upon this great and good man.

On the adjournment of Conference, my name was read out for Wilmington, N. C. I tarried a few days with my dear mother, who had removed to this place; and I bought me a horse, saddle, saddle-bags, and bridle, and thus equipped, I hastened on my way to Wilmington.

In due time I reached Wilmington, arriving late on Saturday evening. Few had seen me: the news, however, had spread over town that the new Methodist preacher had come, and would preach on Sabbath, 11

o'clock, A. M. Curiosity, no doubt, aided in filling the church. Very few of the congregation knew that I was a lame man. The eyes of the people were ever and anon cast towards the door to see the new preacher walk in. Ultimately I *hopped* in, when, behold, the congregation was about rising *en masse* to make their obeisance to me, thinking that I was bowing to them, and, being the most polite Methodist preacher they ever saw, I ought to be recognized as such, by a respectful bow from my congregation. They, however, soon discovered that my act of politeness was from necessity—not of choice.

At what time the first Methodist preacher visited Wilmington is difficult to ascertain. I see in the old bound Minutes, that, in the year 1784, Beverly Allen and James Hinton were appointed to Wilmington—I presume a circuit including Wilmington. In 1785 John Baldwin is appointed to Wilmington Circuit. In 1786 there is no mention made of Wilmington in the Minutes; but in 1787 Daniel Combs is appointed to Bladen Circuit, bordering on Wilmington. It embraced my first circuit, Brunswick, in 1807, and was that year for the first time separated from Bladen Circuit. In 1788 no mention is made of Wilmington, but Thomas Hardy is appointed to Bladen. In 1789 no mention is made of either Wilmington or Bladen.

The following appointments to Bladen were made in the years 1790–1799 :

1790. Jonathan Bird.

1791. John Ahair and William Bellamy.

1792. Joshua Cannon and Samuel Edney.

1793. Sihon Smith and Benjamin Denton.

1794. William Bellamy and Robert Cox.

1795. Rufus Wiley and John Shepherd.

1796. Anthony Sale, without any assistance.

1797. Christopher Mooring and Moses Black.

1798. James Jenkins, M. Wilson, and T. Milligan.

1799. John Simmons and Moses Black.

1800. Nathan Jarrett was appointed to Wilmington.

I presume he was the first stationed preacher in the town.

From 1801 to 1810, the following appointments were made to Wilmington:

1801. Bennett Kendrick.

1802. Bennett Kendrick.

1803. Joseph Pinnell and Thomas Jones.

1804. Jeremiah Russell.

1805. Zachariah Maddox.

1806. Bennett Kendrick.

1807. Joshua Wells, from the North.

1808. Samuel Dunwoody.

1809. Richmond Nolley.

1810. James Norton.

1811. I am in Wilmington, with a strong desire to do all the good I can, and as little harm as possible. The reason why I have introduced the appointments to Bladen is, that it gives a history of the rise of Methodism in the first circuit I rode, and also that it approximated nigher to Wilmington than any other circuit, and hence in all probability, the Bladen preachers might have frequently visited Wilmington, and have preached in the place.

A vast amount of permanent good was effected in Wilmington, previous to our regular stationed ministry, by a Mr. Meredith, who preached and labored zealously and assiduously in the place. His labors were peculiarly blessed to the colored people. He was much persecuted,

and threatened with imprisonment, the burning of his church, and I know not what besides. But he remained unshaken and undaunted in his work of mercy and labor of love. No doubt many of the sable sons of Africa from Wilmington will, in the day of judgment, "rise up and call him blessed." He was a good and useful man, and a sincere lover of the Methodist preachers.

I soon became more fully acquainted with that good man, the Rev. Jesse Jennett. I had a partial acquaintance with him when I was on Brunswick Circuit, in 1807. He was a local preacher of no inferior talents. His urbanity, benevolence, and brotherly kindness soon attached me to him. Methodism is much indebted in Wilmington to the labors and exemplary life of Brother Jennett. His house was the home of Methodist preachers: he delighted in having them about him, and participating at his well-furnished table. He might truly be styled a pillar of the Church in Wilmington. He had more than once been solicited to become the pastor of another church, with the promise of a rich salary; but Brother Jennett was not to be caught with a silver or a golden bait. He loved Methodism; and in the bosom of the Methodist Church he determined to remain, until transplanted to the Church triumphant above—which in very deed he did. Two or three years ago, full of days and well-merited honors, and, best of all, full of faith and the Holy Ghost, he was called home. But a short time previous to his death, I received a long, well-written, and affectionate letter from him. He was at that time over eighty years of age. He stated to me in his letter that he had become too aged and afflicted to preach

much, but was employing his time in writing spiritual letters to his friends; thereby trying to do all the good he could with his remaining strength and days. He also gave me quite an interesting and graphic description of the changes effected in Wilmington since I had last seen the place—its great enlargement, and its favorable commercial character, as also the blessed growth of Methodism in the place. The change, indeed, exceeded my most sanguine calculations; particularly as respected the increase of Methodists and Methodist churches. Truly our Church has enlarged her borders in Wilmington. May she continue to “look forth as the morning, fair as the moon, clear as the sun, and terrible as an army with banners!”

I lived at the parsonage, but was by no means pleased with my landlady, and less so with a grown son she had frequently at the house. I determined to make some change in my manner of living, and knew no better method than to get married, and bring my wife there as governess of the parsonage. Hence, on the 1st of May, I was married to Miss Elizabeth Forster, daughter of the late Colonel Forster, of Brunswick county. The next day I brought Mrs. Travis home, and the old lady gave way. Shortly after my marriage, I received a letter from Bishop Asbury, stating to me, “that he thought so.”

The bishop and myself were one day on a visit to old Mrs. Forster's, who then resided in Wilmington, and Elizabeth and I happened to be seated near each other around the fire. The good old man made a remark to me about it, when we retired to the parsonage. But at that time I had little thought of getting married; and

if I had had an agreeable hostess at the parsonage, I might not have so done at so early a period of my itinerancy—having travelled only four years.

I found some gracious colored people belonging to my charge. I must be indulged in naming one or two, for the “righteous should be in everlasting remembrance,” let them be white or colored.

William Campbell, an aged, pious, and godly man, for many, many long years, led an unblemished and irreproachable life. His very looks told out upon him that he was one who feared God and eschewed evil. Roger Hazel was a black man of uncommon mind, and of praying and exhorting talents that would have done credit to many a white man, though a Latin or Greek scholar; yet he was humble, teachable, and every way pleasant and agreeable. I might introduce many, many more, both among the male and female members of the Church; but suffice it to say, take them all in all, they were the best singers I ever heard—singing generally by note, taught by Roger Hazel, who always acted as my clerk. They were a society of colored people, of as much prudence, discretion, and Bible godliness, as you would find in any place whatever. I made it a point to guard them against fanatical expressions, or wild, enthusiastic gestures. On one occasion, I took a summary process with a certain black woman, who, in their love-feast, with many extravagant gestures, cried out that she was “young King Jesus.” I bade her take her seat, and then publicly read her out of membership, stating that we would not have such wild fanatics among us, meantime letting them all know that such expres-

sions were even blasphemous. Poor Aunt Katy felt it deeply, repented, and in a month I took her back again. The effect was beneficial, and she became a rational and consistent member of the Church.

We had a pleasant year throughout—some good meetings, especially in class and love-feasts: some increase of members, both white and colored. At the last Quarterly Meeting, the Conference wrote a petition for my return to them the next year—*which was granted*. As I was now married, Bishop Asbury did not so much hesitate as to my return; yet I do think that the way some societies have of petitioning for preachers, is by no means prudent or safe. The appointing power must be much embarrassed by such petitions. It ought to be the sincere prayer of every itinerant preacher, “Lord, so ordain it, that I may be sent to the very place where thou wilt me to go!” And the circuit or station should fervently pray, “O Lord, send us, in thy providence and grace, such a preacher or preachers as thou knowest to be best calculated to do us good, and to advance the Redeemer’s kingdom within our bounds!” If such prayers, by preachers and people, were offered up during the sessions of our Conferences, petitions would all be done away, and we should soon find out the blessed truth, that the chief Shepherd would see to it that our appointments as preachers, and our circuits and stations, would all do well, and the pleasure of the Lord would abundantly prosper in our hands. The preachers would not run in vain, nor the churches be cursed with barrenness and apostasies. We need more faith and more prayer over the appointment of our preachers.

CHAPTER IV.

Conference at Camden—I am delegated to the first General Conference held in New York, May 7, 1812—Re-stationed in Wilmington—Rev. James E. Glenn, a delegate, accompanies me to the General Conference—Remarks on said Conference—Jesse Lee and Asa Shinn on the Local Elder question—Return home—Rev. Jesse Jennett had well supplied my place—Again stationed in Georgetown—History of the commencement of Methodism there, and at Charleston—Located, and removed to Marion Court-House in charge of an Academy.

I ATTENDED our Conference, held in Camden, December 21, 1811. The brethren received on trial were—Griffin Christopher, Thomas Stanley, Benjamin Scott, Allen Turner, Nicholas Talley, James Sharp, Benjamin Ogletree, John Freeman, Henry Bass, Nicholas Punch, Lucius Q. C. De Yampert, James Koger, Britton Bunch, Jacob Hill, Hugh McPhail, Archibald Brown, James L. Belin, Alexander H. Saunders, Benjamin Brown, and Charles Dickenson—twenty-one in all. Some of them are dead—some located—some superannuated, and but one in effective service—namely, the venerable Nicholas Talley.

Those ordained deacons were—Alexander Talley, Alexander McEwen, Thomas Griffin, John B. Glenn, Andrew Grambling, John Tarrant, Michael Durr, John

S. Capers, Henry D. Green, Whitman C. Hill, Drury Powell—twelve in all—not one now effective, and only one superannuated—namely, our beloved brother, Whitman C. Hill.

Those ordained elders were—Charles L. Kennon, Coleman Harwell, Thomas Mason, Moses Andrew, Richmond Nolley, Benjamin Dulaney, Thomas Y. Cook—seven in all—not one in the itinerancy, but I trust several are in heaven.

Those located were—Reddick Pierce, Charles L. Kennon, Thomas Mason, Matthew P. Sturdivant, Robert L. Edwards, Coleman Harwell, and Urban Cooper—seven in all. I know of but one yet remaining on earth, and that is the Rev. Reddick Pierce—by myself and all others acquainted with him highly esteemed, and much beloved for piety, talents, and usefulness—a superannuated preacher.

I was at this Conference very unexpectedly elected a delegate to our first General Conference, May 1, 1812, at New York. The delegates elected with myself were—Lewis Myers, Lovick Pierce, Joseph Tarpley, Daniel Asbury, William M. Kennedy, Samuel Dunwoody, James E. Glenn, and Hilliard Judge—nine in all; and all gone home, except Lovick Pierce and myself. The General Conference was composed of ninety members or delegates.

I hastened back to my charge in Wilmington, and found my dear wife and church all well. I labored on among the people of my charge until the month of March; at which time I started for the General Conference, wishing to spend some time with my relations

in the valley of Virginia. By previous engagement, I was to join Brother James E. Glenn in my journey at Raleigh. I took my horse and saddle-bags and started, and met with Brother Glenn on the appointed day. We had no railroads in those days, so we trudged along through mud and rain, and hail and snow, as well as we could.

We passed through Harrisonburg, Rockingham county, Virginia, to see my relatives. We arrived in Harrisonburg at about nine o'clock at night. Brother Glenn rode up to the door, and inquired, "Can Joseph Travis, a Methodist preacher from Carolina, stay with you to-night?" My brother-in-law, Jacob Rohr, came to the door, looking confused. I had already seen my sister sitting at the table by the light of the candle placed on it. The sight of her overcame me. She came to the door. Brother Glenn had dismounted, and was hopping round his horse, my brother and sister looking on with great astonishment. I at length spoke: they knew my voice, and in a trice, I was in my sister's arms.

We tarried a few days with my relations, and then proceeded to New York. We passed through Fredericktown, Maryland, and stayed all night with a wealthy merchant of the place, and a class-leader in our Church. We preached for them that night, and had to pay for the feeding of our horses next morning.

We travelled on, regardless of inclement weather and bad roads. On the Sabbath we always lay by and preached to the people wherever we could gather a congregation. On horseback, we at length reached Philadelphia. We passed through some of the most fertile

lands I had ever seen, particularly in the neighborhood of Lancaster, Pennsylvania. We would travel for an entire day in a lane, plantation joining plantation for miles upon a stretch. We always found those wealthy German farmers, plain, hospitable, and kind.

When we arrived in Philadelphia, we found the Annual Conference in session. Brother Glenn and myself went into the Conference-room, and were politely and affectionately introduced to the Conference. In about an hour, Brother Stephen G. Rozell came to me, and said I had to preach at such an hour. Afterwards, Brother Glenn came and whispered to me, saying, "that it was an ordination sermon I had to preach:" upon which I hastened to see Brother Rozell, and begged off, but consented to preach at another hour. We remained among them several days, and were treated by them as brethren and as ministers.

A considerable number of delegates from the South and West had by this time reached Philadelphia. We all concluded to leave our horses in Philadelphia, and to take a steamboat to Burlington. This was the first steamboat I ever saw: it was quite different in form and conveniences to those which now navigate our rivers. Our company was chiefly composed of Methodist preachers and Quakers—a plain-dressed and sober set of passengers. From Burlington we took stage to New York.

On the first day of May, the members of the General Conference met in John street church. The session was opened by Bishop Asbury reading a portion of the holy Scriptures, singing, and prayer. A Secretary *pro tem.* called for the delegates of each Annual Conference,

who accordingly responded by presenting their certificates from their respective Conferences. The Rev. Daniel Hitt was elected Secretary for the duration of the Conference. Brother Hitt was at that time the book agent in New York, though for some cause he was not elected a delegate from that Conference. He was a dignified and apostolic-looking man, apparently well suited for the episcopal chair. He was, I think, called home to God and glory before another bishop was elected for our Church.

Probably the most exciting topic which enlisted the talents of this august body of ministers, was the election of local preachers to elders' orders in our Church. A vast amount of argument and speech was brought to bear on that subject; and I must here introduce an anecdote or two in relation to some of the speakers. By the opponents of their ordination, much was said in relation to the different kinds of rights, etc. As to a natural right, said they, no one disputes that a local preacher or any other preacher has it; but that we must distinguish between original, inalienable, and acquired rights, etc., and between civil and ecclesiastical rights. Those in favor of their election took the ground of both expediency and necessity. But Jesse Lee, in his dispassionate, logical, and argumentative manner, left but little hope for the local deacons ever attaining elders' orders. Indeed, he appeared to make it plain that the bishop *could not*, in good conscience, ordain the local deacons to elders' orders, particularly whilst our form of ordination continues as it is; stating that that form requires the person ordained to promise to devote himself entirely

to the ministry. "Now," said Mr. Lee, "how can a man devote himself entirely to the ministry when at his plough, in his school-room, or behind the counter?" That the form is altogether incompatible with the necessary character and situation of the local deacon, he argued at length, and, as I thought, conclusively. Indeed, I viewed the case as lost, much to the grief of my own mind. But as Mr. Lee sat down, a thin, and by no means interesting-looking man from the far end of the house arose, and with a squeaking voice commenced: "Mr. President, our worthy delegate from the Virginia Conference has argued the incompatibility of ordaining our local brethren to elders' orders, from the printed form of our ordination. Mr. President, I would but state one fact, in reply to his long and eloquent argument—namely: the same printed form requires the person to be ordained to promise to *rule well his own family*. Our worthy delegate made this promise twenty years ago, and has not fulfilled his promise to this day!" After giving this *argumentum ad hominem*, he sat down. Mr. Lee shook his big sides with laughter, and the entire Conference was in a risible mood. When the vote was called for, the motion was carried by a considerable majority—making local preachers eligible to elders' orders in four years after their ordination to deacons' orders. There was also some little sparring in reference to the election of presiding elders, Mr. Nicholas Snethen boldly declaring that "his very soul hated the present plan of creating presiding elders." However, their appointment (namely, by the bishop) remained as it originally was, and now is, and ever will be.

One day during the sitting of our Conference, I dined with the Rev. Dr. Thomas Lyell, a Protestant Episcopalian minister, in company with Bishop Asbury, Lewis Myers, and Philip Bruce. The parson was truly polite, and gave us a princely dinner. I hope that he was a good man; but that which proved a considerable drawback upon the pleasure of my visit was, that he had once been a Methodist preacher!

The preaching of our clergy was numerously attended, and much good was no doubt effected. Among our most prominent preachers at this Conference was Thomas L. Douglas. His preaching was with power, and a heavenly eloquence. The trooping multitudes thronged to hear him. Some new Conferences were made; but very little alteration was made in our Discipline. The Conference adjourned on the 22d of May, to meet in Baltimore, May 1, 1816.

The South Carolina delegates—nine in all—got into the stage together, and reached Philadelphia on Saturday evening. We spent the Sabbath in Philadelphia. Mr. Asa Shinn was to preach in one of our churches, and I had formed such a favorable opinion of him from the death-blow he gave Mr. Jesse Lee's argument at the General Conference, that I determined on hearing him. But he was not to me an interesting preacher. His sermon (if such it might be called) was entirely too dry and too metaphysical for my use. And I have been led to the belief, that the occasional insanity of Mr. Shinn was owing to his intense studies, and to his wanderings in the mazes of metaphysics. He was a man of genius; and, had he kept within the proper boundaries of simple

and Bible Christianity, and contented himself with preaching experimental and practical religion, enforcing the doctrine of justification by faith alone, and also of holiness in heart and life, he would have effected a great amount of good, and probably at no time would he have wrecked his brains, or impaired his understanding.

On Monday morning we mounted our horses, and took the long and wearisome road for home. I reached Wilmington, I think, on the 24th of June, having been gone fully three months. I found all well, except my dear wife, who was but just recovering from an attack of sickness of which I had not been apprised. As soon as possible, I entered into my ministerial and pastoral labors. Brother Jennett had aided me well and effectually in my absence, and was still ready and willing to do all he could for the cause of Methodism and our common Christianity.

During this year, the Hon. Benjamin Smith, the then Governor of North Carolina, resided in this town. One day he met me in the street, and desired me to call and see his wife, who had been afflicted for three months. Doctors were called to her, even from a distance, but all to no purpose. Her head had been shaved and blistered, and I know not what besides had been tried, to restore her mind to a proper balance; yet with all, she apparently grew worse. When I stepped in, I found no one in the room, except the young lady accustomed to wait on her. I told her that, at the request of her husband, I had called to see her. She immediately commenced relating to me her deplorable insanity, and the cause leading thereunto; namely, a confusion of

mind which suddenly seized her one day, whilst searching in her drawers for a certain article of dress ; and withal that her greatest grief was, that she was not prepared for death. I endeavored to convince her that she was not deranged, assuring her that a deranged person was not conscious of any aberration of mind. I pretty well convinced her of the fact. I then proceeded to point her desponding and sin-smitten soul to the great atonement made for sinners by the death and resurrection of Christ. I conversed with her for a half hour or so, prayed with her, and left her. In a day or two afterwards, a carriage drove up to the parsonage. I stepped out, and who should it be but Mrs. Smith ! I helped her out of the carriage, and, with weeping eyes, as she entered the parsonage, she exclaimed, " O Sir ! you have done me more good than all the doctors put together. You directed me to Jesus. I went to him by faith, and humble confidence, and prayer. He has healed me, soul and body : I feel quite well and happy." She did not leave her own Church—namely, the Protestant Episcopal Church—to join mine ; but she and her husband ever remained my warm and unalterable friends. She (I have hope) has gone to heaven. I have understood that, as to Mr. Smith, he never made a profession of religion further than to attend church.

This year, myself and wife had born to us a lovely little daughter ; but she merely opened her eyes in this world, and then closed them in death. From this time Mrs. Travis's health became very precarious—indeed, at times, alarmingly so. However, before the close of the

Conference year, she improved so much as to induce me to continue in the work.

We had no special or noted revival in Wilmington during the two years that I was there. We, nevertheless, not only kept our ground, but had some increase each year. The time was now drawing nigh that I was constitutionally compelled to leave my beloved charge. They had treated me affectionately and kindly; and never can I forget a Junius Dunbibin, a William and Alexander Anderson, a brother and sister John Smith, and a Sister Gardener, and many, many others, the greater number of whom are no more.

Our next Annual Conference was to be held in Charleston, December, 1812. I made a start to go, but leaving my dear wife in such bad health, after I had gone a day's journey, I turned back to be with her. Indeed, my mind became so uneasy that I could not have enjoyed the Conference, had I attended it.

In due time, I heard from Conference, and I was again stationed in Georgetown, for 1813; and as soon as I could provide a horse and buggy, and the state of my wife's health would permit moderate travelling, I proceeded thither—and by travelling slowly, and lying by in inclement weather, we finally reached the place, without serious damage to Mrs. Travis. Truly, goodness and mercy continued to follow me, for which I ought to be thankful.

At this Conference the following brethren were received on trial:—Anderson Ray, Allen Bass, Samuel K. Hodges, Daniel McPhail, James Parsons, William

Harris, West Harris, James O. Andrew, Dabney P. Jones, William Collinsworth, John Wright, William Barnett, David S. McBride, Samuel Johnson, James B. Turner, Philemon Ogletree, Elijah Bird, Samuel T. Elder, James M. Sharp—nineteen in all. I know of but one at present in effective work; namely, James O. Andrew, (now bishop.) James B. Turner, an excellent, pious man, and a good and useful preacher, retains a superannuated relation to the Georgia Conference.

Those ordained deacons were:—Drury Powell, Solomon Bryan, John Jennings, Daniel Brown, John Sewell, John I. E. Bird, John Boswell, Reuben Tucker, James Hutto, Samuel M. Meek, Ashley Hewitt, John Shrock, Andrew Pickens, Frederick D. Wimberly—not one effective itinerant remaining. Several I know to be gone to their final rest.

Those ordained elders were:—William S. Talley, Anthony Senter, Nicholas Powers, William Capers, Robert L. Kennon, Moses Andrew (elect)—all dead, and I trust in heaven.

Those located were:—Thomas D. Glenn, William Scott, Joseph Saltonstall, Robert L. Kennon, Moses Andrew, James Jenkins, Alexander McEwen, Andrew Grambling, Michael Durr, Thomas Y. Cook, and John Porter. Few of them are now alive—none in the itinerancy.

Our Georgetown friends were looking for us, and had the parsonage nicely and comfortably fitted up for us. My old friends were truly glad to see me again, not having visited them more than once or twice after leaving them in December, 1809. But few had either died

or backslidden; yet I did not find part of them as warm in religion as I had anticipated. The world, with its unhallowed fashions, had begun to quench the ardor and zeal of some of our younger members.

As I have now got back to Georgetown, I will endeavor, with the aid of the old bound Minutes, to give a history of the rise of Methodism in this section of country.

1785. Charleston and Georgetown, John Tunnel, Woolman Hickson.

1786. Charleston, H. Willis, Isaac Smith. (Georgetown not named.)

1787. Charleston, Lemuel Green. (Georgetown not named.)

1788. Charleston, Ira Ellis. (Georgetown not named.)

1789. Charleston named, but no preacher. Georgetown not named.

1790. Charleston, Isaac Smith. Georgetown, Thomas Humphries, Hardy Herbert.

1791. Charleston, James Parks. Georgetown, Philip Matthews.

1792. Charleston, Daniel Smith. Georgetown, Wm. McDowell.

1793. Charleston, Daniel Smith, Jonathan Jackson. Georgetown, Jesse Richardson.

1794. Charleston, Joshua Cannon, Isaac Smith. (Georgetown not mentioned.)

1795. Charleston, Philip Bruce. Georgetown, Joshua Cannon.

1796. Charleston, Benjamin Blanton. Georgetown, Anthony Sale.

1797. Charleston and Georgetown, Benjamin Blanton, John N. Jones, and James King.

1798. Charleston, John N. Jones, Tobias Gibson. Georgetown and Great Pee Dee, John Simmons, H Donnan.

1799. Charleston, John Harper, Nicholas Snethen. Georgetown and Great Pee Dee, J. Cole, John Garvin.

1800. Charleston, George Dougherty, John Harper. Georgetown and Great Pee Dee, Thomas Shaw, Josiah Cole.

1801. Charleston, George Dougherty, John Harper. Georgetown and Great Pee Dee, Z. Maddox, Jeremiah Russell.

1802. Charleston, John Garvin, Benjamin Jones. Georgetown, Llewellyn Evans.

1803. Charleston, Bennett Kendrick, Thomas Darley. Georgetown, James H. Mellard.

1804. Charleston, Bennett Kendrick, Nicholas Waters. Georgetown, James H. Mellard.

1805. Charleston, Buddy W. Wheeler, James H. Mellard. (Georgetown not named.)

1806. Charleston, Lewis Myers, Levi Garrison. Georgetown and Great Pee Dee, James Russel, Amos Curtis.

1807. Charleston, Jonathan Jackson, William Owen. Georgetown, William Scott.

1808. Charleston, William Phœbus, John McVean. Georgetown, John Gamewell.

1809. Charleston, Samuel Mills, William M. Kennedy. Georgetown, Joseph Travis.

From this time I know that Georgetown has had a

regular stationed preacher until the present date, 1855. I have been thus particular in quoting, from the old Minutes, the preachers and the names of each individual, both for Charleston and Georgetown, as this may be seen by some who have not the Minutes to refer to ; and I view it as essential to a correct history of our Church, to be well posted up in reference to times and places where our fathers in the ministry have toiled and labored, and have been so abundantly blessed and owned of God.

The immortal Dougherty, whose name is found more than once for Charleston, was pumped upon by a set of ruffians in that city, for preaching Christ crucified. But he was not to be thwarted in his ministerial duties : he fearlessly, courageously, perseveringly and successfully continued to labor with his charge in Charleston, whilst many seals were added to his ministry. After this he became a useful presiding elder. But consumption had marked him out for its prey. He however ceased not, day nor night, to exert his remaining strength in warning the unruly, in comforting and strengthening the feeble-minded, and in building up the Church in the faith once delivered unto the saints. At the last camp-meeting he had in his district, he was too far spent to attempt preaching ; but on Sabbath day of the meeting, after another had preached, he arose and propped himself against the book-stand, and leaning forward, said : “ Brethren, this is the last time you will ever recognize my presence among you ; but next year, when you have a camp-meeting here, I will ask my Heavenly Father to permit my mingling with you around that altar ; and

although in person you will not see me, I expect to be with you in spirit, rejoicing and praising God." The effect on the congregation was awfully sublime and glorious: for some minutes, a death-like silence of weeping prevailed; but soon a loud burst of "Glory, glory to God!" resounded through the congregation. From this camp-meeting, he went on to Wilmington, and in a few weeks he there expired, shouting with his gasping breath, "Glory, glory!"

Methodism really had to struggle hard to get foothold in Georgetown. The opposition originated from the plain and pointed truths which generally marked our ministry. On a certain Sabbath, Brother Humphries was to preach. A good sister, from whose house he went, walking with him to the church, said to him: "Now, Brother Humphries, recollect you are going to preach to town-folks: it will not do to be too plain." Brother Humphries made no reply; but in preaching he brought out this sentence: "If you don't repent, *you'll be damned!*" He jumped back into the pulpit, as if terribly alarmed, saying: "I beg your pardon: you are town-folks." This he repeated once or twice during his sermon, adding that God would cast them into hell, just as soon as he would a *piney-woods' sinner*, if they did not repent and become converted. There sat the good sister, with her head down; but after this she never attempted to instruct the preacher in regard to his preaching.

Brother Humphries was a good preacher, and, in my opinion, one among the greatest natural orators of his day. On a certain occasion, he was sent for to visit a

neighborhood where there had been recently a revival of religion. A dancing-master came there to make up a school. Some young professors had already consented to enter the school. Brother Humphries preached, and the dancing-master attended. The preacher, in his sermon, was speaking of the wiles of the devil, and his multifarious ways to ruin souls, all along comparing him to a dancing-master. The dancing-master could no longer stand it. He picked up his hat to walk out; and as he neared the door, Brother Humphries, with a loud and impressive voice, cried out: "But, brethren, resist the devil, and he will flee from you, just like the *dancing-master!*" True enough, the dancing-master fled to parts unknown. He was no more heard of in that neighborhood.

Brother Humphries lived to a good old age, loved and esteemed by all who knew him; and being faithful until death, he no doubt received the crown of life. He may truly be ranked among the pioneers of Methodism in the South, and will be again introduced in this little work.

CHAPTER V.

Residence at Marion Village—Bishop Asbury's Visit to me—Rev. William M. Kennedy—Remained in charge of the Academy three years—Preaching on Saturdays and Sundays.

THE Rev. Jeremiah Russell lived near Georgetown, and frequently assisted me in the pulpit, and on sacramental occasions. He was a good man, and quite an acceptable preacher. He itinerated for several years, filling some quite important stations. Saint and sinner honored him as being a conscientious, honest, upright citizen and gospel minister; but he has finished his course, and the work that was assigned him to do, and has gone to reap the reward of his fidelity and perseverance in that world where afflictions and sufferings are never known.

Many more might be brought into view, especially among the laity, in and about Georgetown, whose daily lives told out upon them, that they feared God and wrought righteousness. Suffice it for me to say, that Georgetown and its vicinity have produced as good Methodists and humble Christians as can be found in any other part of the South Carolina Conference, of the same extent and population.

When I first arrived in Georgetown, in 1813, Doctor

Wragg, the most celebrated physician of the place, though no professor of religion, met me in the street one day, and said, "Now, Sir, if you or your family should need medical aid, I will be at your service; and if the amount of service should be worth a thousand dollars, I will not charge you one cent." But through the year I was blessed with health, and had no need to call on the good and benevolent doctor for myself—my dear wife, however, had his attention. She was threatened with a deep-seated consumption; and I thought best to locate in some healthy place, and by persuasion consented to take charge of Marion Academy, in Marion District, South Carolina; at which place I remained for three years, and again took the itinerant field.

Our Annual Conference for the ensuing year met at Fayetteville, North Carolina. Bishops Asbury and McKendree were present. The brethren received on trial were:—David Hilliard, John Lane, John Scott, Ransom Adkins, William E. Easter, Daniel Monahan, Nicholas McIntire, John Murrow, West Williams, John McClendon, William Winningham, Travis Owen, Aquila Leatherwood—thirteen in all. I know of none now living, but that truly worthy and dignified man of God, John Lane—at this time, and for years past, a member of the Mississippi Conference.

Those ordained deacons were:—Griffin Christopher, Allen Turner, Thomas Sharp, Jacob Hill, Henry Bass, N. Punch, L. Q. C. De Yampert, (elect,) James C. Koger, Hugh McPhail, Archibald Brown, James L. Belin, Charles Dickenson, (elect,) Benjamin C. Scott, (elect,) John Bunch—fourteen in all.

Those ordained elders were :—Alexander Talley, John B. Glenn, Henry D. Green, Whitman C. Hill, Drury Powell.

The superannuated were :—Jonathan Jackson, James Russel.

Those who located were :—William Gassaway, Joseph Travis, William S. Talley, Osborn Rogers, F. D. Wimberly, Jesse Stansel, John Tarrant, John S. Capers, Samuel M. Meek, James E. Glenn, and Lovick Pierce—eleven in all.

We had an agreeable, pleasant, and profitable Conference. Considerable good was done in Fayetteville. I had now located; and in bidding farewell to that good and gracious man of God, Bishop Asbury, he took me in his arms, and kissed me. I always loved him, and expect to love him in the kingdom of heaven, world without end.

At Marion Court-House I had a flourishing school, and endeavored to render myself useful to the rising generation, by praying morning and evening with my students, preaching to them every Wednesday night in the Court-house, (at that time there being no church in the village,) and frequently lecturing them on the subject of religion in the academy throughout this year—1814. I had my regular appointments in the country, and frequently two and three days' meetings, on which occasions my own soul was often blessed; and I have reason to believe that my efforts were not in vain with the dear people in that section of country. I also had two excellent coadjutors living near the village; namely, the Rev. Jesse Leggett and the Rev. Jesse

Wood. I hope never to forget their work of patience and labor of love with me. Brother Leggett had an amiable son, "Ebenezer," who was a student of mine. He embraced religion, became an itinerant preacher, travelled several years, and last year died, and went home to glory, to meet his sainted father, never to part again. Brother Wood had also a lovely son with me, Igdaliah; but what became of him I know not.

Brothers Leggett and Wood were good preachers, and great lovers of plain, primitive Methodism. I had been for some months reading metaphysical works, and of course, like too many others, began to mingle them too freely in my sermons. Brother Leggett, one Sabbath, attended one of my appointments where we had a large gathering. The house being too small, I had to take the woods. In returning home, we were both silent for a short space. Finally, Brother Leggett remarked to me, that he reckoned I had preached a *big* sermon, but that he did not think there were ten people in the whole congregation who knew what I was about. O, I could but feel the brotherly rebuke. What! not ten, among five or six hundred, any way benefited by my talk! I much valued the good judgment of Brother Leggett, and could not doubt his friendship towards me; hence the remark came with the greater force and *feeling* application.

In 1815, I resumed the charge of Marion Academy—my school flourishing, and becoming quite large, inso-much that I was necessitated to employ assistance. I also continued my nightly preaching in the village, and on Saturdays and Sundays in different parts of the

district in which I lived, and frequently in Darlington, an adjoining district. I am convinced that I did not labor in vain. My assistants in the ministry, Brothers Leggett and Wood, were ever ready to aid me at my *two days'* meetings, doing the work of the ministry honorably and effectually.

I was called upon, on a certain occasion, to preach the funeral sermon of a wealthy Universalist, who had by his own hands put a period to his life. Immediately after the war of 1812 with England, land and cotton took a prodigious rise. This man had sold his plantation for twenty dollars per acre, which one year before would not have been worth five dollars per acre. He, however, thought that he had sold his land too low, even at twenty dollars per acre, and offered a large amount to the purchaser to *rue* the bargain. He would not consent. The Major thereupon went home and *hung himself!* When his widow came to me, requesting me to preach his funeral-sermon, I unhesitatingly and conscientiously refused. This was matter of great grief to her, and of no little mortification to myself. By solicitations, I had frequently visited his house; and in his house he was a perfect gentleman. But as he had committed suicide, I could not think him worthy of a Christian burial. But with him there was no such a place as hell—hence no dread of the future after death. Poor man! I am fearful that he found out his mistake, eternally too late!

I had a comfortable year throughout—good health, good school, and good meetings. In addition to all this, the health of Mrs. Travis began much to improve.

In 1816, by the request of the trustees, I engaged for another year in the Institute, my school being still large, and bidding fair thus to continue for a length of time. The trustees and patrons were good to me, in allowing me days at a time from my school to attend to calls for preaching, and for marrying persons even at a distance.

In this year our General Conference met in Baltimore. In the early part of the year, Bishop Asbury paid me a visit, making his way onward toward that city—it was, indeed, but a short time before his death. The dear old man never reached the seat of Conference. He remained with me several days and nights; and each day plainly showed that he was not long for this world. Patience and entire resignation to the will of God were manifestly exhibited by him from day to day: when recovering from a paroxysm of pain, he would shout aloud, “Hallelujah, hallelujah!” I one day remarked to him, that it must be a pleasing reflection for him, now on the verge of the grave, to think that, from his youth up, he had been unreservedly devoted to the service of his Lord and Master. He shook his head, and emphatically replied, “My only hope of heaven is in the merits and righteousness of the Lord Jesus Christ.” His humility, patience, and undoubted piety endeared the good old bishop to me more than ever. Methodism in America, and thousands of happy spirits now in glory, are much indebted to the sufferings and labors of this eminent man of God. I was much with him; and I knew him to remain on his knees for an hour or more in private prayer. May the Methodists, North and South, ever

duly appreciate his real worth; and whenever they speak or write about him, let it be done with proper deference and due respect. I confess, I feel mortified to see any of our younger brethren, when writing in our periodicals, style him *Asbury*, without either *Mr.* or *Bishop* prefixed to his name. We, of this day and time, are but the sons of Bishop Asbury—yea, the beloved, venerable, and senior bishop (Soule) not excepted. Then, as our father in the gospel, and the apostle of American Methodism, let us ever respect and cherish his memory, with thanksgiving to God for the gift of such a gospel minister to these United States. I am aware that there was some prejudice against Bishop Asbury in the South, arising from the introduction of that unfortunate clause in our General Rules concerning slavery, which was not originally in the General Rules of Mr. Wesley in England. But I believe Bishop Asbury was not to blame in that matter. I look upon that excellent and good man, Bishop Coke, as its author. His zeal in that instance was “without knowledge;” and, had he known the amount of harm it would effect, he would never have insisted upon its introduction in our General Rules. I am not posted up in all the facts concerning the matter; but the foregoing is my candid opinion. In all the conversational and epistolary intercourse that I have had with Bishop Asbury, not one item was ever even hinted to me in favor of Abolition from the good old man. Previously to his departure from my humble dwelling, he earnestly requested me to give up my school, and again enter the itinerancy. I promised him so to do; and accordingly the next year I was readmitted into

the Conference. I very reluctantly parted with him, fully calculating never again to see his face on earth. He died in a few weeks after he left my house.

Shortly after the bishop's departure, Brother William M. Kennedy, one of the delegates to the General Conference, came to tarry a night with me. He stated to me, that he had been revolving in his mind who would answer for bishop—expecting at least one to be elected at the General Conference. I unhesitatingly replied, "Enoch George." Says Brother Kennedy, "That is the very man." And, as I afterwards learned, Brother Kennedy was the first among all the delegates to propose him for said office. We had no reason to be sorry or ashamed for suggesting and proposing his name.

Bishop George was a holy, humble, and pious minister of the gospel. I recollect one day, in travelling with him on horseback, (no railroads yet,) to have observed to him that he must at times feel quite lonesome in his zigzag travels. His reply was: "Buddy," (a very common term of his, in his familiar addresses to his brethren,) "I am not alone. My blessed Saviour journeys with me whithersoever I go." I read the truth of the remark in his very looks. He lived happy in the love of God from day to day. I was often with him—never saw him out of humor—never melancholy or gloomy—always cheerful, pleasant, and agreeable. In preaching, he would frequently become transported, and have to shout; and I never heard a mortal being say "glory" so melodiously as did Bishop George. As he lived, so he died; shouting, "Glory! glory!" with his expiring breath. And he no doubt received from his

blessed Saviour the pleasing plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant!"

As our bound Minutes are but sparsely scattered through the country, it might prove a satisfaction to some of my readers to continue a history of the preachers received on trial, etc., during the years 1815 and 1816.

In 1815, the preachers admitted on trial in the South Carolina Conference were, John W. Norton, William Palmer, John Simmons, William Kennedy, John Mote, Bryan Gause—six in all—not one now in the itinerancy—nearly all gone home.

The following were ordained deacons:—Anderson Ray, Samuel K. Hodges, Daniel McPhail, James Parsons, William Harris, West Harris, Dabney P. Jones, William B. Barnett, David S. McBride, Samuel Johnson, James B. Turner, Philemon Ogletree, James O. Andrew, John Wright—fourteen in all—but few left. Samuel Johnson, who claimed me for his spiritual father, is yet living, I presume, and, though located, doing well. James O. Andrew is now a bishop.

Those ordained elders were:—Solomon Bryan, Daniel Brown, John Sewell, John Boswell, Reuben Tucker, James Hutto, Ashley Hewitt, Andrew Pickens—eight in all—none now in the itinerancy.

Those who located were:—Jonathan Jackson, William Capers, Nicholas Powers, Henry D. Green, John Hill, Nicholas Punch, Benjamin Dulaney, John Jennings, James C. Koger, Drury Powell, James Russel, Benjamin R. Brown—twelve in all—not more than one now in effective service.

This year we lost that good and gracious man, Lewis

Hobbs, whose life was truly exemplary, and his death triumphant. About a day before his death, he exclaimed, "I am going—but not as a missionary—I am going to Jesus." On the next day he remarked, "I am much disappointed; for I expected before this time to have been with the shining songsters." On the next day, 4th of September, 1815, he sweetly fell asleep in the arms of Jesus. Oh! blessed Hobbs! thou art gone to the grave, but we cannot deplore thee; and as much as we loved thee, we would not bring thee back to a world of afflictions, of disappointments and crosses.

In 1816, the following brethren were admitted on trial:—Z. Dowling, Zachariah Williams, Daniel Gartman, James Bellah, Samuel Harrison, Jesse Sinclair, Daniel Christenberry, Andrew Hamil, Tilman Snead, David Garrison—ten in all—only one is now in the itinerancy—Zaccheus Dowling, of the Alabama Conference, and faithful in his calling.

Those ordained deacons were:—Elijah Bird, David Hilliard, John Lane, John Scott, (elect,) John Murrow, Daniel Monaghen, Nicholas McIntire, (elect,) West Williams, John McClendon, William Winningham, Travis Owen, Aquila Leatherwood—twelve in all, and all dead or located but one, namely, John Lane, already mentioned.

Those ordained elders were:—G. Christopher, A. Turner, T. W. Stanley, Nicholas Talley, J. Hill, H. Bass, A. Brown, J. L. Belin, C. Dickenson, J. Bunch, H. McPhail, (elect,) W. Partridge, (elect.)

Those located were: A. Pickens, William Arnold, B. S. Ogletree, Robert Porter, A. H. Saunders, J. C. Sharp,

L. Q. C. De Yampert, Daniel Brown, John Collinsworth.

The delegates to the General Conference this year from the South Carolina Conference were: Lewis Myers, Daniel Asbury, Joseph Tarpley, William M. Kennedy, Thomas Mason, Hilliard Judge, Samuel Dunwoody, Anthony Senter, John B. Glenn, James Norton, Solomon Bryan, Henry Bass, Reuben Tucker, and Alexander Talley—fourteen—all gone to the spirit-land but Brother Henry Bass, who yet remains among us as one of the excellent of the earth.

At this General Conference, Enoch George and Robert R. Roberts were elected and ordained bishops. I expect to bring into view in this work, a few interesting particulars in relation to Bishop Roberts.

CHAPTER VI.

Reënter the Itinerancy—Stationed in Fayetteville—Matters and Things in the Station—First protracted Meeting—My daughter Mary Ann born—A History of the rise of Methodism in Fayetteville.

IN 1817, the following brethren were received on trial in the South Carolina Conference:—Josiah Evans, John Taylor, Thomas Rosemand, Benjamin Wofford, William Hankins, Benjamin Green, Hartwell Spain—seven in all—only one is remaining in the itinerancy—H. Spain.

Those ordained deacons were:—John Mote, J. W. Norton, Benjamin Gause, William Kennedy, John Simmons, Nicholas McIntire, William Collinsworth, John Scott—eight in all—none now in the travelling order.

Those ordained elders were:—James B. Turner, James O. Andrew, Philemon Ogletree, Anderson Ray, Samuel K. Hodges, Benjamin C. Scott, David S. McBride, William B. Barnett—eight in all—none effective at present but Bishop Andrew.

Those who located were:—Wiley Warwick, Hilliard Judge, John Boswell, Archibald Brown, John Wright, Dabney P. Jones, West Harris, William Harris, Daniel McPhail—nine in all: one of them is on the superan-

nuated list of the Georgia Conference; namely, Wiley Warwick.

I was this year stationed in Fayetteville, North Carolina; and as soon as I could arrange my little matters, I hastened to my field of labor, and was kindly received by my new charge. The first stationed preacher for that town was Thomas Mason, in 1808; in 1809, Samuel Dunwoody; 1810, Matthew P. Sturdivant; 1811, James Norton; 1812, William S. Talley; 1813, Solomon Bryan; 1814, Griffin Christopher; 1815, John B. Glenn; 1816, James Norton; 1817, Joseph Travis.

I believe that Methodism was introduced into this town by a colored man, named Evans. By continued effort he succeeded in getting up a tolerably good-looking Methodist meeting-house, in which he preached to the blacks, and to as many whites as would come to hear him. He also availed himself of the assistance of white Methodist preachers who might be passing through the place. In a short time he had a goodly number of his own color in society. And his character being good, his piety undoubted, and his talents, for a colored man, of quite a superior grade, he began more and more to elicit the attention of the white population. Ultimately, a white married lady, of good mind and accomplished manners—a celebrated schoolmistress in the town—joined the Methodist Episcopal Church under Evans. This same lady remained a faithful member of our Church for more than thirty years before her death—a mother in Israel, and a pattern of piety to all around her. Prejudice against Evans began to melt like wax before the flame. Other white citizens presented them-

selves to Evans for admission into the Methodist Episcopal Church. His congregation became large and respectable. But he, as an humble, good Christian, transferred church, congregation, and all, over to the white Methodist preachers. He continued faithful until death; and was no doubt rewarded for his zeal, piety, and usefulness by his great Master.

I entered upon my work with my usual determination to do all the good I could, and as little harm as possible. The society being somewhat lukewarm, I thought best to try and stir them up to greater effort in doing good to the souls of others; hence I formed what I then called "a religious Phalanx Society"—twenty or thirty joining me, to do all they could in behalf of perishing sinners. They selected an individual for whom especially they would pray, and with whom, as opportunity served, they would converse on the subject of his soul's salvation. This society was to meet on a certain night once a week, to report what success each had realized with the individual whom he had selected. I frequently turned this meeting into a prayer-meeting, which was attended with good results. Lukewarmness no longer marked our little Zion: there was manifested a deep and heartfelt concern for the prosperity of the Church, and for the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom.

Shortly after this, I appointed what I then called "a big meeting," to commence on a Wednesday night, and continue until the following Monday. At this meeting I had the aid of my presiding elder, William M. Kennedy—that good and much-beloved minister of Christ, who has since left the walls of Zion, to join the com-

pany of the blest at God's right hand. We also had assistance from other preachers within the bounds of his district. The meeting was blessed and owned of God—I think we had about forty converts. Our Phalanx Society had not prayed and labored in vain. Brother Kennedy, seeing the good success of my “big meeting,” forthwith appointed one of like character for Wilmington, which was also attended with much good, of which I was an eye-witness. He also appointed one for Georgetown—as I was not present at that, I cannot say what was the result; but if there were not many conversions, the old professors were enlivened. From this year, 1817, until the present date, 1855—thirty-eight years ago—regular protracted meetings have been held in many cities and circuits, North, South, East, and West, during which time they have not lost their utility when rightly conducted.

Our religious prospects in Fayetteville, from this time, were encouraging. A goodly number joined our Church, both white and colored. Our congregations were large and serious. The other Churches were friendly towards me. I preached for the Presbyterians one night in the week for about three months. The Protestant Episcopal Church invited me to occupy their pulpit; as also did the Baptist. My presiding elder, before mentioned, one day laughingly said to me, “that the care of *all* the churches was upon me.” At one time the pastor of one of those churches came to me, and said that he had to leave his charge, and that he was requested by the proper authorities of his church to say to me, that they desired me to fill his place, with a

salary of fifteen hundred dollars per year during life. I gave him to understand that I was influenced by principle—not by money or ease; and that they must excuse me for not accepting their kind offer.

I spent a pleasant and, I trust, a profitable year in Fayetteville. Mrs. Travis brought me a sweet little daughter on the 17th of June. She was our second child: our first, born in 1812, not living, we were of course much wrapped up in this. I can never forget the kindness of Brother and Sister Blake, with their sons and sons' wives, to me and Mrs. Travis; as also that of Brother and Sister William Terry, and Brother and Sister Pierce. Brothers Terry and Pierce were local preachers—good and upright men—unfortunate in commercial business, but steadfast and persevering in piety. There was also Sister Lord, with many others, whom I hope to meet in a better world. I cannot pass by Brother and Sister Lumsden and family, and Brother and Sister Samuel Steele. Brother Steele joined our Church this year, having been happily converted. His wife, the daughter of old Brother and Sister Blake, (before mentioned,) was already a member of our Church. Their affection and kindness to me and wife cannot soon be forgotten. They have a son in the same Conference with myself, a travelling preacher, and doing well. I believe he was baptized and dedicated to God by me in 1817.

Many of my colored charge are yet affectionately remembered by me, one of whom I must during life bear in mind. In common conversation he stuttered most grievously; but when praying in public he was as free

from stuttering as a Cicero. He would give a long and excellent prayer, without the least hesitation of speech.

This year, my wife's brother, the Rev. Anthony Forster, A.M., a Congregational clergyman, of Charleston, South Carolina, with his wife, paid us a visit. He had been with me two or three days, when he asked me to take a walk with him, which I did. We had not walked far before he remarked that he wished to reveal a subject to me which he had as yet kept concealed even from his wife: it was, that he had changed his religious opinions; and that he had fully and conscientiously embraced *Socinian* doctrines. I was truly startled at the remark; but was at once led to the origin of the cause. His father-in-law, (Joseph Gales, Esq., of Raleigh,) whom he highly esteemed as a gentleman of real worth, (possessing every quality that rendered him amiable,) was a professed Socinian, or Unitarian, and was by all admitted to be a man of superior intellect, and of general information: he had thrown dust in his eyes that he could not so easily wipe out. Mr. Forster returned to Charleston, and announced his Socinian faith in the pulpit; upon which by far the greater part of his congregation adhered to him, and retained him as their pastor. He lived but a few years after this. He was a good scholar, a gentleman in the broadest sense, a truly upright and conscientious man, universally beloved by all who knew him. If he had an enemy, I know it not. And I must believe that if ever a Socinian went to heaven, Anthony Forster was that one.

Some time after this, Mr. Gales made a little attempt upon me. But he happened to “wake up the *wrong passenger* ;” for my sentiment was, and is at the present moment :

“I am a poor sinner, a nothing at all ;
But Jesus Christ is my All in all ;”

or, in the more emphatic language of Mr. Wesley :

“I the chief of sinners am ;
But Jesus died for me.”

If there be any one plain and unequivocal doctrine to me in the Holy Scripture, it is that of the Divinity of Christ ; as also his perfect equality with the Father—the atonement wrought out by him, in the vicarious sacrifice of himself upon the cross—while his undoubted resurrection becomes the foundation of our justification. We could have had no faith in a dead Saviour. Mr. Gales was a considerable man, and knew well how to defend his doctrine : he was also a man of urbanity, mildness, and affability. He was the father of the highly respectable and gifted editor in Washington city, (Joseph Gales,) of the National Intelligencer.

CHAPTER VII.

Appointed on the Pee Dee District, embracing Lynch's Creek Circuit, Black River Circuit, Little Pee Dee Circuit, Bladen Circuit, Deep River Circuit, Brunswick Circuit, Georgetown Station, Fayetteville Station, and Wilmington Station—Bishop McKendree—Our Travel to the Virginia Conference—Remained on this District Four Consecutive Years—In 1820, was delegated to the General Conference at Baltimore—Remarks on said Conference—Rev. William M. Kennedy—Rev. John Gamewell.

IN 1818, our Annual Conference met in Augusta, Georgia. The following brethren were received on trial:—James Dunwoody, Elisha Callaway, Raleigh Green, Robert Flournoy, John Freeman, Thomas Winn, John McVean, Hugh Hamil, Jeremiah Moser, Nicholas Ware, Asbury Morgan, Benjamin Rhodes, Absalom Philips, John L. Greaves, Thomas A. Smith, Anthony Simons, John L. Jerry, John Dix, William Connell, H. T. Fitzgerald, and Charles Betts—twenty-one in all. Few of them are now in the work—the greater part located, and many gone home.

Those ordained deacons were:—James Bellah, Daniel F. Christenberry, Z. Williams, Tilman Snead, Andrew Hamil, Z. Dowling—six in all—but few left, and only one in the work.

Those ordained elders were:—William Winningham, (elect,) Elijah Bird, Aquila Leatherwood, D. Hilliard,

Daniel Monaghan, John Murrow, John McClendon, John S. Ford, James Parsons, and Samuel Johnson—ten in all—*how few left!*

Those who located were :—John Sewell, B. C. Scott, Thomas W. Stanley, William L. Winningham, A. Leatherwood, West Williams, William Collinsworth—seven in all—none of them ever returned into the itinerant ranks.

At this Conference I was appointed presiding elder on the Pee Dee District, with the following field of labor and fellow-workmen :—

Lynch's Creek Circuit, Elijah Bird.

Black River Circuit, James Parsons, William Hankins.

Little Pee Dee Circuit, John W. Norton, Josiah Evans.

Bladen Circuit, John Dix.

Deep River Circuit, John Boswell.

Brunswick Circuit, Samuel Harrison, A. Hamil.

Georgetown Station, John McVean.

Fayetteville Station, Whitman C. Hill.

Wilmington Station, James O. Andrew.

I had taken Mrs. Travis and our infant with me to Camden, to see her sister, residing in that place, with whom she remained until I went on to Conference and returned. At this Conference, Bishops McKendree and Roberts were present. It was the first time that many of us had had the pleasure of seeing Bishop Roberts. The impression he made upon our Conference was of the most favorable character; and it was more deeply impressed upon us by every subsequent visit.

I entered my field of labor in rather bad plight, having had chills and fevers for several weeks; and when Bishop

McKendree spoke to me at Conference about a district, I gave him to understand my state of health; to which he replied, that he did not so much care about my preaching, so that I would merely attend the quarterly meetings, and see to the well-being of the circuits and stations within my district. I however preached regularly at each quarterly meeting. In less than three months my health was entirely restored. Riding on horseback and hard living were the very life of me. I was finally led to believe that my appointment on a district was altogether providential. Had I again been stationed in a town in my then present situation, I doubt whether I should have survived six months. I obtained a pleasant boarding-house for my wife and daughter; and generally having good meetings, and being cordially received in every part of my work, I felt thankful that the lines had fallen to me in pleasant places. I was also at home in different parts of my district, having previously been appointed to Brunswick Circuit, to Georgetown, Wilmington, and Fayetteville. My old friends were glad to see me back among them, and I no less so, to be with them. My district also embraced that section of country where I had labored for three years as a local preacher. Indeed, there was scarcely any part of it with which I had not had some previous acquaintance.

“And if our fellowship below
In Jesus be so sweet,
What height of rapture shall we know
When round his throne we meet!”

But, alas! my peace and happiness was greatly inter-

rupted upon my second visit to my favored Georgetown. Brother McVean, who had been formerly expelled our Conference and Church for intemperance, was, at the last Conference, again received back on trial; and being a preacher of acknowledged abilities, he was stationed in Georgetown. He soon became popular there, and had crowded congregations, bidding fair to do much good. But previous to the second quarterly meeting for the station, he became *dead drunk*, and left the place. Brandy had sealed his doom, and gave our Church a most grievous wound. I afterwards understood that the unfortunate old man professed to be reclaimed, joined the Church again, and became a local preacher a few years before his death. I think that he found his way to heaven. What to do for the station, I knew not: I had no one to spare from the work on the district. I at last thought of Brother John Howard, an exhorter in Wilmington. He had but lately married: was a merchant in Wilmington: a young man beloved by all who knew him, and doing a good business in the place. I was fearful that I could not get him to renounce his worldly prospects for the pitiful salary of a Methodist preacher; but I was happily disappointed. He consented forthwith: sold off his goods and chattels, and hastened to Georgetown. He was a fine singer, zealous and prudent: his language was chaste, and replete with good sense. He not only did well, but *very* well. From this time, he devoted himself entirely to the itinerancy. He was popular and useful on circuits, stations, and districts; and finally died at his post, shouting aloud, "Glory, glory to God!"

Brother Whitman C. Hill had good times this year in Fayetteville. He appointed another protracted meeting. The result was glorious. Brother Hill, however, effected as much out of the pulpit as in it. He was a good pastor, and loved to talk about religion to saint and sinner. I am glad to learn that he is yet living, and striving to do good: he is a superannuated member of the Georgia Conference.

I had a camp-meeting on Town Creek, Brunswick Circuit. The encampment was pretty large—the congregation good—the preachers were gifted, and sufficient in number. The meeting commenced on Thursday. Day after day, I continued appointing the greatest men to preach. Saturday night came—nothing effected; not a groan or tear, that I heard or saw. I feared a perfect *water-haul*, as the result of our meeting. However, on Sabbath morning, I concluded to reverse the order of the day, and selected two of the weakest preachers on the ground—the one to preach, and the other to exhort after him. The one preached a good short sermon: the other rose to exhort, and in a short time he commenced weeping, and, in his simple and plain manner, related his experience of conversion by the aid of his pious mother, then in glory. The hal-
lowed fire caught in the congregation. A general weeping took place, and finally loud bursts of shouting. From that hour the work went on; and many were happily converted before Monday morning—plainly evincing that “the race is not to the swift, nor the battle to the strong.”*

* But see John iv. 38.—[EDITOR.]

Quite a singular circumstance transpired in the neighborhood of Wilmington. A Mr. Henry Howard, the brother of John Howard, before mentioned—a wealthy farmer, but a professed infidel, and an inveterate enemy to religion, especially to Methodism—had a negro man of probity and honesty of character, who had been a member of the Methodist Church for more than twenty years. Peter was his name. This old man died, and Mr. Howard attended his burial. As he stepped into the hut where the corpse of Peter lay, another servant remarked to him, saying, “Peter has gone to heaven.” This sentence fastened upon Mr. Howard. As he walked to the grave, it kept ringing in his ear—“Peter has gone to heaven.” As he came back, the voice sounded in his ear the same words. At the supper-table it still continued. When he lay down to sleep, it haunted him: for hours he could not sleep. At length he fell into a doze; woke up about midnight; and the first thing he heard was, “Peter has gone to heaven.” To the astonishment of his wife, he cried out, “If Peter has gone to heaven, his poor master is on the road to hell!” He then sprang out of bed; got upon his knees; commenced praying for mercy, and at length obtained the pearl of great price. He had an association of infidels in Wilmington: he hastened to let them know of the change. The following Sabbath he presented himself to Brother Andrew, stationed preacher, for admission into our Church. Some of his associates did the same. In due time the Quarterly Conference of the station voted him a license to preach, which I accordingly gave him.

The next Annual Conference for 1819 was held in Camden, December 24, 1818. The following brethren were received on trial:—James Danelly, Barnabas Pipkin, Jesse Sinclair, Matthew Raiford, Levi Stansell, John Mullenix, John Schroeble, John Chapel, Peter Duff, Christian G. Hill, John Howard, Thomas Gardner, Samuel Jenkins, jun.—thirteen in all—only three of them are now in the itinerancy.

Those ordained deacons were:—John Taylor, Hartwell Spain.

Those ordained elders were:—D. Garrison, John Mote, John Wesley Norton, William Kennedy, John Simmons, T. Owen, N. McIntire, John Scott, Benjamin Wofford—nine in all—the greater part of whom are dead.

Those who located were:—J. W. Norton, Bryan Gause, John Scott, A. Ray, D. S. McBride, John B. Glenn, Solomon Bryan, S. Johnson, James B. Turner, Epps Tucker, John Bunch, D. Monaghan, Samuel Harrison, and John S. Ford—*only* fourteen in all. J. L. Belin, superannuated.

I was reappointed to the same district—not reluctantly, as I know not where I could have been sent more congenial to my feelings, or with greater prospect of doing good. It is true that the district was large, and occasioned much fatigue in riding; but,

“Labor is rest, and pain is sweet,
If thou, my God, art here.”

The following brethren were appointed as co-workers with me in the vineyard of the Lord:—

Lynch's Creek, John Boswell.

Black River, John Dix.

Little Pee Dee, Nicholas McIntire, C. G. Hill.

Bladen, Jeremiah Norman.

Deep River, Andrew Hamil.

Brunswick, Elijah Bird, Samuel Jenkins.

Georgetown, Whitman C. Hill.

Fayetteville, Nicholas Talley.

Wilmington, William M. Kennedy.

Brother William M. Kennedy had been my former excellent presiding elder—a man beloved by saint and sinner. I had known him for many years; but never knew or heard of his enemy. He literally followed peace with all men—yea, and holiness of heart and life. He professed the blessing of sanctification, and manifested its fruits in his daily walk and conversation. He has gone to rest; and it delights my inmost soul, that I shall be again associated with William M. Kennedy. We entered upon our year's work in good spirits, and with a determination to do all we could for the prosperity of the Church, and for the furtherance of the Redeemer's kingdom. We did not labor in vain. Many were happily brought home to God, through the instrumentality of his servants, within the bounds of the district. Our camp-meetings were especially owned and blessed of God. I can never forget a circumstance that transpired at one of them. Had I not been an eye-witness to the fact, I should hardly have known what amount of credence to give the report.

A lad of about nine or ten years of age was stricken down under preaching. At the close of the service, he

was carried to his father's tent, speechless, breathless, and pulseless. Accidentally, a sound was heard in his breast; and upon putting the ear to the mouth of the child, the word "glory" was heard. I was sent for to see him. I stepped up to the bed on which he lay. I first examined his pulse; but found he had none. I stood over him for some time, to see if I could discover any signs of life about him; but found none. I then put my ear to his mouth, and could distinctly hear the sound, "Glory, Glory, Glory!" I stood in amazement, and could but exclaim, "O the depth of the riches, both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are his judgments, and his ways past finding out!" At length I walked out. But had I been a skeptic, this wondrous instance of Divine power would have scattered my principles and creed to the four winds of heaven. The dear child lay in this state for some hours.

The preachers within the bounds of the district were blessed with good health and general prosperity. We had a pleasant year, and its labors are bound to tell in eternity.

Our next Annual Conference was at Charleston, January 13th, 1820. Bishops McKendree and George were in attendance. Those admitted on trial were:—Thomas Samford, Benjamin Gordon, Jesse Wall, Thomas Clinton, Barnet Smith, Robert Adams, N. Rhodes, Aquila Norman, Stephen Bass, Benjamin L. Hoskins, Anthony T. Simmons, John H. Treadwell, Thomas Mabrey, Robert Wilkinson—fourteen in all: only two are now registered in any Annual Conference; namely, Thomas

Samford, Louisiana Conference, and Thomas Clinton, Mississippi Conference.

Those ordained deacons were:—James Dunwoody, Elisha Callaway, Raleigh Green, Robert Flournoy, Jeremiah Freeman, Thomas L. Winn, Hugh Hamil, N. Ware, Asbury Morgan, Benjamin Rhodes, John L. Greaves, Thomas A. Smith, John L. Jerry, C. Betts, Josiah Evans, Thomas A. Rosemand, and William Hankins—seventeen in all. But two are now itinerating—namely, our good and faithful brothers, John L. Jerry and C. Betts.

Those ordained elders were:—James Bellah, D. F. Christenberry, A. Hamil, Zaccheus Dowling, Zechariah Williams, Tilman Snead—six in all—only one left, good Brother Dowling.

Those located were:—John Simmons, P. Ogletree, Benjamin Wofford, James L. Belin—four in all—none returned to effective work. John Gamewell and William B. Barnett, superannuated.

The delegates to General Conference with myself were:—Samuel Dunwoody, William M. Kennedy, James Norton, Lewis Myers, Daniel Asbury, William Capers, James O. Andrew, and Samuel K. Hodges—nine in all: only two remain—namely, Bishop Andrew and myself.

At this General Conference, the difficulties existing in Canada, between us and the British Methodist missionaries, (no doubt partly growing out of the war of 1812,) were brought up, and, though not finally settled at this Conference, yet, through the agency of that

great and amiable minister, Dr. John Emory, who was sent from this Conference to the next ensuing British Conference, all the then existing difficulties between the two Methodist connections were amicably adjusted. There was sharp-shooting among the delegates of this Conference, in reference to the mode of appointing presiding elders, which I need not here relate in detail, the subject being well understood by the Methodists. I have only to add, that it has died a natural death, with no prospects whatever of a resurrection; particularly in the Southern department of Methodism. Our beloved and venerable Joshua Soule was at this Conference elected bishop; but, for reasons which he deemed adequate, he declined ordination. The vexatious slave question was also again introduced; causing no small excitement in the Conference. An improved edition of our hymn-book was ordered to be printed by our book agents. An important alteration in relation to our local brethren was also made, forming them into District Conferences, etc. Education also received a marked attention, as also the missionary cause; a committee being appointed (the writer among the number) to draft a Constitution for the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, which was written by Dr. Emory, Chairman of the Committee. Five hundred copies of the Report were forthwith ordered to be printed, that the delegates might furnish their respective districts and circuits with the Constitution. The Conference adjourned on the 27th of May, to meet again in Baltimore, May 1st, 1824.

I returned with my dear wife and little daughter, who

had accompanied me to Baltimore. I found that all things had worked smoothly and successfully in my district. There had been neither death nor sickness among the preachers. Our protracted and camp-meetings were in the general abundantly blessed to hundreds—the old professors being revived, young converts strengthened, and many poor sinners brought into the fold. What a pity that camp-meetings of late have fallen into disrepute, or at least into disuse, particularly in the Southwest! I am afraid it is owing to the want of zeal in both clergy and laity.

We passed through the conference year in pleasurable toils and labors, well recollecting that, if called of God to the ministry, we could not labor in vain. Our local brethren were much pleased with having their District Conference. The first we had was at a camp-meeting, which by many will not soon be forgotten. It was a season of merciful visitation.

Our next Annual Conference was held in Columbia, S. C., January 11, 1821. Having no data to go upon, (the printed Minutes not being at my command,) I cannot give the names of preachers received, ordained, or located. I was reappointed to the same district. The brethren sent to labor with me in the district for 1820, were:—

Lynch's Creek, Christian G. Hill.

Black River, *Elijah Bird*.

Little Pee Dee, Nicholas Ware, John Dix.

Brunswick, *D. Hilliard*, A. T. Simmons, Aquila Norman.

Bladen, *Jeremiah Norman*.

Deep River, James Dannelly.

Georgetown, John Howard.

Fayetteville, Hartwell Spain.

Wilmington, *Nicholas Talley*.

My memory does not sufficiently serve me to attempt a record of the preachers on my district for 1821.

Before entering on my work this year, (1821,) by the request of Bishop McKendree, I accompanied him to the Virginia Conference, to be holden in Raleigh, N. C., February 23d. Mrs. Travis and our dear little Mary went with me. Bishop George was also in attendance. The health of Bishop McKendree would admit of his visiting the Conference-room but seldom, so that the entire business of the Conference devolved on Bishop George.

After the adjournment of the Virginia Conference, myself and little family hastened back to the work assigned me. This year we boarded with Brother James Pegues. I asked him what would be his charge for the year. He frankly replied that he would charge nothing; to which I demurred, stating that he ought to be paid; to which he pleasantly answered: "Then just give me *an ear of corn* at the expiration of the year." Brother Pegues and wife were truly devoted Christians, and pillars in our Church in that section of country, (Marlborough District, South Carolina.) During the entire year I was blessed with health: however, we came near losing our child. She had a violent attack of fever; and her mother, by continued watching and attention, was at length taken down by the same disease. By the blessing of God, they both recovered. I do not recollect

losing an appointment on account of their affliction. I was, indeed, sent for at a camp-meeting, to hasten home—my daughter was said to be dying. I started about midnight from the camp-ground, rode nearly twenty miles, and did not return, it being but a short time before it would close. However, when I got home, my child had taken a change for the better, and thus continued until her final recovery.

Myself, wife, and daughter came very near being seriously injured by our horse running away with us, in our vehicle, in coming from church, where I had that day preached. On the rise of a long, steep, and rocky hill, a young man thoughtlessly came galloping by my horse, occasioning him to take fright, and to run away. I immediately looked up to my heavenly Father, and as quick as thought it was impressed upon my mind that not one of us should be hurt. I went calmly down the hill. Mrs. Travis made an attempt to throw our child out, and thereby *save* it; but I caught her in due time, and begged that she would not be alarmed, but keep the child in the carriage. At the bottom of the hill there was a mill-pond, and I intended to try to rein my horse into it, well knowing there would soon be many at hand to rescue us from the water. A gentleman, however, being before me on horseback, finding that he could not keep the road ahead of my horse, took the woods. My horse followed, and soon ran the fore-wheel of our vehicle against a slender sapling, which in part gave way to the wheel, but not entirely. Here our affrighted horse got loose from the carriage without breaking a trace, or even a hame-string; and the only

damage done the carriage, was the breaking off the four posts, the top of the carriage being left on the road. As soon as our little daughter, then four years old, saw that we were safe, she cried aloud, "Glory to God! the horse is gone—the horse is gone!" Brother Pegues, with whom we boarded, had left his barouche and run after us, and when he found us safe and unhurt, raised another shout, so that we almost had a little camp-meeting time. Truly, "goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life;" and I hope "to dwell in the house of the Lord for ever."

The time was approaching when I must leave Pee Dee District, having been on it four years. I had to bid farewell to many excellent friends, such as Brother and Sister Pegues, with whom we had lived twelve months—old Sister John Brown, of Bladen, N. C., who also would receive but a trifle for our board, and who studied to make us happy. Brother Pegues and Sister Brown have both gone to heaven. O that I may be permitted to meet them there!

We had within the bounds of this district some truly worthy local preachers. Mastin D. Crawford was a sweet orator, and a deeply pious man: he was useful, and universally beloved. I have recently heard of his death, but did not learn the particulars: I must believe that "the end of such a man was peace."

Brother Gamewell, a superannuated member of our Conference, was in the bounds of this district. He was accustomed to travel extensively with me from one appointment to another. He was good company, and, best of all, a good man, and very acceptable preacher. He

was much given to prayer—in private, in the family, and in public. His children were brought “up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” He has now a son in the South Carolina Conference, of excellent character and of undoubted fidelity, whom I have never seen—there is another in Jackson, Tennessee, with whom I became acquainted, and found to breathe the spirit of his venerable and sainted father. May the entire family meet in heaven! The encouragement that parents have to the culture of early piety in their children is truly great.

CHAPTER VIII.

Appointed to Ogeechee District—History of the rise of Methodism in Georgia—Thomas Humphries, Hope Hull, and others of precious memory, descanted upon—Remained on this district three years—Dr. Ignatius Few—Bishop Roberts—Dr. Olin—James E. Glenn—Lucius Q. C. De Yampert—John Porter—Delegate to the General Conference of 1824 at Baltimore—Dr. Lovick Pierce—Rev. Mr. Reece—Rev. Mr. Hannah—Rev. Mr. Summerfield—At the end of the Conference year located.

OUR next Annual Conference was held in Augusta, Ga. Bishop George presided. I requested not to be put on a district. At the conclusion of Conference, Bishop George called upon me to read out the appointments, and when I came to Ogeechee District, I had to announce my own name. The next day I hastened to South Carolina, where I had left my wife and daughter, and made an arrangement for a speedy journey to Washington, Wilkes county, Ga., where I was to reside. Brother Thomas Darley, who was stationed in that village, met with us there, and conducted us to Brother William Jones's, about one mile distant, where we were hospitably entertained until our parsonage was fitted up, and necessary supplies obtained.

This district at that time passed over the Savannah River, took in Abbeville, Edgefield, and Old Pendleton Districts. But now having got back to Georgia, I will

endeavor to give a brief history of the rise of Methodism in that State. The first mention of Georgia in the Minutes is:

1785. Beverly Allen.

1786. James Foster, (elder,) and Thomas Humphries,
John Major.

1787. Richard Ivy, elder.

“ Burke Circuit, John Major, Matthew Harris.

“ Broad River Circuit, John Mason, Thomas
Davis.

1788. Richard Ivy, elder.

“ Burke Circuit, Moses Park, Bennet Maxey.

“ Richmond, Matthew Harris.

“ Washington Circuit, Hope Hull, James Connor.

1789. Richard Ivy, presiding elder, and Beverly
Allen, elder.

“ Washington Circuit, Moses Park, Wyatt An-
drews.

“ Richmond Circuit, Matthew Harris, Wheeler
Grissom.

“ Burke Circuit, Hope Hull, Bennet Maxey.

“ Augusta, James Connor.

1790. Richard Ivy, elder.

“ Washington Circuit, Matthew Harris.

“ Richmond Circuit, Bennet Maxey, John Holli-
day.

“ Burke Circuit, John Andrew, Wheeler Grissom.

“ Savannah Circuit, John Crawford, Philip Mat-
thews.

“ Savannah Town, Hope Hull.

I think it unnecessary to transcribe any further from

the Minutes: enough is given to point out to the reader who were the pioneers of Methodism in the now flourishing State of Georgia, (rightly called the Empire State of the South,) and in which Methodism ranks higher than any other denomination, for talent, wealth, and education; and for piety and zeal, we trust, at least equal to any other.

Beverly Allen appears to have been the first regular Methodist preacher sent to Georgia. I fain would pass over in charitable silence the faults and imperfections of my fellow-creatures, but I am compelled to state that Beverly Allen most grievously apostatized. May we ever keep in mind the inspired caution, "Let him that thinketh he standeth, take heed lest he fall."

Thomas Humphries and John Major came next into the glorious field of missionary labor. John Major died in 1788. The Minutes take the following brief but satisfactory notice of him:—"John Major, a simple-hearted man, a living, loving soul, who died as he lived, full of faith and the Holy Ghost. Ten years in the work, useful and blameless." O that such could have been the printed and true record of poor Beverly Allen!

We have already noticed the Rev. Thomas Humphries as having lived to a good old age, retaining his ministerial character unblemished to the last.

The Rev. Hope Hull was a prominent minister in advancing the cause of Methodism in Georgia. After itinerating for several years, he married and located. He was known of thousands, and was most favorably known. His talents as a preacher were more than ordi-

nary. His life as a citizen and minister was irreproachable. His zeal for God, and his attachment to Methodist doctrines and usages, remained unabated to the very last. In full and ripe years, his work being accomplished, and his course finished, he expired in full sight of the glory, immortality, and eternal life that awaited him in the spirit-land. My own acquaintance with Mr. Hull was limited ; but I saw enough to satisfy me that when in his company I was mingling with no common man, with no ordinary minister, with no half-way Methodist, or lukewarm Christian. He was quite plain in his dress—not from necessity, but from conscientious choice. At one of our camp-meetings, a certain young preacher, rather of the *petit-maitre* order, said to him, “Brother Hull, I do think that if you were a little more attentive to your dress and appearance in the pulpit, it would be advantageous to you.” Mr. Hull gave him one of his significant looks, replying, “You know, Sir, that in a team of horses, it is necessary at least for *one of them to hold back*.” The young man took the plain hint, and no doubt profited thereby. I expect before closing this work to give the history of Mr. Hull’s itinerant ministry from the commencement until his location.

What has not the Lord wrought in Georgia for the past sixty-five or seventy years—especially through the agency of the Methodist ministry! Consider the thousands already in heaven, with the tens of thousands that are on the way! Look also at the number of academies and colleges which have within a few years sprung up and are doing well under our direction! And then think of the vast amount of good that these

literary institutions will do to the rising generation for years to come! The citizens of Georgia may well say, "The Lord hath done great things for us, whereof we are glad."

On this district I became acquainted with Col. Ignatius A. Few, who was at that time a confirmed infidel; yet a gentleman of kind and courteous manners. When at my appointments, he frequently asked me home with him, and I generally went. Being somewhat fond of controversy, he would frequently introduce his favorite subject, Infidelity. He displayed great skill and tact in defending his principles; and I would rather engage in argument with any man that I ever saw, than with Col. Few. He at length removed to Augusta, Georgia; and at one of my quarterly meetings in that place, hearing of my being there, he very politely sent an invitation to myself and wife to come and tarry a night with him—having been sick, he was unable to come to me in person. We accordingly went. He told me of his narrow escape from death by hemorrhage of the lungs. After supper, I proposed prayer, which was acceded to; but, as usual, he stood up in time of prayer. Some little time after—the ladies having retired—the Colonel introduced his favorite subject. We argued until the clock struck one, A. M. I then determined upon an argument *ad hominem*, and asked him, if he felt no dread of death, when he thought that he was about to die. To which he replied, that for a few moments he felt somewhat curious; but that as soon as he could rally his natural powers, all was calm and

quiet with him. "Well," says I, "Colonel, I am done. Let us retire to rest." I went into my room, said my prayers, and had merely got into bed, when a messenger knocked at my room door, saying, "Massa wants to see you very bad." I sprung up, and began to dress, when his nephew came, saying, "Do, Mr. Travis, make haste: my uncle is very bad off." I hastened to him: he could not speak for the hemorrhage of the lungs under which he was then again suffering. He held out his hand to me, looking me full in the face; and never can I forget the significant look he gave me—as much as if he had said, "I told you but a few minutes ago that I was not afraid to die; but O, Sir, it is not so!" I remained with him until three o'clock in the morning. In the meantime the doctor was sent for; and he considerably relieved him. The next morning I entered his room, and soon found that he could now have been led with a tow thread. I talked with him, but never upbraided him; nor did I even allude to the previous night's conversation. I prayed with him, and left him; and, being on the eve of my departure from my district, I never afterwards saw him till he was an itinerant minister in our Church. In 1834, he was stationed in Macon, and I in Milledgeville. I attended one of the quarterly meetings in his station—in the love-feast he arose, and after making a few quite pertinent and appropriate remarks, turned round to where I was sitting in the altar, and said, "Brethren, there sits my spiritual father, Brother Travis." I felt gratitude to God for making me the unworthy instrument of the con-

version of such a man; but I also felt shame and confusion of soul that the son had already so far outstripped the father.

Brother Few was truly a “burning and a shining light.” He had a capacious mind—clear, strong, and logical. Not many could outdo him in argumentation. His judgment (after conversion) was generally correct, and very decisive. His literary acquirements were profound. But, above all, his piety was unquestionable. Holiness appeared to absorb his thoughts from day to day. He died in humble assurance of his acceptance with God, and of his certain felicity beyond the grave. O that I may be counted worthy of having some seat near to him in heaven! The Rev. Dr. Few being so well known as a preacher, and as president of a college, it is unnecessary to comment upon his character.

I think it was in 1822 that we had a good camp-meeting at old Tabernacle, in Abbeville Circuit, South Carolina. It was supposed that one hundred and fifty professed conversion. The great Dr. Olin commenced his religious course in this neighborhood. I must state how egregiously I was mistaken in the man. I had seen him, and, some how or other, the looks of the man were by no means prepossessing to me. When his name was presented to the District Conference for license to preach—although I seldom made any remarks myself *pro* or *con* in relation to candidates for license to preach—I remarked that Brother Olin might be a very correct *hic, hæc, hoc* scholar; but I very much doubted whether he would ever make a preacher. Brother James E. Glenn replied, “Brother Travis, you don’t know the man.” I readily

replied that I did not. And having much confidence in Brother Glenn's good judgment, I ceased my remarks; and by the voice of the Conference, I granted him license to preach. A few weeks after he was licensed he was at one of my quarterly meetings. I put him up to preach. His sermon was truly excellent—language plain and sublime—ideas in perfect keeping with Holy Writ and Methodist doctrines. His *exegesis* throughout exhibited a superior mind; and the whole manifested a coherent arrangement, and a dovetail connection. I really thought him guilty of plagiarism; but I could not tell where he stole it.

In a week or two after this, he attended one of my camp-meetings. Now, thinks I, Brother "Stephen," I shall have a fair chance to make full proof of you, and ascertain the fact, whether what you preach be original or borrowed: hence, I put him up on Friday at eleven o'clock. This sermon was superior to the one he delivered at the quarterly meeting. On Saturday, I again put him up at eleven o'clock, the congregation being pretty large. This sermon far excelled the other two. Not knowing any author from whom he had borrowed a sentence, I concluded to give him one more trial before I made up my mind in relation to him. Accordingly, I put him up to preach again on Sunday at eleven o'clock, to an overwhelming congregation. Eye-gate was open, ear-gate open, and occasionally mouth-gate—all open—while in language sublime and powerful, and with a pathos expressive of deep feeling, yet with rather awkward gestures, he descanted upon the daughter of Herodias dancing, with its dolorous result, the beheading

of John the Baptist. O, it was a sermon replete with matter the most interesting, particularly to mothers in the education of their daughters, to young people fond of dancing, and to Christians in all their sufferings and persecutions. But it is impossible for me at this late date to epitomize the sermon, or even to give its outlines. Suffice it to say, it *capped the climax* of any thing I had ever heard; and by this time I had become something like the Indian's pine-tree, "so straight that I leaned a little the other way," and took him to be almost superhuman. If ever St. Paul was called to the ministry, so was Stephen Olin: with this difference, that the former was inspired—the latter not.

Not long after this camp-meeting, Brother Olin went to Augusta. A protracted meeting was going on there. He arrived in town on Saturday evening, and put up at a tavern. On Sunday, at eleven o'clock, he went to church, and was recognized by some person who had seen him and heard him preach. They invited him to preach in the afternoon. He accordingly did so. A Scotchman, Colonel McC——, heard the sermon. After service, Brother Olin went back to the tavern, took his seat by the fire, and the Scotchman soon entered, but not seeing Brother Olin, remarked, "Gentlemen, and what do you think? I went to the *Methodist* Church this afternoon, to hear Doctor C——s, but they put up a great, ugly, gawky-looking *mun*, and he appeared half scared to *dath*, and I was *aboot* picking up my hat and walking *ute*, but I thought that would not be good manners, so I kept my seat; but after *aboot* fifteen minutes I found out my blunder, and before he was done, he *bate*

Doctor C——s, or any other doctor I ever heard.” At length a gentleman drew his attention to Mr. Olin: he turned round and said, “Dear Sir, and indeed I beg your pardon, not knowing that you were here.”

Take Doctor Olin all in all, I much doubt whether these United States have ever had his equal—if there be one, I have never seen him. As a gospel minister, in the pulpit and out of it—as an associate and companion—every way, he was a paragon. When shall our earth be visited with his equal?

For the benefit and comfort of my younger brethren in the ministry, who are often tempted to think that they are doing no good, I will record a circumstance in relation to myself on this district. At a certain camp-meeting I preached on the Sabbath to a large congregation with apparently little or no effect. Clouds and darkness appeared to envelop me around throughout the greater part of my sermon. When I left the stand, it was with oppression and affliction of mind—viewing my effort as a perfect failure, and deeply lamenting that I had not put up some other preacher in my place. The next year, at a quarterly meeting in that circuit, a smart and intelligent-looking young man was recommended for license to preach at the ensuing District Conference. At love-feast he arose, relating his experience, telling us that it was under that very sermon he was converted. He became a travelling preacher, and remains such to the present day, unblamable, useful, and faithful in the discharge of his duties. The next week, in a different circuit, a married man at the quarterly meeting was recommended for license to preach. At love-feast in the

morning, he stated that under that same sermon he received a wound that was only healed by the blood of the atonement; and then and there he got his eyes opened, and was brought to the knowledge of the truth. I was then more than ever convinced that a preacher is not always the proper judge of himself; and that if God has called a man to preach, he never preaches a sermon in vain.

Our Annual Conference for 1823 met in Savannah. On my way thither, I fell in company with Bishop Roberts, also going on to Conference. I had been with him occasionally before this period, but never spent so long a time in his company, and hence had never before so highly appreciated his worth. Should any of the facts which I shall relate on his authority, be found in the "Life of Bishop Roberts," the reader must not charge me with plagiarism, as I have never seen that book. Before he was well known in the Southern States, he was travelling through a part of South Carolina, on his way to Augusta, Ga. Some time after dark, he came to Dr. Moon's, a local preacher, and asked for lodgings during the night, which was of course granted—the Doctor keeping a house of private entertainment. A young Methodist preacher was there, namely, H—— S——. They had already supped and prayed in the family. The doctor, not having the most distant idea of the character of his guest, did not even ask him if he desired supper; (expecting that if he did he would call for it;) so, after he had warmed himself, and making no demands, the doctor remarked, "Brother S——, you and this stranger will please occupy the same bed

up stairs." Brother S—— and the stranger forthwith retired. Brother S—— kneeled down by the bedside: so did the stranger. After they arose from prayer, Brother S—— says, "Sir, if you have no objection, I will take the front side of the bed." "None at all," replied the stranger. After they had gotten into bed, Brother S—— asked the stranger, "Sir, are you a professor of religion?" "I am." "To what Church do you belong?" "To the Methodist." "Do you ever exercise in public?" "I try to do so occasionally." "Where are you going, Sir?" "To Augusta." "To the Conference, Sir?" "Yes." "What might be your name, Sir?" "Roberts." "Ah!" says Brother S——, "we are looking for a bishop of that name to be at our Conference. Are you any relation of his?" "My name is Robert R. Roberts." With that, Brother S—— gave a spring forward in the bed, and for some little time remained silent. He at length replied, "Why, bishop, did you serve us thus? This house is the preacher's home, owned by one of our excellent local preachers. I must now get up and rouse the family, and let you have supper." "No, no," says the bishop, "by no means. I am not hungry." "Well, then, bishop, do take the fore-side of the bed!" "By no means: I am comfortably situated. Now, my dear brother, let us go to sleep." Next morning, Doctor Moore gave the bishop a pretty severe lecture for not letting himself be known, particularly at a Methodist preacher's house. I think myself the good bishop deserved a rebuke for his extreme modesty.

On another occasion, in travelling in Alabama, he

stopped at a house of private entertainment in a village called Washington. Supper came on. The man of the house, who was a Methodist, asked a blessing at his table, and one of his boarders returned thanks. After rising from the table, he said to the stranger, "Sir, that is your room," pointing to it: "you will please to excuse me, as we are going to meeting to-night." "What meeting?" says the stranger. "It is what we Methodists call a class-meeting." "Well," says the stranger, "if you have no objection, I will walk with you." "None at all," says his landlord, "come along, and go with us." They all went. A young man led the class; and after he had gotten through with the regular membership, he stepped up to the stranger, and asked him if he had a desire to serve God and get to heaven. The reply was, "Yes." "But do you, my strange friend, try to put these good desires into practice?" "I do," was the emphatic answer. "Do you think, my dear Sir, that you enjoy religion?" "I do," was again the unhesitating reply. "How long, Sir, since you professed religion?" "Upwards of thirty years," was the prompt answer. The young man then quite energetically and affectionately exhorted him to fidelity, watchfulness, and perseverance. The meeting was dismissed. He and his landlord returned home. The family all present, the good brother says, "Sir, I perceive from your remarks in our class to-night that you are a professor of religion: will you join us in family-worship?" to which he consented. The books are brought forward: he reads a chapter with his usual emphasis and cadence—gives out and sings a hymn with his sweet and melo-

dious voice—kneels down and gives one of his eloquent and powerful prayers—rises from his knees, bids all good-night, and retires. The good brother and his wife sat in silent wonder for a few moments. At length says he, “I must find out who that stranger is;” and forthwith enters his room, and without ceremony says, “Sir, who are you?” He answers, “My name is Roberts.” “Not our Bishop Roberts?” says the man. The reply was, “I pass for him.” “Well, Sir,” says the brother, “you don’t go to bed yet. Come out—come out of this room!” He immediately sends for his class-leader, and introduces him to Bishop Roberts. The young man forthwith commences an apology for such plain talk as he gave him in class; but the bishop interrupted him by saying “that he had given him most excellent advice, and that he was determined to practice upon it.” The brother made the bishop tarry two days with him, and preach in the village each day. And no doubt his visit among them was productive of much good—indeed, his preaching could not be otherwise than salutary in its effect.

Bishop Roberts appeared to be very reluctant to make himself known as a bishop, or even as a minister. He was a modest man, and I think in some instances was modest to a fault. He gave me an example of the fact, wherein he was at a certain time truly mortified by keeping *incognito*. It was at a tavern, where he neither asked a blessing at the table, nor proposed prayer in the family—next morning when he went to pay his bill, the tavern-keeper very mildly replied, “I never charge Methodist preachers.”

On a certain occasion he had to call at a land-office, to hand in some papers for a friend. The day was wet and cold; and after he had distributed his papers, the clerk, in his polite way, asked him, "if he would not take a dram"—it being such a cold and disagreeable day. To which the bishop replied, "No, Sir, not any." The clerk looked at him for a moment or so, and then remarked, "Sir, from your looks, I should judge that you was fond of the *creature*." The cold winds had considerably reddened the bishop's nose, which no doubt led to the erroneous conclusion of the clerk.

At another time, when on a steamboat, as he was walking on deck, a respectable young lawyer, judging from the cut of his coat that he was some old Methodist preacher, concluded to have some chat with him, began a conversation with him, stating that he had heard Bishop Soule and Bishop Emory preach, and was truly delighted with both the gentlemen. But he understood that the Methodist Church had another bishop, by the name of Roberts—him he had neither seen nor heard. But he had understood that he was a man of only moderate talents, yet of undoubted goodness; and being friendly to the Methodists, he would nevertheless be much pleased to see and hear him. Bishop Roberts permits the young lawyer to go ahead in all his remarks concerning the bishops, Church, etc. The lawyer at length retires to the ladies' cabin, where his wife was, and remarks to her that he had just had a long conversation with an old Methodist on deck, and pointed him out to his wife; whereupon she says, "My dear, that is Bishop Roberts; and he baptized me." "O hush," says

the lawyer, "I am then ruined! I must hasten to apologize to him." But as he commenced his apology, the bishop quickly calmed his feelings by his good sense and profound humility, causing the young man not only to esteem, but literally to love him as a man of God, and truly worthy of his high and holy calling as a Methodist bishop.

There was one trait in the character of Bishop Roberts, which I know not whether his biographer has introduced, that should not be overlooked—I mean his entire freedom from partiality in his Episcopal administration. He verily appeared "to know no man after the flesh." His motto was justice and equity to all. Neither talent, influence, nor wealth, could warp his mind, or move him from his purpose of right. He was a good preacher, a good bishop, and a good man; and is no doubt shouting in glory, whilst I am scribbling these remarks in relation to him. May our Church never have a worse bishop than R. R. Roberts! We would always be satisfied with his equal. This eminent man of God died at his post. He toiled and labored as much as in him lay to the very last. He literally ceased at once to "work and live." He has gone from affliction and sorrow upon earth, while his godly works follow him.

We had some truly pious and zealous local preachers within the bounds of this district—*e. g.*, James E. Glenn, L. Q. C. De Yampert, John Porter, Jordan Ramey, and many others. Brothers Glenn, Porter, and Ramey, *have gone home*. Brother De Yampert, if yet living,* I trust is still a faithful and zealous preacher. The devil

* De Y. still lives—near Marion, Ala.—[EDITOR.]

used to tempt him to quit preaching, telling him that local preachers could do no good, etc. But I hope he never permitted the enemy to gain the day with him. Brother John Porter was among the excellent of the earth. He was truly called the "weeping prophet." Never did I hear him preach, but it was with tears. Blessed man! thou art now gone where tears are to be wiped from every eye, and where the wicked for ever cease to trouble.

Brother James E. Glenn was a man of no ordinary talents. His polemical gift was equalled by few. He was a firm believer and a strong defender of the Methodist doctrines and usages. His zeal, united with prudence and knowledge, made him a very useful preacher; and many, no doubt, have been converted to God through his ministry. But I would not ignore the fact, that he had his peculiarities, and his own way of doing up things. At a certain place he had a regular appointment, but could get but few to hear him—the neighborhood consisting chiefly of what are now called Hard Shell Baptists—great advocates for water, but loving it still better when well mixed with whisky. They were especially opposed to the Methodists; and hence influenced all they could against Brother Glenn. The greater part of them were ignorant and superstitious, believing in witches, wizards, hobgoblins, bloody bones, etc. Brother Glenn availed himself of this superstitious mania prevailing in the neighborhood, and stuck up several written advertisements, that at such a place, day, and hour, he intended to *kill witches*. The news spread from Dan to Beersheba. The day came—the crowd

was great. Brother Glenn sings and prays, and then gives out his text: "Thou shalt not suffer a witch to live." Now, says he, I understand there are witches in this neighborhood; yea, and I believe it. There are at least three: one is called Calvinism, the second Universalism, and the third Infidelity. These three, by the grace of God, I intend butchering up to-day. And I understand that the best way to kill witches is, to draw their pictures, and then shoot at them. He proceeded to draw the picture of Geneva Calvinism. He descanted on the horrible decrees, etc., for some time. Now, says he, just look at her: what a haggard, frightful old wretch she is! They say we ought to shoot *silver* balls at them; but I am going to shoot *golden* balls. You will find my first load in such a book, such a chapter, and such a verse. Now, says he, make ready—take aim—fire: he would then roll out the text loudly and distinctly. And thus he kept firing for hours. After this, only let it be known that Glenn was to preach, and the house would be crowded.

Such manœuvring would have suited none but James E. Glenn. He had his weaknesses. He was not a "*faultless monster*." But he also had his excellences and his moral worth, that eternity can alone unfold. He entered the itinerancy in the Virginia Conference—was transferred to the South Carolina Conference—travelled for several years, and located. I can only say, O! that he had never located. He was unfortunate at times in his temporal affairs; and, though he never was known to aberrate from the rule of right, his mind was often depressed in his situation. He has lately

gone to his reward, and to his inheritance in the saints' everlasting rest.

Our Annual Conference, 1824, met in Charleston—Bishop George presided. Our General Conference was to be held in Baltimore this year, May 1st. The delegates from this Conference, with myself, were:—Lewis Myers, Lovick Pierce, Samuel Dunwoody, James Norton, William M. Kennedy, Nicholas Talley, Samuel K. Hodges, William Capers, James O. Andrew, Henry Bass—eleven in all. At this General Conference there were one hundred and twenty-six delegates assembled from the several Annual Conferences. Bishops McKendree, George, and Roberts were present—Bishop McKendree in low health.

Ever since Bishop Coke had ceased to visit us in 1804, there had been no personal communication between the European and American Methodists. Our source of knowledge relative to each other was by epistolary communication. It will be recollected that in 1820, Dr. Emory was delegated by us to visit our British brethren in Conference assembled, in view of settling some difficulties concerning the Connection in Canada. Dr. Emory's visit was highly appreciated by the British Conference, and duly reciprocated in the visit of the Rev. Richard Reece, accompanied by the Rev. John Hannah, to this General Conference. On the second day of the session, they were introduced by Bishop McKendree, when the Rev. Mr. Reece presented an affectionate and very interesting address from the Wesleyan Methodist Conference to our General Conference, which was read by the secretary, Dr. Emory. After

reading the address, Mr. Reece arose and addressed us as a brother beloved, describing in glowing terms the *oneness* of Methodism, as also its unparalleled success in both hemispheres, but especially in North America.

At this Conference many petitions were sent in by local preachers and private members, for a lay delegation, which were answered by a committee in a mild, rational, and decisive manner. The missionary cause, as well as that of education, received special attention. There were also five new Conferences laid off, making in all seventeen. The work being enlarged, with a prospect of continued enlargement, two additional bishops were elected and ordained, namely, Joshua Soule and Elijah Hedding. Bishop Hedding has gone to enjoy the smiles and approbation of the great Head of the Church and Bishop of souls. He was truly an excellent man, and one whose death was much lamented by the whole family of Methodists, North and South. Bishop Soule is yet with us. O that his stay may be protracted for years, that he may go *in* and *out* in our beloved Zion; and may he yet live to witness thousands and tens of thousands added to our Church!

It was at this Conference that I first looked upon the extraordinary Summerfield. To me he appeared as one not belonging to this world. His innocent and almost angelic appearance seemed to say that he was not long to tabernacle below. I heard him preach, and sat in the pulpit behind him. When he arose, every limb in him appeared to shake and tremble; however, he soon recovered his feelings, and gave us a truly inter-

esting, plain, and sublime discourse. The Conference adjourned May 29th, to meet in Pittsburgh, May 1st, 1828.

Dr. Lovick Pierce went with me to the General Conference in the stage, and we now started for home in the same way. Brother Pierce is yet living, or I should love to dwell somewhat upon his character. But suffice it for me to say, that I became acquainted with him in 1808—have known him ever since—he has been my presiding elder, and I, in turn, have been his, and in all my intercourse with him, I have never witnessed any thing in him contrary to the true gentleman, and holy, genuine Christian. In due time we reached our homes, and as soon as practicable entered again upon our work—he in Augusta and I on the district. Camp-meeting time was now hastening on, in which our Church in Georgia was always much revived, and many were added to our numbers. O that those halcyon days might again return throughout the length and breadth of our Southern Conferences.

In this year, (1824,) by the advice of the Rev. Mr. Webster, pastor of a Presbyterian congregation in Washington, Wilkes county, where I resided, I permitted my name to be sent on at the commencement of the Georgia University for that year, to obtain the degree of Master of Arts, which was unanimously granted.

I wound up my matters in the district, having agreed to take charge of the academy formerly taught by Dr. Olin. Our Conference met in Wilmington, North Carolina—Bishop Roberts presiding. Our Discipline at that

time was not as full and explicit as it now is in relation to appointing preachers to seminaries, etc. However, Bishop Roberts told me that if I did not locate, he would take the responsibility on himself, and appoint me to that institute, to which I consented ; but some of my brethren, I thought, were rather fastidious on the subject of the salary promised me ; so, upon mature deliberation, I thought best to locate. Bishop Roberts thought I took the matter to heart more seriously than I really did. I could not blame my brethren for having a different opinion from mine ; and there certainly was a great disparity between my stipulated salary and that of an itinerant preacher. My good friend Lewis Myers begged me to have my case reconsidered ; but when I fully explained the matter to him, he did not (as he intended) move a reconsideration. I never did like the idea of location, unless when circumstances demanded it. I may have been rather too sensitive on the matter ; but so it was, I located.

CHAPTER IX.

Took charge of Mount Ariel Academy, now called Cokesbury—
Preached regularly on Saturdays and Sundays—Abbeville Court-
House—James Moore and wife—Lewis H. Davis—Revival in my
School at Mount Ariel—Seven young men from it enter the Itine-
rancy—Daughter marries—Myself and wife go on a visit to my
relatives in Virginia—Some interesting occurrences while there—
Follow our daughter to Georgia—Become a Supernumerary—Next
year effective, and stationed in Milledgeville, Ga.

In the year 1825, after returning from Conference, I immediately proceeded to the scene of my future engagements. The trustees and neighbors around had determined on building up a village. Hence village lots were disposed of to several. Some from a distance made a purchase, and soon built and moved to the place. Its name was Mount Ariel—as I then thought, and still think, a quite appropriate name. A new building for the school had to be erected, as also a dwelling-house for myself, which circumstance delayed the opening of the school until March. But as soon as opened, we had a rush of students from various directions. Throughout the entire year it continued to increase—so much so, that the trustees hastened to put up a larger building.

I kept in view my responsibility as a gospel minister,

and improved every occasion of magnifying my office, so far as in me lay. Saturdays and Sabbaths were generally devoted to pulpit exercises. In many instances through the year, I had most satisfactory evidence that my labor was not in vain. Brother James E. Glenn, of whom I have already taken some notice, was generally with me at two days' meetings. We would frequently go twelve, fifteen, and twenty miles.

In the year 1826 I was still at Mount Ariel—the school yet flourishing. A female was now employed to take charge of the young ladies. Both schools were full to overflowing. During the year we had gracious revivals of religion: several young men and young ladies were happily converted to God. I frequently visited Abbeville. We had no church in that place. I occupied the Court-house. But we had a couple of precious souls in the village—namely, James Moore, and Ann, his wife. Sister Moore had been brought up a Roman Catholic. But she got her eyes opened under the Methodist ministry, yet remained in doubt for some time whether to join our Church or not. One day, after rising from her knees in secret prayer, she cast her eyes on some book near at hand, and opened upon these lines:

“I the chief of sinners am;
But Jesus died for me.”

“If that is Mr. Wesley's language,” says she, “I shall be a Methodist.” She joined the Church forthwith, and made one of our most zealous members. She was bent on having a Methodist Church in the village; and at once proceeded to the arduous and almost desperate

effort, not being discouraged at frequent repulses. She persevered, and finally obtained enough to build a respectable frame house. We then had regular preaching in it, and it was not long before the Lord began to work among the people. Several professed religion, and joined our Church. Among the number was our beloved brother Lewis H. Davis, a blind youth of respectable parentage living in the village: shortly afterwards his amiable and only sister, Jane. Both remain faithful to the present day.

It was not long before Lewis H. commenced praying in public, then exhorting; and it was soon ascertained that his talents would authorize the Church in licensing him to preach. He was between fourteen and fifteen years of age, when he met with the accident that produced his blindness: he had previously acquired a pretty good English education, and had also made considerable progress in Latin: hence his style was good, and language remarkably chaste for one of his age. He was frequently with me at my appointments; and on no occasion was I ashamed to put him up to exhort or preach. His father, Doctor Davis, ultimately removed to the West. Lewis followed, and soon attracted large congregations in Western Tennessee and North Mississippi—thirteen or fourteen years since, he joined the Memphis Conference, and continues to the present day to fill important stations and circuits with acceptability and usefulness.

Sister Moore wrote me, not long since, that the Methodists are still thriving and enlarging their borders at Abbeville Court-House. - They have lately built a good

and commodious brick church, and are bidding fair to prosper and to do well.

The good work continued at Mount Ariel; and, during my stay there, (namely, seven years,) as many as seven young men from the seminary entered the itinerancy. Some have died—some located. At present only two are in the travelling connection; but, thank God, not one ever backslid.

My good wife was accustomed to tell me that I ought not to have repented locating; that she really thought I was doing more permanent good in my school than I did on a district. But still I loved the itinerancy, and longed to get back—I love it still, but alas, as a *Mephibosheth*, I must content myself “to eat at the king’s table.” And O it is a delicious repast! just as sweet and good now in 1855, as in 1803, when I first tasted that the Lord is gracious.

1827. My school still prospered. This was a memorable year on account of the uncommon warmth of the winter. A great quantity of meat was entirely ruined. The old cotton stocks sprouted, and bid fair for a while to supersede the pitching of a new crop.

My time, as usual, was completely taken up by my schools and pulpit. So also in 1828, 1829, and 1830. I attended quarterly and camp-meetings for miles round, as well as regular appointments at Mount Ariel, (now called Cokesbury,) Abbeville, and Laurens Court-House. In the latter part of 1830 our daughter, and only child, married, and removed to Georgia.

Having taught one session of the year 1831, I requested and obtained leave of absence to visit my

relatives in Western Virginia. Accordingly Mrs. Travis and I set out in private conveyance, as there were no railroads in that country. I had two sisters in Virginia; namely, Elizabeth McGuyre, twenty years, and Deborah Rohr, six years, older than I. On our return, we visited another sister; namely, Grace Cunningham, in North Carolina, ten years older than myself. We took our time, and travelled slowly. I endeavored to preach on all suitable occasions. A two days' meeting had been given out for me in Harrisonburg, Virginia. My arrival was soon known; and I had large congregations—it being the town in which I was brought up, and where I joined the Church. I preached both days; I think that good was done. I remained in and about Harrisonburg for two months, preaching in divers places.

On my way to Virginia, I spent a Sabbath in Salisbury, North Carolina. We had no church at that time in the village. At 11 o'clock I preached in the Court-house: a Lutheran clergyman present politely asked me to occupy his pulpit at 3 o'clock, which I did. A Presbyterian clergyman of the place requested me to preach in his church on my return. I complied with his request. This was the time of the panic through North and South Carolina in relation to a servile insurrection—an attempt having already been made in Southern Virginia. In the middle of my sermon, a pair of snuffers happened to fall, whereupon a general movement took place in the congregation, some rushing for the doors, and others for the windows. I stopped. An elder arose, and, with a loud voice, bid them not be

alarmed—it was only the snuffers that had fallen down! When they were composed, I finished my sermon. At both visits I was freely and kindly entertained by a brother-in-law of the Rev. Valentine Cook.

In Harrisonburg, I became acquainted with that worthy minister of Christ, Charles B. Tippet, of the Baltimore Conference. He was the presiding elder on the district embracing Harrisonburg. There had existed an unfortunate difficulty between two of our most influential brethren in this place—namely, Doctor Peachy Harrison and Doctor Joseph Cravens, both class-leaders. The disunion at first originated from a disagreement in politics, they being antagonistic candidates.

Brother Tippet informed me that every effort had failed in bringing about a reconciliation between them. He said they both thought much of me, having known me from my boyhood; and he begged me to make the trial. After spending two or three days in talking affectionately to each one separately, I brought them together at my brother-in-law's, in an upper chamber. I closed the door, and prayed. We arose from our knees with moistened eyes and yielding hearts. I then told them that it would be useless to go into a detail of their contentions, which they knew had done much injury to the Church; and as I had reason to believe that they both loved God and his cause, I begged them to forget the whole matter, and to live the rest of their days in love; and that if they would thus do, now to arise, and take each other by the hand. They both simultaneously arose, and not only presented their hands to each other, but cordially and weepingly gave each other a hearty

hug. I again proposed prayer, and did my best to seal the covenant of peace upon our knees.

That night I preached in Harrisonburg. Our house was well filled. After I had finished my sermon, I stated from the pulpit that the difficulties between Doctors Harrison and Cravens were amicably settled, and that those brethren were now at peace with each other. It ran like electricity through the congregation; and the loud shout of Hallelujah! and Glory to God! was reiterated again and again. It was a glorious night: my soul feels glad in the remembrance of it even now.

After my return home, I received letters from Brother Harrison and Brother Cravens, sincerely thanking me for having interposed between them, and thus brought about a happy reconciliation. They continued thus to live until death. They are both gone; and are no doubt at this moment happy together in heaven. They were both considerably older than myself, and both belonged to the Church before I did. They were men of education, talent, and high moral character. The Church in that place has sustained a great loss, especially by the death of Doctor Peachy Harrison. Doctor Joseph Cravens had removed to Indiana a year or two previous to his death.

We safely reached home in due time, and found all well. A camp-meeting was going on near my house; and to my great astonishment I found loaded rifles, shot-guns, and muskets stacked up in the tents conveniently for battle. The panic of an insurrection had found its way thus high up in South Carolina.

Our only child having married and removed to Georgia, we were desirous of being near to her. I therefore sent in my resignation as Principal of Mount Ariel Academy, intending to follow her. I left friends at Mount Ariel that I ever loved. James Shackelford (father-in-law of our beloved and highly-esteemed Doctor Wightman) was a man that I sincerely loved, and whose kindness I can never forget. There were also Doctor Francis Connor, Doctor Thomas Cottrell, and a Brother Marion, in whose society I always delighted. They were pious and honorable men.

In 1832 we removed to Mallorysville, Wilkes county, about five miles from our daughter. I took charge of the Mallorysville Academy that year, and had a good and profitable school. I preached regularly in the village once a week, and frequently at other places.

In 1833 I still continued in charge of the same academy; but this year reëntered the Conference as a supernumerary, and as such was appointed on Lexington Circuit, embracing the village where I lived. I continued my constant preaching, as opportunity offered.

In 1834 I became effective, and was stationed in Milledgeville, seat of government for Georgia. This year we had some good meetings. I had not been long there before I volunteered my services to the convicts in the Penitentiary. A month or so after, the Rev. Mr. Howard, a Presbyterian preacher, also volunteered his services. My preaching in the Penitentiary gave me four appointments for preaching on the Sabbath. I had not long preached to the convicts before evident signs of good were manifest. In about three months, several

had professed conversion. Mr. Howard and myself appointed a day to initiate them in our respective churches. He received sixteen and I thirty-six. I labored with them all the year, and enjoyed myself much in preaching and talking to them. There were two men from the State of New York, acquainted with each other before they were put in the Penitentiary. The time of confinement for one of them had expired. He would in a few days start for home. The other had more than a year yet to stay. He was a smart man, and of good parentage. He had changed his name in the Penitentiary, that his parents might never learn his fate. He had professed conversion, and joined the Methodist Church. One day when I was in the Penitentiary, he watched an opportunity when no one was standing near me to come to me, and with tears he gave me a history of himself, and begged me to interfere with the Governor for his release. I hesitated. He still begged yet harder, wishing to accompany his acquaintance back to New York. At length I bound him up most solemnly to secrecy, and promised that I would request the Governor to let him out. I addressed a few lines to Governor Lumpkin, with whom I was pretty well acquainted, at the same time enjoining secrecy upon him. The next day he told me smilingly, "Your request shall be granted: the man shall be set at liberty." I thanked him; but still renewed my request of profound secrecy in the case. As soon as the poor fellow was released, he inquired where I lived. He found me. And if I ever witnessed profound gratitude from man to man, it was on this occasion. It is not in words to paint it. But he

was a gentleman by education, and had all the high and honorable feelings of a well-bred man. His crime, I think, was that of using a deadly weapon upon one whom he took to be his sworn enemy; yet he did not kill the man. I gave him a certificate of his membership, and he bade me an affectionate farewell. What has since become of him I know not.

I must here mention a lamentable circumstance that took place in our town this year. On the fourth of July, Judge Lamar—whose amiable wife was a member of our Church, and he a regular attendant whenever at home, seldom leaving the church with dry eyes—in a paroxysm of derangement, put an end to his existence. His case was a peculiar one. He had been for several months conscious of an occasional aberration of mind, but no one knew it besides except his wife and brothers. One of the latter frequently went with him from court to court, fearing that some catastrophe might befall him. In those fits of partial derangement, he was always tempted to make away with himself. I was at his house on the morning in which the fatal deed was effected. He appeared cheerful, and quite conversant—told me that he had just made the necessary arrangements for a trip to Tennessee, where he intended to spend the summer. There was a political meeting in Milledgeville that day; and although usually quite dispassionate, he became on that occasion somewhat excited, returned home in the afternoon, found no one in the house—wrote a note, and left it on the table, saying, “Farewell, my dear wife and children: I am a deranged man.” He then walked into the garden, and with a loaded

pistol blew out his brains. Never before did I witness such a consternation and general lamentation over the death of any person. He was universally beloved: even his political opponents always treated him with respect.

The time for my leaving Milledgeville drew near. I had determined on a transfer West, to be near my only child, who, with her husband, had removed to Mississippi. On a visit to Augusta, a gentleman—not a professor of religion—meeting me on the street, said: “Sir, you ought to have your head shaved and blistered, for leaving a country where you are well known, and your character duly appreciated, to mingle with a motley mixture of people, and there to form a character anew!” He further added: “I also have a daughter, (an only child,) but if she sees fit to marry and move away from me, she may go; but I assure you that I do not follow.”

I took a transfer to the Alabama Conference, and was appointed to a little circuit, embracing three villages—ten appointments in all. As there was a man by the name of my son-in-law living near, the bishop thought it was he. We travelled in the stage: the roads were intolerably bad—weather part of the time extremely cold. During that memorable cold Saturday and Sunday in February, 1835, myself and wife were pent up in a most gloomy, cold cabin in the Creek nation—the stage having to stop from Friday until the following Tuesday, when we had to take an open cart for Montgomery, Alabama. By the blessing of God, however, I reached my field of labor; but the nighest point to my daughter was one hundred and twenty miles!

In this year, 1835, the Church was called to mourn the loss of that highly esteemed veteran of the cross, Bishop McKendree. He entered the travelling connection in 1788—was ordained bishop in 1808, and died the 5th of March, 1835, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. I heard him preach when I was but a lad. His text I recollect to the present hour, Isaiah lxvi. 3, 4. There is a pen now employed which will no doubt give an ample and a satisfactory history of this worthy servant of God and the Church. I would make but a few passing remarks, which might not be introduced by his excellent biographer, Bishop Paine.

I well recollect one day when we were alone, he smilingly turned round to me and said: "Brother Travis, what shall we do with this part of Holy Scripture? 1 Timothy vi. 1-7:* 'Let as many servants as are under the yoke, account their own masters worthy of all honor, lest the name of God and his doctrine be blasphemed. And they that have believing masters, let them not despise *them*, because they are brethren; but rather do them service, because they are faithful and beloved, partakers of the benefit. These things *teach* and *exhort*. If any teach otherwise, and consent not to sound words, those of our Lord Jesus Christ, and to the doctrine which is after godliness, he is *puffed up*, knowing nothing, but being sick of questions, and strife of words, whereof cometh envy, contentions, evil speakings, evil surmisings, perverse disputings of men of corrupt minds, and destitute of the truth, supposing

* Mr. Wesley's translation.

that gain is godliness: *from such withdraw thyself.*” I perceived the design of the question, and plainly answered it: the good bishop did not demur or oppose my views of the text. I verily believe that had Bishop McKendree been alive at the division of our Church on that subject, he unhesitatingly would, with good Bishop Soule, have adhered to the Southern side. I was intimate with Bishop McKendree—knew his sentiments in full in relation to Church government, as also his feelings for the Southern branch of the Church; and the public may rest satisfied that he was no Abolitionist. He had too much good sense and heartfelt piety to be duped by such unscriptural jargon.

Mysterious are the ways of Divine Providence. In this same year, December 16, the ever-lamented Bishop Emory was taken from us. The sudden manner of his death was matter of much grief to my own soul. The devil tried hard to make me call in question the goodness and wisdom of a superintending Providence. I had a severe struggle for two or three days, but finally gained the victory, and felt a resignation to the will of our heavenly Father, who doeth all things well.

I became acquainted with this eminent minister at the General Conference of 1820. I then and there formed an exalted opinion of him—a continued and lengthened acquaintance only served to increase my feelings of affection and high esteem. His life has been written by his gifted and amiable son; but this little volume may go where his biography may not have been read. I will, therefore, merely state that he was born in Maryland, 1788—educated for a lawyer, and received

quite a liberal education,—but the great Head of the Church designed him for a more noble purpose. He embraced religion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church—entered the Philadelphia Conference in 1810—filled many important stations—was appointed book agent—sent on an embassy to the British Conference, and elected and ordained bishop in 1832.

I must again advert to my little circuit, by the name of Pickens. I filled my ten appointments regularly once a fortnight. I had some moments of distress and gloom, yet my imperfect labors were blest, and several converted and added to the Church, some of whom were the most influential citizens of the county. The Hard-Shell Baptists had considerable foothold in these regions; and towards myself they had no superabundance of good feeling. I accidentally was thrown in company with one of their deacons at a house where several were present, but none professors of religion. The good deacon, soon after supper, began ridiculing missionary and temperance societies. I permitted him to go on for some length of time; but finally took him up, and had little or no trouble in throwing him against the walls, insomuch that the company present broke out in a hearty laugh at him. He became “vexation stung,” and forthwith went and reported that I was an *Abolitionist*. I sent for him in the presence of the gentleman to whom he had made the assertion, and also in the presence of several others. It was difficult to get him, but he finally came and stepped up to shake hands with me, but I refused his hand, saying “that I could not take it until I had an explanation from him on a certain subject.” I

asked him, "Did you or did you not tell that gentleman that you thought I was an Abolitionist?" "I only said to that gentleman that, although Mr. T. was a smart man, I did not know but that he was an Abolitionist." I then asked him what reason I had given him to draw such a conclusion in reference to me. "O," says he, "your defending temperance and missionary societies like you did the other night at Mr. —." I then asked him "if he did not believe that if said report was credited, it would subject me to a speedy death at this juncture of Abolition excitement?" "O, yes," was his reply. I then rebuked him severely, and said, "My good Sir, you have to sign a *libel*, or I will take my course with you. Do just as you please." He signed the *libel*. I was to preach that day: he begged me to say nothing about it in the pulpit. Of course I did not. He went to hear me preach, and that was the last of it.

Our Cumberland Presbyterian brethren had a camp-meeting, to which I was politely and pressingly invited, as also as many of my Church as could attend. There had been a horse-race appointed for the next week after the camp-meeting, in the neighborhood—four committee-men were to make all necessary arrangements—a man from Tennessee with his race-horses was in waiting for the appointed day. On Thursday, at the camp-ground, I preached and called for mourners. One of the committee came forward, and was happily converted. They put me up again on Friday; and at the call for mourners, a second committee-man presented himself, and obtained the pearl of great price. Saturday they called on me again, and after preaching, an invitation was again

given for penitents to come forward to the altar of prayer: a third committee-man came, and was converted. On Sabbath they again requested me to preach; and after preaching, the usual invitation was extended to seekers of religion: the fourth committee-man, with his wife, arm in arm, in a flood of tears, walked into the altar. Both were brought to Christ, and rose shouting and praising God. I knew the lady when a child in South Carolina: she was of good parentage, and her husband appeared to be a gentleman, lacking but the one thing needful, which he then and there so happily obtained. On Sunday night, after attending to the sacrament, I retired to rest. I heard a pistol fire, which rather alarmed me. I sent to ascertain the cause. The man from Tennessee with his race-horses was raging through the encampment, inquiring for *that* Travis: that he wanted to give him, or any of his friends, the cowhide. A Brother Terry stepped up, saying, "Sir, I am his friend: now, try your best." Soon about a dozen gathered around Brother Terry. The man took to his heels, fired a pistol, with the same effect of Priam's arrows, and left the encampment. The preacher in charge of the meeting procured a number of men to go with him next morning to Pickensville, where the man was, and take him on to Carrolton, where the County Court was in session. They had also determined to carry guns, and if he would not submit, to take him by force. Next morning, when I heard of the intended attempt upon him, I used my best efforts to get them to drop it, and let him go. I succeeded with only one man—a Brother Glass, a local preacher in our Church. I tried

hard to prevail on Brother Terry not to go. He at last burst into tears, saying, "Brother Travis, a man that designed to cowhide you shall not escape unpunished." He said he had engaged to go; and go he must. They went: found the man armed, and about escaping on horseback. They demanded him to stop: he would not. They fired on him, and put thirteen buckshot in him—producing, however, only flesh-wounds: in about three months he recovered. I was truly sorry for the circumstance. It gave the adversary great advantage over us. Yet much good was done at the meeting, and many souls, I hope, were converted. The horse-race also became completely defunct—though in all my preaching I never spoke of it: it was the Lord's doing—except the shooting.

The Cumberland brethren were truly friendly and kind to me at this circuit. At the above-mentioned camp-meeting, for four consecutive days, they would have me to preach at what is usually called the popular hour—not that they needed men—but I presume out of respect to my gray hairs, they thus honored me. They were in general pious, zealous, and exemplary Christians. Many of them I hope to meet in heaven.

CHAPTER X.

Transferred to Mississippi Conference, and stationed in New Orleans—Vicksburg—Holly Springs—Sommerville, Memphis Conference—Bishop Soule—Judge E. McGehee—John and Hugh McGehee—Judge Lane—Bishop Morris, Malcom McPherson, and John M. Holland—Affliction in Sommerville—Superannuated—Death of my wife—Second marriage—Death of my daughter—Visit to Virginia.

THE time for my departure from this circuit was near at hand. I had to leave friends whom I dearly loved: Colonel James Terry and his brother, with their amiable wives; Doctor William Owen and family, with whom we boarded; Doctor King and wife, both of whom embraced religion that year; and many others. But I had to meet the Conference at Tuscaloosa. Mrs. T. and myself went in the stage to this beautiful and interesting village. I was much pleased with the place and its hospitable inhabitants.

At this Conference I met with Bishop Soule, whom I had not seen since 1824 at General Conference, when and where I gave him my suffrage for the episcopate—a vote that I never have repented. Bishop Soule entered the itinerancy in 1799—has filled various circuits, stations, and districts—was book agent for several years. In 1824, he was elected and ordained bishop.

Though born and brought up in the North, where he lived and preached, yet discovering the justness of the Southern cause, he unhesitatingly and conscientiously adhered to the M. E. Church, South, at the time of its organization. He is with us to the present time, (1855,) in the fifty-sixth year of his itinerancy, and over seventy years of age: proving himself a pattern of industry, of good works, and of self-denial—having in his old and infirm age as often as twice visited the Pacific Conference in two consecutive years. I add no more in reference to this faithful servant of God and the Church. The able pen of Bishop Paine, I expect, will do justice to his unsullied character and useful life.

At this Conference in Tuscaloosa, by the request of Bishop Soule, I was transferred to the Mississippi Conference, and stationed in New Orleans. Brother Seaborn B. Sawyer was appointed with me.

We reached New Orleans 11th of January, 1836. I could find neither class-papers nor Church-book to direct or aid us in our proceedings. The few Methodists that were there were not as cordial in their feelings towards each other as they should have been. We, however, formed classes, and organized a small society of whites, with a goodly number of colored people.

This was a year of considerable trial to me, calling for much moral courage, and more than I really thought I possessed, until put to the test. The lamented Maffit, the year previous, had succeeded so far in the city as to secure the promise of a new church on Poydrass street. He laid the corner-stone—went off; and there the matter was likely to end. I wrote to that good man, Judge

E. McGehee, to come down and see if there was any possible chance of reviving the almost forgotten new church. He came, and with his weighty purse, and impressive talk, set things going—whilst I was busy in begging all over the town. I always was a poor beggar: however, by the end of the Conference year, the church was nearly completed.

Judge McGehee is one of the excellent of our earth. The Lord has blessed him in his basket and store; and as a Methodist, and a Christian, he delights to give, not only in aid of his own Church, but of others. He has two brothers, John S. and Hugh McGehee, of Panola county, Mississippi—both excellent men.

Our colored society was truly as sheep without a shepherd. The abolition fever had been raging high; and great efforts and much caution by the citizens of the place were brought to bear on that subject. I was told that if I preached to the negroes, I would subject myself to imprisonment. But I continued to preach to them. The Committee of Vigilance, so called, heard of it, and appointed a sub-committee of five to go to hear me. On Sabbath, as I had just read out my text, I noticed five good-looking gentlemen step in, whom I had never seen at any church. I knew not who they were. They sat together, and were all attention. As I concluded my sermon, one of them, whom I afterwards ascertained was chairman of the Committee of Vigilance, made me a polite bow. I also learned that they made a favorable report concerning me, believing there was no danger of my instigating the negroes to rebellion—so that I went on uninterruptedly preaching to them

throughout the year. Dr. Clapp gave me an invitation to his pulpit, which accordingly I accepted; but I went only once, though the Doctor asked me again and again. I had my reasons for not going. Dr. Parker, a Presbyterian clergyman, also gave me an invitation to his pulpit, which I also accepted. He asked, I think, but once; but I had enough to do at home.

I found in Brother Sawyer every qualification that could be desired to make him a pleasant co-worker. He was a first-rate preacher, a sincere lover of Methodist doctrines and usages—a truly pious and exemplary minister of the Gospel. I think he had formerly been a Cumberland Presbyterian preacher. Too much could not well be said in praise of his amiable wife. But his health so far failed him, that in the month of July he had to leave me. In him I lost a friend, a brother beloved, not only by myself, but by the Church at large, both white and colored. Brother and Sister Sawyer have both long since gone home, where epidemics and pestilence can never mar their repose. The Lord in mercy preserved my own health. My dear wife had a severe attack of fever, at one time thought to be the yellow fever; but she was graciously restored; and we both escaped “the pestilence that walketh in darkness, and the destruction that wasteth at noonday.”

At the end of the year I felt both glad and sorry. My friends got up a large petition to Conference for my return the next year. And to show their sincere regard for me, the morning I was to leave, they came to my boarding-house, presented me with two hundred dollars, and accompanied me to the boat. Can I ever forget such kind

friends? I hope not. Some of them are no doubt in heaven; and others, with myself, still striving to make the blessed shore. Brother Jos. C. Clarke and wife, Brother Armisted, Sister Canoe, and Mrs. Outlaw, with whom we boarded, are still alive; and, should they ever notice this little work, let them recollect that I have not forgotten their kindness.

Our Annual Conference for 1837 was at Vicksburg—Bishop Morris presided. When the appointments were read out, my name stood for Vicksburg. The bishop was good enough to give me his reasons for so doing—these I need not detail.

Mrs. Travis and myself paid a visit to our dear daughter in Panola county. After staying a short time with her, I left her mother to remain a month or two, and I hastened on to my charge, and I hope prayerfully entered upon my pastoral labors. Judge Lane (the Rev. John Lane) received me into his house with all the affection and cordiality of a Methodist preacher. We boarded with him during the year. Never can I be unmindful of him and his truly pious, affectionate, and worthy wife. Their attention to Mrs. Travis and myself was every way calculated to render our home a little paradise on earth. The small-pox broke out in our city, and several were hurried from the stage of action by it. I was sent for to pray with a man dying under its fatal power. I first consulted with my wife whether she would consent for me to go. She hesitatingly gave her consent. I then consulted Sister Lane, Brother Lane not being at home. She agreed to run the risk, if I thought it my duty to go. I was vacci

nated in 1812; but as twenty-five years had since elapsed, it was doubtful whether that would prove a preventive. But I went, trusting myself in the hands of my heavenly Father. I found the poor creature fast verging to the grave: the eruption had become confluent, and he was literally a mass of corruption. I talked with him, and prayed with him, and for him: I hope not in vain, he being perfectly sane, and truly penitent. I retired to my room. The poor man died, and they sent for me next day to attend his funeral; but as Lorenzo Dow used to say, "faith is no fool," well knowing that I then could do him no good, I could not exercise "faith" in the protection of Providence—hence I did not go.

We had a pleasant year. No great excitement was produced: we moved steadily along, with but few expulsions, and not many additions to the Church. Vicksburg is a place I shall always love. The citizens were not only kind, but truly benevolent. I was at one time threatened with sickness. Two eminent physicians, neither of them a professor of religion, gave me their services without fee or reward. The kindness of Brother Roberts and wife, and of Wesley Vick, with Judge Taylor and wife, and Judge Bland and wife, and many, many others, I hope never to forget.

Our next Annual Conference, for 1838, was at Natchez—Bishop Andrew presided. I now, for the first time in my life, requested a certain field of labor, to be near our only child. My request was granted. I was sent to Holly Springs, in North Mississippi. The place was as yet new, and but few Methodists of wealth in it.

I had hard work to obtain a boarding-house for myself and wife. We at last succeeded in obtaining a very comfortable home with Brother Wyatt Epps and wife, both of whom, with their dear children, have a large share of my affections. We had a considerable increase in our membership this year. At the commencement the Campbellites were by far the most numerous sect. They strove hard to get me into a public debate with them: I concluded to pay no attention to their wishes, but proceeded in my usual manner of preaching Christ crucified. The result was, the increase of Methodism, and the decline of Campbellism.

I was as yet a stranger to the speculative mania pervading great part of Mississippi; and in this place superabundant—*shin-plaster banks*, at least *two* in our village, affording vast calculations upon very slender and uncertain data. But a large and commodious brick house was erected for a college: trustees were appointed, and the Legislature granted a charter for a *university*. I was prevailed on to permit my name to be presented to the board of trustees for the presidency of said university. I had no idea of being elected—there being but one Methodist in the board, and a worthy Presbyterian clergyman, a member of the board, being a candidate for the office. The proposed salary was two thousand dollars per annum. I did not even attend the election; but to my astonishment I was elected. This took place just before the sitting of our Annual Conference for 1839, in Grenada. Bishop Morris presided, and by a vote of the Conference I was appointed president of said university.

Quickly after my return from Conference, I began to learn some things about the financial character of the university, as also the unpleasant feelings of some of my Presbyterian friends, in relation to my election; and although I had organized the school, and had a friendly and well-qualified faculty, with a goodly number of students, I determined on resigning. Accordingly, at the first meeting of the Board, I tendered them my resignation, which was peremptorily refused. Hence I had to continue. But, alas! the trustees were in debt for all; and the very ground on which the buildings were erected was claimed by another person. Nothing was paid—neither the bricklayer nor myself paid to the present day. The university went down, “unhonored and unwept.” So much for wild calculations upon shin-plaster banks. I really felt sorry for the poor bricklayer, who told me some time after my giving up the charge, that he had not received a picayune for all his labor; yet I am far from believing that there was any designed fraud upon myself or workmen by the board of trustees; but at an unexpected hour, an awful cracking, knocking and snapping took place with the banks throughout the State of Mississippi—not more than one or two were viewed solvent.

Our Annual Conference for the year 1840 was held in Natchez. Bishop Andrew presided. I was again stationed in Holly Springs, in charge of our Church. This year I had that good and useful man, Malcom McPherson, for my presiding elder. I knew him well in North and South Carolina: indeed, he claimed me as his spiritual father. To God alone be the glory. I first

gave him license to preach, and then carried a recommendation to the Conference for his admission on trial in the travelling connection. I would present no man as being absolutely perfect; but Malcom McPherson professed sanctification, and came as near a perfect Christian and a perfect gospel minister, as I ever knew. He labored that year on the Holly Springs district, with great acceptability and success. The next year he was appointed to the same work. But before the year closed, his Master called for him, to receive his hire, and to occupy a more noble and exalted sphere of action than that of traversing the sandhills of North Mississippi.

The same year, Brother John M. Holland, on the Memphis district, was called home. He was an experimental and practical preacher, excelled by few. He was unfortunate in his temporal affairs: the Mississippi epidemic (speculation) had well-nigh ruined him in some unguarded trades; yet he maintained his piety and zeal to the last. His untiring labors on his district no doubt hastened his dissolution. By some of the enemies of Christ he was persecuted and spoken evil of; and I am sorry to add, that some members of our Church treated him unkindly.

Our Annual Conference for 1841 met in Jackson, Tennessee. The Memphis Conference having been formed at the preceding General Conference, embracing the western part of Tennessee and the northern part of Mississippi, with a small portion of Kentucky, I fell within its bounds, and was by the presiding bishop (Andrew) stationed at Sommerville, Tennessee. In this little town I found some gracious souls—Jacob and

Daniel Webb, and their amiable wives—Brother Jones—Colonel Douglas—the two Brothers Dickenson, and wives—Brother Nelson and wife, with whom I could have joyfully spent my days: as also Brother and Sister Scruggs, and Sister Boothe, with her amiable son, Doctor Boothe, and her excellent daughters—all members of our Church, and lovers of primitive Methodism. If any of the above-named friends be alive, and should see this sketch, let them recollect, I yet love them.

This year in Sommerville I was severely afflicted with rheumatism—insomuch, that my wife had to dress and undress me like a child; and for six weeks I was not able to enter my pulpit. Through the rest of the year, my health was only moderate, with occasional symptoms of returning rheumatism.

At our Annual Conference for 1842, held in Memphis, I gave the brethren to understand my situation: though I did not tell them, yet I dreaded a town station. I only remarked that it was in their power to do one of three things with me—grant me a location, a supernumerary appointment, or a superannuated relation; but that I should prefer the last, which was accordingly granted to me; and which relation, through grace, I sustain to the present year, (1855;) but I do not as yet demand my disciplinary allowance from the Conference, though I have never promised the Conference not to demand it. I never did make a claim on any Conference for deficiencies in regard to my allowance—I was always determined that if I could not do much benefit to the Church, I would endeavor to be as little expense to it as possible. Thus far I have gotten along, and have

neither lacked food nor raiment, houses nor friends, nor a little pocket-money, as the circumstances might demand. And here permit me again to say, that "goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life."

At this Conference I was requested to preach the funeral-sermon of Brothers McPherson and Holland; but Brother (now Doctor) John B. McFerrin being present, it was suggested to me that he should preach the funeral-sermon of Brother Holland, and I that of Brother McPherson, to which I most gladly acceded. I did not hear Doctor McFerrin myself, but reports spoke very favorably of his sermon. I chose for my text, "Well done, good and faithful servant." The Sabbath after the adjournment of Conference, I was called upon to preach the funeral-sermon of Sister Titus, of that place—long and favorably known as a pious, humble, and upright member of our Church. The house was densely crowded, and the corpse present. My text was, "I saw the dead, small and great, stand before God; and the books were opened," etc. I think that good was done. It was the last sermon I preached in Memphis. I always loved to preach to that people, and would rejoice once more yet to have the privilege of talking to them about Jesus and salvation. And who knows but that I may! I cannot easily forget their good-will towards me in sending me a petition, when I was in Holly Springs, signed not only by the members of our Church, but also some worthy gentlemen of the Presbyterian Church, etc., to consent to be stationed among them. O that I had gone there, instead of to

Holly Springs would-be university! In a few days Mrs. Travis and I took our leave of our good friends in Memphis, and proceeded in the stage to Holly Springs.

On the evening of our arrival, the Rev. (now Dr.) Daniel Baker, pastor of the Presbyterian church in that place, called to see me, requesting me to take his place in his school and pulpit, and to make his house our home while he attended to some business for a few weeks. I accordingly did so. After the return of the Rev. Mr. Baker, Mrs. Travis and myself went to visit our daughter. I finally opened a school in that neighborhood, and preached regularly twice every Sabbath in my academy—in the morning to the whites, and afternoon to the colored people. My labors with the poor blacks were especially blest. I formed a society of more than a hundred among them. My academy was at length taken into the circuit, and remains a preaching-place (I think) to the present day. This was in 1842. My school exceeded my most sanguine expectations. I went about occasionally, but seldom missed my appointment at home—except at quarterly meeting and camp-meeting engagements. My presiding elder was the well-known and much-beloved William McMahon. In his company I always felt at home; and in his meetings he always treated me with much more than merited respect. He is yet alive; and I therefore forbear making remarks in relation to him, that I otherwise would make: suffice it to say, that his character is, *probatum est*, and fully evinces the Christian, and the faithful minister of the gospel. May the great Head of the Church yet protract his stay on earth, and make him the instrument of

much good to souls yet unborn. Brother William Pearson was on the circuit—a good man, deeply pious, and an acceptable preacher: he died in the work; and I am sorry to say that his memoirs never appeared in our printed Minutes. Blame lies somewhere.

In 1843 I continued my academy and regular home preaching to white and black. But alas! this was a year of severe trial to me. The 10th of June, at night, can never be erased from my recollection. She whom I loved beyond all human beings on earth was to be snatched away from me. For several days my dear wife had enjoyed more than usual health. On this day, 10th of June, her nephew, Thomas G. Forster, of New Orleans, arrived on a visit to his aunt. After supper we sat up until 10 o'clock. We then had prayers, and retired; but my dear Elizabeth had not been in bed ten minutes, before she was taken with a wheezing and most afflictive cough. I insisted on sending for a physician, about three miles off; but she utterly refused, saying, she would get over it in a few minutes. I requested her to take some "No. 6," to which she consented. She put the glass to her mouth, and said, "I cannot swallow." She was at this time sitting up in bed, but speedily and gently lay down, carefully putting her head beyond the pillow, and off from the bed-clothes; and instantly the blood streamed out of her mouth in a current as large as my finger. I fell upon my knees at the bedside, but I could not pray, such was the agitation of my mind. I arose, and felt her pulse, and found that she was fast fleeing away; and in about five minutes the vital spark became extinct. But oh! the smile, the

heavenly smile that rested on that death-stricken countenance, always to me beautiful; but now more abundantly so. The neighbors soon came in. But I was curiously affected: I could not weep: a kind of desperate derangement seized upon me. I retired to a window, and sat musing upon my fate, when all of a sudden it appeared as clear as daylight to me that I saw my beloved Elizabeth in heaven. I could then freely shed tears at my loss. My natural feelings returned to me; and I could exclaim with a resigned heart, "The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away: blessed be the name of the Lord!" I had not closed my eyes to sleep for nearly twenty-four hours. I at last fell into a doze. My dear wife appeared to me, accompanied by two other females, dressed in white, and all extremely happy. My beloved Elizabeth looked at me, smiled, and then disappeared with her companions. She was truly pious, a conscientious Bible reader, and a regular attendant to the closet for private devotion. She had professed sanctification for more than twenty years. She had battled side by side with me for thirty-two years; and, as a certain gentleman who knew her well expressed himself, "She was a paragon of a woman."

It would have afforded me much consolation could she have been able to leave a verbal testimony of her future hopes; but her unspotted and religious life, her heavenly looks after death, are sufficient evidence of her happy exit from this vale of tears to the paradise of God. O that I may be counted worthy to have a mansion with her in our heavenly Father's kingdom. Amen!

Our dear daughter was not at home at this hour of

distress—she, with her husband, was on a visit to his father's. I immediately sent for her, and as soon as they could see to drive their carriage, they came. The shock nearly overcame her, as she was in feeble health, but after a few hours she revived.

I have thus been particular in the narration of circumstances and facts in relation to my much-beloved wife, as this will be read by many of our relations.

By the request of my employers, I again opened my school. My wife's nephew, T. G. Forster, remained with me for some time. Her niece and husband, Colonel Hinton, paid me a visit from New Orleans, and remained awhile with me. But, alas! I was desolate, notwithstanding the company I had, and the unremitting attention of my daughter and friendly neighbors, particularly Hugh McGehee and family, Francis Oliver and wife, and Mrs. Bruckner, and others in the neighborhood.

In 1844, I dismissed my school, and spent my time in travelling about, attending appointments of my own, as also quarterly and camp-meetings with Brother McMahon. I made my home at my daughter's; but was frequently engaged abroad. In the latter part of this year our Annual Conference met in Sommerville—Bishop Janes presided. The General Conference of this year having authorized a division of our Church on account of the slavery question, our Annual Conference resolved to send delegates to meet with those of other Southern Conferences, at Louisville, to take into consideration the expediency and propriety of forming an independent Connection.

In 1845, the convention met at Louisville, and I trust with much prayer and dispassionate investigation into the necessity of a division, resolved to organize a separate body, to be styled the "Methodist Episcopal Church, South." Their action met with the almost unanimous approval of the lay members, as well as the ministry, of our Church.

I had now been nearly two years travelling about in my gloomy state of widowerhood, and thought best again to get me a wife. I was accordingly married on the 13th of May, 1845, to Miss Mary Smith Butler, of Giles county, Tennessee, of good parentage, and honorable character, being about forty-five years of age, and for thirty years a worthy member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Nearly ten years have elapsed since our marriage, during which time she has emphatically been my "guardian angel."

Shortly after our marriage, we took a trip to Western Virginia, to see my relations. I had only two surviving sisters in Virginia, and one of them expected to die soon. We went by steamboat to Wheeling, thence by stage to Cumberland, and there took the railroad car to Baltimore. I must here notice that, notwithstanding the recent division of our Church, the Rev. Mr. Hamilton, in charge of the Baltimore City Station, as soon as he heard of my being in the city, (he having seen me at General Conference,) came to the hotel, and politely invited us to his house, to stay at least one week with him, and he would give us what is called Bishop Asbury's room, and I must fill his pulpit the next Sabbath. I truly appreciated his kindness and brotherly

regard; but the affliction of my sister called for my speedy departure; and after taking a cursory survey of the city, we took the cars to Winchester, thence the stage to New Market, Woodstock, etc., on to Harrisonburg.

I found my dear sister, Deborah Rohr, yet alive, but to all appearance quickly passing away. I could not be permitted to enter her room for some length of time, fearing that the excitement produced by my appearance would be more than she would be able to bear. When I entered, however, my presence had quite the contrary effect: it excited her, but it was with shouts and thanksgiving to God, that we had met once more in the flesh. She soon became cheerful, and even strong, compared with what she had been. From that hour until our departure, which was nearly two months, she was able at times to leave her room, and on one occasion, got out to a camp-meeting, four miles distant. She however, shortly after our departure, took *hers* to the kingdom of glory. She was a Methodist over forty years—zealous, pious, and persevering to the end of life, and died exulting in the certain prospect of future happiness. Her most excellent husband, Jacob Rohr, is yet alive, an ornament to society, and a pattern of piety: a worthy citizen, an humble Christian, a class-leader for more than thirty years, a kind husband, an affectionate parent; yea, possessing every qualification that dignifies human nature. Their children were trained in the nurture and admonition of the Lord—thirteen in all—and all in the Church, either on earth or in heaven, except two. Some are gone home to God, shouting and

triumphing as they went. I am truly sorry that their oldest child, Joseph Travis Rohr, has never embraced religion, though undoubtedly moral and upright in all his acts and doings, and universally esteemed and beloved by all who know him. We paid a visit to my aged sister, Elizabeth McGuyre, some ten or twelve miles distant, and found her cheerful and serene, bending under the weight of more than fourscore years, with all the diseases consequent upon old age. She had been a consistent and worthy member of our Church for more than sixty years.

For her accommodation I preached in her barn, the dwelling-house not being large enough for the congregation. It was the last sermon she ever heard. Not more than six months after, death kindly released her from the sufferings of life, while her blessed Saviour whom she had loved and served for so many years walked with her through the gloomy vale, affording her a triumphant passage over the Jordan of death.

We were invited to a protracted meeting at Bridgewater, a village twelve or fifteen miles distant from Harrisonburg. We went, and were kindly received at the house of old Sister Rice. After remaining at the place, and preaching for several days and nights, we returned to Brother Rohr's. We had rested but one day, when a carriage was sent to take us back to Bridgewater. The meeting had been truly glorious. Many were happily converted, and the work was still progressing. We accordingly went, and remained several days more. We then returned home; but in a day or two accepted a pressing invitation from the preacher

stationed in Woodstock to preach there. We stayed there five days, and I preached ten sermons—I hope, not in vain. There appeared to be a desire on the part of the preacher, and membership in general, to join the Southern Church; and I presume that, ere this time, they have thus done.

After our return from Woodstock, I was solicited to visit another village, Port Republic. We went; and I held a protracted meeting there mostly by myself. We had a good time towards the close of the meeting. My nephew, the Rev. Wesley H. Rohr, a member of the Baltimore Conference, hearing of me, left his work for a season to pay me a visit, and found me at Port Republic. He was a good man, and a good preacher. He seemed at first to be hurt at the proceedings of the South, in forming a separate body. He, however, had not been duly posted up in regard to the causes leading to the division. When he fully understood the case, he cordially gave in to the views of the South, and forthwith came over on our side, joined the Virginia Conference, and was appointed year after year to important stations within its bounds. He at length fell a victim to consumption—died at his post in all the triumphs of faith. Yes, my dear Wesley,

“Thou, in thy youthful prime,
Hast leap’d the bounds of time:
Suddenly from earth released,
Lo! we now rejoice for thee :
Taken to an early rest,
Caught into eternity.”

He was comparatively young in the ministry; and in

the prime of life. But his work was done. And, although mysterious to us, his Master called him home, to join his sainted mother in glory.

My afflicted sister began to think hard of my frequent absence ; so I left her no more, until my final departure. But I attended a camp-meeting, four miles distant, at which place Brother Rohr had a tent ; and, by assisting my dear sister in and out of the carriage, she was able to attend.

The meeting commenced on Saturday. I had never seen the presiding elder, Brother N. J. B. Morgan ; but had been well acquainted with his father, Rev. Gerard Morgan, of the Baltimore Conference. On Saturday evening the presiding elder sought an introduction to me, requesting me to preach on the Sabbath at 11 o'clock. I begged to be excused, as it was generally expected that the presiding elder would preach at that time. But he would take no denial. So I had to preach. The congregation was immense. I took for my text Rev. v., 5th and part of 6th verse. The good Lord aided me, and we had a gracious time. On Monday, at 11 o'clock, Brother Morgan preached ; and a most excellent sermon it was. He became very happy in preaching ; and, turning round from the book-board, in the midst of his discourse, he singled me out from the rest of the preachers on the stand, came up to me, and gave me a most affectionate and brotherly *hug*, and then turned round, and finished his sermon—the best I had heard for many a day. I see that he is stationed in Baltimore this year. May he long live to bless the Church with his talents, zeal, and piety. This camp-

meeting went on, getting better, and still better, day after day, whilst I was treated as a brother beloved, and more than duly honored. Many were happily converted, while old professors were much revived; and many a poor sinner, leaving the encampment conscience-smitten, determined on leading a new life. On the last day of the meeting, I was called upon to deliver a valedictory address, and to dismiss the congregation. I did so. But it was difficult to get them to leave the ground.

My dear sister requested me to preach in their dwelling-house the night before I left them. I did so, taking for my text, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him." Every room, the passage, and porch, were crowded, whilst many were standing in the street. It was the last sermon that my sister ever heard.

On the morning I was to leave, many came to give me the parting shake of the hand. We again had prayers; and in the midst of emotions and feelings not to be expressed by pen and ink, we hastened into the carriage, accompanied by my nephew, Joseph Travis Rohr. The first day we went to a village called Newhope, where a niece of mine resided. I preached there at night. The next day we got to Greenwood, another village where I had a nephew residing: at night I again preached. Whilst I was able to stand or sit, I viewed it to be my duty to preach as often as I could. And I do thank God that my poor labors have not been in vain. In 1831, on a visit to Harrisonburg, a lady professed conversion under my ministry, joined our Church, and remained a faithful member until 1845. She then died in faith, and full assurance of heaven. I preached her

funeral-sermon to a crowded assembly, the corpse present in the church. To me it was a solemn occasion; yet consoling, that at that very moment I had a spiritual child in heaven singing the song of Moses and the Lamb. Glory be to God for unmerited grace, and free and full salvation !

At Greenwood my nephew returned with the carriage, and Mrs. Travis and myself took the stage, through Staunton and Lexington, to the Natural Bridge, where we rested a day, and took a survey of this great curiosity, which, however, I had seen before. When we reached the neighborhood of Abingdon, we found that a camp-meeting was to take place the next week; so we stopped at a Brother Piper's, whose amiable wife was the daughter of my friend Archibald Rutherford. We all attended the meeting. Brother Fleming was the presiding elder. Here I became acquainted with the Rev. (now Doctor) Collins, President of Emory and Henry College; also Brother Wiley, then Professor, now President of the same college; also with Brother Patton, now in heaven; also with old Brother Wilkerson, "an Israelite indeed, in whom was no guile," hypocrisy, or pride. I cannot forget the kindness of the Rev. Mr. Gibson (son-in-law of Brother Piper) both to myself and wife, during our stay among them. I preached five times on the encampment. We had a pleasant and good meeting—between thirty and forty converts.

We spent a night with Brother Collins, and also part of a day in the college, viewing its different departments, its extensive library, and its excellent chemical and philosophic apparatus. All things indicated that

Emory and Henry College was well managed, and the young men of the institute well governed. This, with the undoubted ability of the faculty, would have disposed me, if I had had sons for a college, to send them thither.

We again took the stage for Knoxville, and thence to Nashville, onward to Pulaski, Tenn., near which place resided my mother-in-law, Mrs. Butler. I had never before seen her, but found her affectionate and affable with her new son-in-law. The dear old lady, full of years, and, I trust, ripe for heaven, departed this life last October, in her eighty-fourth year. She had been a member of our Church for many years—beloved and highly esteemed by all her acquaintance. We tarried in this neighborhood for some weeks with Mrs. Butler and one of her sons-in-law, Ira E. Brown. Major Brown had also for years been an active class-leader in our Church—a most excellent man.

I also here met with Dr. Gilbert Taylor. We were schoolmates in Virginia; indeed, I assisted him in learning his alphabet. I had not seen him since 1836 and 1837—in New Orleans and Vicksburg. He is a man that I sincerely love. I was delighted to hear him preach, whenever I could get him at it.

We then made a visit to a sister of Mrs. Travis in Carroll county, Mississippi—Mrs. Sarah Graves. We remained there for some days. Brother Grandason A. Graves, her husband, then took us to Grenada to the Conference.

Nothing of importance took place at the Conference, except the election of delegates to the General Confer-

ence to be held the first of May, 1846. After the adjournment of Conference, myself and wife visited her brother, Dr. W. H. Butler, in Panola county, Mississippi. There I had married my present wife, and in that neighborhood I had engaged to take charge of Danville Academy. But a few days previous to the opening of my school, in getting upon my horse, my foot slipped, and I fell and tore the large tendon of my leg from the kneecap, which disabled me from walking for eighteen months: indeed, it is not well at the present day. I had then to open a somewhat private school at Dr. Butler's house, where we were boarding. This school I continued for about nine months.

In this year (1846) the first General Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church, South, convened. It was held at Petersburg, Virginia. The Church has ever since been adding thousands to its membership, and increasing its preachers, both itinerant and local. We believe that, under a prudent and wise administration, she is yet destined not only to enlarge her borders, but to spread scriptural holiness from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. All that is wanting is persevering effort, accompanied with manifest and undoubted holiness in our ministry.

At first I much deplored a division of our Church; but facts have convinced me that it was providentially designed by the great Head of the Church. The vexed question of slavery, causing so much vituperation and hard feeling among brethren at our General Conferences, is now at rest, at least in the South. Genuine Methodism will remain a unit; and South and North, with all

their holy members, will continue to love each other, and to rejoice in each other's prosperity.

In the latter part of this year I was again made the subject of much affliction of mind. My only child was arrested by a disease, threatening a lingering and painful, but certain death. I dismissed my school in October, to be with her as much as possible; but had to be carried like a child to and from the carriage. In addition to this, my dear wife had been afflicted all the year in her eyes, one of which seemed incurable by the best of physicians. It bid fair to go entirely out, and to the present day remains considerably affected and dull of vision. I had, moreover, regular attacks of ague and fever.

My dear daughter was conscious that death was at hand. Her husband, however, was by no means slow in procuring all possible medical aid. But the disease increased, and her lancinating pains became more and more terrific. And, oh! the anguish of my own mind, in witnessing such unparalleled sufferings. None but an affectionate parent can possibly conceive of my deep and agonizing grief. She lingered on, week after week, sinking lower and lower. One day, no one being in the room with us, she said, "Pa, I do not want you to pray for me to live: I know I must die. I am ready to go, and the sooner the better." A day or so before her death, seeing me weeping, she said, "Pa, I am astonished at you: you ought rather to rejoice that I am going home before you. It will not be long before we meet again, never, never to part." At length the trying hour arrived: I was sitting at her bedside, with her cold and

pulseless hand in mine, and she shouting "Glory, glory, glory to God," with her expiring breath. The last word she ever uttered on earth was the very first she spoke in the spirit-land—"Glory to God!" She sweetly fell asleep in Jesus, January 25th, 1847, aged twenty-nine years and seven months. Notwithstanding her triumphant death, the scene was truly appalling to me. She was a lovely, loving, and affectionate child, and the only one; and as she never had any children, I was now truly left childless.

At the age of about twelve she joined the Church, and in a year or so afterwards professed conversion. She was truly pious, attending regularly to private prayer *twice* a day. Let her have what company she might, when the hour for private devotion came, she would excuse herself for a little space of time. Her nightly practice was to read a chapter in the Holy Scriptures before she retired. In her excursions with her husband, M. H. McGehee, to Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, and New Orleans, she never could be prevailed upon by *any one* to attend the theatres. She was a consistent Methodist, and an humble, self-denying Christian at all times and places. More than eight years have passed since she and her pious mother have been united in the kingdom of glory, and before eight years more, if I am but faithful, humble, and holy, I shall be joining with them in the shouts of redeeming grace and all-atoning love. This sketch may be read by many of her cousins, and as they read, let them resolve to follow their cousin, Mary Ann Eliza McGehee, as she followed Jesus. Yes, my Mary,

“Farewell, my darling child, a sad farewell!
Thou art gone from earth, in heavenly scenes to dwell;
For sure if ever being formed from dust
Might hope for bliss, thine is that holy trust.
Spotless and pure from God thy spirit came,
Spotless it has returned, a brighter flame.
My child, my darling child, how oft with thee
Have I pass’d hours of blameless ecstasy!
How oft have wander’d, oft have paused, to hear
Thy playful thought fall sweetly on my ear!
How oft have caught a hint, beyond thy age,
Fit to instruct the wise, or charm the sage!”

Mrs. Travis and myself spent the year 1847 chiefly in travelling about. In the month of May, I had gotten so much better that I could hobble about a little. We started on a visit to her mother, brothers, and sisters, in Giles county, Tennessee. A few miles beyond Holly Springs, one of my carriage horses, in going down hill, refused to hold back, and nearly upset the carriage in a deep gully. My dear wife leaped out of the carriage and seized one of the horses by the bridle, thereby preventing him from pushing against the other on the brink of the gully. The driver hastened to unhitch them, whilst my wife hastened to the carriage door to assist me out, and when my foot touched the ground, she, weeping, returned thanks to God for my safe deliverance.

We remained with our friends nearly two months, during which time I preached regularly every Sabbath, but had generally to sit during the service. On our way home, by solicitation, I attended a camp-meeting of our Cumberland brethren near Lawrenceburg. I was invited to preach once. Here I also met with Brother

William M. McFerrin, presiding elder on the Salem District, (Memphis Conference.) I attended one of his camp-meetings on my way home, and had a good meeting. Brother McF. is one of the excellent of the earth.

We returned to Dr. W. H. Butler's, where we had made our home. His excellent wife can never be forgotten by me. Her assiduous attention in my affliction, and manifest disposition to render me as happy as possible, demand a grateful remembrance.

I had purchased a plantation in the neighborhood, in Panola county. I was still crippled—we nevertheless removed to it early in January, 1848; and not being able to attend to out-door business, I taught a small school in my dwelling-house. But I determined to sell the plantation, as I owed some for it, and was disappointed in certain money matters. The man to whom I owed it, indeed, said he was willing to wait with me; yet, I never was, and I hope I never shall be, willing to remain in debt. I sold the plantation for a little more than I was to give for it, and my mind was again at rest.

I cannot forget the kindness and attention of my friends in Panola county, *e. g.*, my brother-in-law, Dr. W. H. Butler and family, Mr. Stephen Hightower and family, Major R. M. Farley and family. The worthy Major has since gone home.

In 1849, we removed to Grenada, and I took charge of the male school in that place. In 1850, I continued my school, which was doing well. In 1851, I was still teaching in the same place. I very frequently preached

in Grenada. They provided me a high chair in the pulpit, where I could sit and preach, the chair always remaining in the pulpit for my convenience. I also frequently preached in the country, where, on a certain occasion, preaching to a large and attentive congregation, I entirely forgot myself, and stood about two hours. When I attempted to sit down after my sermon, I found that I could not; and one of the brethren had to help me down. From that time my ankle became affected with an ulcerous sore, which, to the present day, is not restored to soundness. I had then to preach sitting.

In Grenada I found many excellent persons—true lovers of Jesus and his people. Brother Edward F. Gibbs and his wife were the first I visited, having known his excellent father and mother for over forty years. They are both yet living at a short distance from Grenada. An absence of many years' intercourse has by no means lessened my love and esteem for Brother John Gibbs and his pious wife. I knew his father in 1807, on Brunswick Circuit, North Carolina—his house was my home, and I always felt at home in his house. Brother John P. Mitchell was also very attentive and good to me. Capt. Wiley Stephens and wife, with whom we boarded for some time, were two excellent people. I shall always love him; but his dear wife has gone, I trust, safe to glory.

Doctor William M. Hankins, also, with whom we boarded, was truly a gentleman and a Christian, and his excellent wife could be excelled but by few. Col. M. K. Mister and wife—Col. A. S. Brown and wife—

the Brothers Lakes, William, Levin and George, with their wives—Brother Wilkings and wife, were all kind and good to us. Doctor Gillespie prescribed repeatedly for my wife; but would receive no reward for either medicine or attention. May God reward him in a better world!

In 1852, I gave up my school, which all along had been full and profitable. I, however, unexpectedly took charge of a small school in the country, but joyfully gave it up after the first session. At the latter end of this year I purchased a plantation, containing 340 acres, 130 acres under fence, cleared, and partly worn out. But I got it low—named it “China Grove.” In January, 1853, I removed to China Grove, my new place—made a pretty good crop, and taught school in one room of my dwelling-house. In 1854, I continued at the same place. This year my wife and myself were afflicted. She was taken with bilious fever, which, however, soon yielded to the force of suitable medicines. But before she recovered, I was taken with a severe fever. Day and night an unaccountable stupor and insensibility attended me. I could not even feel religion. I began to be alarmed. Brother M. J. Blackwell, presiding elder on this district, heard of my sickness, and came to see me. He tarried all night. I related to him my want of feeling. He prayed with me night and morning; and, as he was departing, he prayed the third time. I then began to have some of my good old feelings again, and even felt disposed to shout, weak as I was. Brother Blackwell must excuse me for saying that forty-two years have passed since I first knew him; and I have

never known, seen, or heard any thing incompatible with the gentleman and the Christian in all his movements. May kind Heaven long protect and protract his earthly existence, to be a beacon and a waymark for the younger preachers, and for the Church of God at large. But to return to my own case.

The congestion ultimately seized upon my brain ; and I lay for seven or eight days perfectly unconscious of my existence. My physician, though of skill equal to any in this country, viewed my case hopeless. My dear wife continued to make every effort to stay the hand of death, and to bring me to my wonted mind and feelings. On the eighth day I recovered my consciousness. I felt calm and tranquil upon coming out of my *coma*. But it was nearly a week before I felt that my mind was properly balanced. I was fearful that I had forgotten much ; but, upon trial, found that my mind was uninjured. I was as a being literally snatched from the grave, by the goodness of my heavenly Father—O that it may be to his glory and to my eternal good !

Here I am at the present day—April 10, 1855—still a poor cripple—in one leg by rheumatism ; in the other by erysipelas. I have not walked a step for many, many months. In going from one room to another, I have to waddle along in a chair. But in all these trying afflictions, I endeavor to be perfectly resigned—well knowing that they might be much worse than they are. I do sincerely wish to suffer as well as to do the will of my heavenly Father, who cannot err in respect to my providential condition ; while the daily language of my heart is :

“I want the witness, Lord,
That all I do is right;
According to thy will and word,
Well pleasing in thy sight.
I ask no higher state:
Indulge me but in this;
And, soon or later, then translate
To my eternal bliss.”

I am now in my sixty-ninth year. Fifty-four years ago the first of this month, I joined the Methodist Episcopal Church—forty-nine years next December I entered the itinerancy. I have been a member of five different Annual Conferences—namely, South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Mississippi, and Memphis; and I do not speak it boastingly, the archives of those Conferences cannot show any charge or even complaint brought against me. The fifty-four years that I have been in the Church, I have never had a Church trial. But be it recollected, that

“No strength of my own, nor goodness I claim:
My trust is all thrown on Jesus’s name.”

I have now done with my poor self. The reader will recollect that I apprised him of the fact, that “goodness and mercy had followed me all the days of my life.” He has seen it verified. And as I cannot live much longer, I want to speak out of the goodness of the Lord when my tongue is silent in the grave. I have lived to a good old age, and am now striving to live but one day at a time; and still wish it to be my constant cry,

“I ask not life; but let me love,
And let me die in peace.” Amen.

CHAPTER XI.

Short Memoirs of Local Preachers:—Josiah Askew—Benjamin Blanton—William Gassaway—Valentine Cook—Coleman Carlisle—Mark Moore—George Clarke—John Harper—Henry Ledbetter—Samuel Cowles—Jonathan Jackson—James Douthet—Hanover Donon—James Crowder—James Hill—Ashley Hewitt—Joseph Tarpley—Hilliard Judge.

As I designed a brief history of our Church in some of the Southern States in this sketch of my own life, I cannot bring my imperfect work to a close without bringing into view some of the excellent of our earth in the South, being local preachers when they died, but of whom no public notice has ever appeared. I think that our Church is at fault in not having short memoirs of the lives and deaths of our local brethren appended to the annual Minutes of the Conferences. True, it would considerably increase the size and price of the Minutes, yet it would greatly enhance their value and promote their sale. The relatives and neighbors of the deceased would purchase the pamphlet which contained notices of them.

I am aware that the General Conference alone can authorize such a change. I hope it will do so at its next session. As many of our annual Conferences print their own Minutes, it would be no transgression of any

law of our Church for them to incorporate in them short memoirs of local preachers, and by so doing perpetuate the memory of many pious and worthy ministers of the gospel.

I can never forget a remark of Bishop Asbury's in an annual Conference on a certain occasion: "Brethren, our local preachers are the cream of our Church." If they be, they ought not to be forgotten. I will notice a few of those immortal worthies who were truly the pioneers and fathers of Southern Methodism.

JOSIAH ASKEW entered the itinerancy in 1788. His first circuit was Halifax; the next, Salisbury; the next, Santee; the next, Bertie; the next, Sussex; the next, Richmond and Manchester; the next, Brunswick. After this he was presiding elder until he located, which was in the year 1797, having travelled nine years. He no doubt located from absolute necessity, in order to provide for his family; well knowing that he that provides not for his own household, has denied the faith, and is worse than an infidel. The allowance for travelling preachers was put down too low at first—probably in Mr. Askew's day not more than sixty-four dollars, or at the farthest not more than eighty dollars: the same for his wife, and a little pittance for each child until of such an age.

I never saw Mr. Askew; but I have seen those who knew him well. His praise was in all the churches, where he was known, as a gifted preacher, a zealous, humble, and holy Christian, doing much good wherever he labored. He ought not to be forgotten by us. No doubt his "record is on high;" but we should like to

have had a scrap of it on earth. All we know about him is, "And he died."

BENJAMIN BLANTON. If there has ever been any notice of this great and good man in any of our periodicals, I know it not. He entered the itinerancy in 1790, and was appointed to Botetourt Circuit. In 1791, by mistake, (I presume,) his name does not appear in the Minutes. In 1792, he was at Portsmouth; 1793, at Camden; 1794, at Brunswick; 1795, Greenville; 1796, Charleston; 1797, Charleston and Georgetown; 1798, 1799, presiding elder on Charleston District, which extended from St. Mary's to Natchez, in Mississippi, and thence to Bladen and Wilmington, North Carolina—a territory now embracing four Annual Conferences. O ye circuit-riders of the present day, of two weeks round, embracing five or six appointments, and ye presiding elders of three or four small counties, well may ye say, "that the lines have fallen to us in pleasant places." The days of Brother Blanton were days of Methodist itinerancy "that tried men's souls." At the ensuing Conference he honorably located.

I was personally and intimately acquainted with the Rev. Mr. Blanton. He was a good preacher—his language in general chaste. He carefully avoided *euphuism* in the sacred desk. In him were sweetly blended the true gentleman and the humble Christian. He was cheerful, but never frothy; magnanimous, but not supercilious; fixed, but not bigoted; positive, but not dogmatic; flexible, but not pusillanimous. Take him all in all, he was a useful minister, a steadfast Methodist, a

worthy citizen, a kind husband, an affectionate parent, and a merciful and equitable master. His house was the young itinerants' home, his library free of access, and the long experience and good judgment of Mr. Blanton was to them an auxiliary of no small magnitude. He lived to a good old age, beloved and respected by saint and sinner, and especially by his neighbors and intimate acquaintances. "And he died"—with his "record on high;" but, I am apprehensive, none on earth. In his death our Church in Georgia sustained a great loss. And, as one of our Southern pioneers and fathers of Methodism, shall he ever be forgotten by us? God forbid.

WILLIAM GASSAWAY was admitted on trial in the itinerancy in the year 1788, and appointed to Edisto Circuit. In 1789, to Bush River; 1790, Little Pee Dee. He then located, from family necessities; but, in the year 1801, reëntered the itinerant ranks, and was appointed to Santee Circuit; 1802, Catawba; 1803, Santee, Wateree, and Catawba (a large circuit); 1804, Enoree and Sandy River; 1805, Union; 1806, Lincoln and Catawba; 1807, Union; 1808, Santee; 1809, Enoree; 1810, Lincoln; 1811, Reedy River; 1812, Sandy River; 1813, Wateree. At the expiration of this conference year, he located, having travelled seventeen years, with a large family, and poor pay. But Mr. Gassaway loved the Lord, and he also loved Methodism, and earnestly felt for the salvation of poor sinners. He was himself once a great sinner, neither fearing God nor regarding man. After receiving a change of heart, his sympathies and better feelings led

him to seek after the wandering sons of men with more zeal, and greater fervency of spirit, than had he himself never known the depths of wretched depravity, and the dolorous condition of an outbreking sinner.

I was myself well acquainted with Brother Gassaway. When but a youth, I was accustomed to hear him preach at my uncle's, in Chester District, South Carolina; and, when I entered the itinerancy, it was in the same Conference to which he belonged. He was a sound, orthodox preacher; and, on suitable occasions, argumentative and polemical—a great lover and skilful defender of Methodist doctrines and usages. He was a pleasant and sociable companion—always cheerful. I never saw him gloomy. In him was verified that memorable distich of Dr. Watts,

“Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.”

I frequently heard of him after his location—he was the same laborious, zealous, and holy minister of the gospel, striving to do all the good he could, and as little harm as possible. He lived to mature old age. “And he died”—no doubt as he lived, “full of faith and the Holy Ghost.” But where is the periodical, or paper, religious or secular, that has recorded his exit? “The righteous should be in everlasting remembrance;” and William Gassaway ought to be numbered with the blessed company.

VALENTINE COOK entered the itinerancy in the year 1788, and located in 1800. As he was not properly a Southern preacher, I think it unnecessary to give the history of his itinerant travels. But being a man of

blessed memory, and of extraordinary piety and usefulness, as a Methodist preacher in different parts of Virginia, and, if I mistake not, in Kentucky also, and also as having a personal knowledge of him, I have thought proper to make a few passing remarks in relation to him.

The first time I ever saw him was in Harrisonburg, Virginia. A quarterly meeting was appointed in that village: Mr. Cook was expected. Saturday and Saturday night passed by—no Brother Cook yet. The people were sadly disappointed. On Sabbath morning, just as they were closing the doors for love-feast, in stepped Mr. Cook. You could have heard the loud whisper all through the house, “Brother Cook is come—is come:” one or two actually shouted aloud, “Glory to God!” His looks and appearance are vivid to my mind, even to the present day. A tall, dark-skinned man, with black hair and black eyes, wearing a sort of morning-gown of home-spun—home-spun pantaloons and vest, with no cravat or ribbon around his neck—his hair rather dishevelled—the entire man presented deadness to the world and all its gaudy fashions. He preached at eleven o’clock, to a crowded house; and truly the sermon was with power and in demonstration of the Spirit. A tawdry-dressed young lady sat in the front of the pulpit—the only female in the house with a feather in her bonnet—a style at that time just coming into vogue. Mr. Cook got to descanting on pride: “Now,” says he, “there is no pride in that *little feather*”—pointing with his finger at it—“the pride,” says he, “lies hidden in the breast of the wearer.” The young lady felt the

truth of the rebuke, and I trust became convicted of her depraved nature. Mr. Cook was a man universally beloved. His preaching talents were far above mediocrity, and his literary acquirements were respectable.

I became acquainted, in Mississippi, with one of his sons, who, by the way, is a pious member of our Church, and who gave me to understand that his sainted father departed this life in the most triumphant manner. But where is the public paper that ever gave the world or the Church any account of the happy exit of this eminently pious and devoted man of God?

COLEMAN CARLISLE was admitted on trial in the travelling connection in the year 1792, and was appointed to Broad River Circuit; in 1793, to Tar River Circuit; 1794, Broad River Circuit. At the termination of this Conference year, he located; but in 1801, he returned to the Conference, and was appointed to Broad River Circuit; 1802, Saluda Circuit; 1803, Sandy River Circuit. This year, from sheer necessity, he again located. But Mr. Carlisle loved the itinerancy, and whenever he could in good conscience leave a helpless family to cultivate the vineyard of his Lord and Master, he did so: hence, in 1819, he again entered the itinerancy, and was appointed to Bush River Circuit—in 1820, Newberry Circuit. I have not the regular printed Minutes of 1821-22-23 at hand, therefore cannot point out the circuits he rode those three years. In the latter part of 1823, he finally located, not from choice, but from absolute necessity.

My acquaintance with Mr. Carlisle took place when I was but a beardless youth. I boarded at his house

when teaching a school in his neighborhood; hence, I had an opportunity of knowing him in all the relations of life, his public ministry, his private character in the family circle, and his standing as a citizen and a Christian among his neighbors and the community. He was a poor man, with a sickly, though truly good and excellent wife, and quite a number of little boys and girls. I have known him after returning home from preaching several miles distant, after supper, take the same horse (having but one) and plow with him by moonlight until nearly midnight, and then go off next morning to his appointments, etc. He neither *owned* nor *hired* servants. O tell me not of the hardships of our itinerant brethren in the present day! In Mr. Carlisle's time there was no provision made for "family expenses." Every married preacher had to buy his corn and meat out of the small pittance of his disciplinary allowance, which, small as it was, was very frequently not received. In such cases the poor itinerant had to raise his bread and meat, and make a little to school his children by hard and incessant blows, with anxious watching thereunto. Mr. Carlisle was literally an industrious man.

He was a very popular preacher, and when local, he would be sent for, far and near, to preach funeral sermons; and what is strange, passing strange, if for his long rides and good sermons he ever received a present to the amount of a picayune, I know it not.

He was a man of strong passions—by nature quite irritable—and his peculiar temperament was a matter of deep regret to him. Hence, he used to say to me that he believed an *ounce* of grace would go farther with

some, than a *pound* would with others. But he was deeply pious—conscientious in his attention to closet and family worship; and by grace was enabled to subdue his natural passions, and to keep them in proper bounds. I never knew him thrown off his hinges in the pulpit but once. Whilst preaching, a woman sat right before him with a child which kept up a constant *squalling*: about midway his sermon, he said, “Do, sister, take that child out;” and down he sat, not rising again to finish his sermon.

He was in general quite social and agreeable with all around him. He was in particular a great favorite with the young. To myself he was a father, brother, and sincere friend. I hope never to forget him.

Brother Carlisle lived to a good old age, “and he died”—*when, where, or how*, some of his children and near neighbors may know; but, alas! the Church at large in South Carolina knows it not.

He was among the pioneers of Southern Methodism. He endured hardships as a good soldier of Christ. He often hungered and thirsted. He labored, working with his own hands: being reviled, he reviled not again; being persecuted, he suffered it; being defamed, he entreated. He endeavored, as far as in him lay, to preach Christ crucified, to rich and poor, to white and colored, to young and old. And his work of faith, patience of hope, and labor of love, were not in vain. The day of judgment will tell of many who were brought home to God and to glory through his instrumentality. Peace to his remains, wherever they may lie!

But before dismissing my remarks upon Brother Cole-

man Carlisle, I must relate a thrilling circumstance which he narrated to me in regard to his brother, Simon Carlisle, who entered the itinerancy two years previous to himself. This brother, by reproofing a certain son of Belial for misbehavior in divine worship, incurred the wrath of the wicked young man, who went to the house where Brother Simon Carlisle had gone after preaching, and availing himself of the sought-for opportunity, placed a pistol in his saddle-bags. Next day, the young man gets out a search-warrant for Mr. Carlisle, having made oath that he believed Parson Carlisle had stolen his pistol. An officer was dispatched forthwith in pursuit of Mr. Carlisle. He overtook him, and made known his business with him. Mr. Carlisle readily consented to be searched, and being conscious of his innocence, was eager for the examination of his saddle-bags. But, alas! out comes the pistol. Brother Carlisle, thunder-struck, knew not what to do; but calmly gave himself up to the officer. He was found guilty of stealing the pistol, and he had no way to clear himself. Even the Church expelled him. In this afflictive situation he remained for two long years; after which time, the wretched young man was cast on his death-bed. About an hour before he expired, he frantically cried out, "I cannot die, I cannot die until I reveal one thing! Parson Carlisle never stole that pistol: I myself put it in his saddle-bags." He then became calm, and so passed into eternity. Brother Carlisle was restored to the Church and to the ministry. He belonged to the Tennessee Conference, and died in peace in 1838.

MARK MOORE entered the travelling connection in the

year 1786, and was appointed to Holston Circuit; 1787, Salisbury Circuit; 1788, Pee Dee Circuit; 1789, Santee Circuit. In 1790, his name is not found in the Minutes; but in 1798, he is placed on Broad River Circuit. In 1799, he locates; and in 1819, he is stationed in New Orleans. This is the last record of his name in the printed Minutes. Mr. Moore was not a regular itinerant preacher. O that he had been! "The best of men are but men at best." He was always too unsettled in his movements, except in regard to piety and devotion. I dare not charge him with being deficient in this respect, or of ever wilfully aberrating from the rule of right. He was a good scholar, and as a preacher no man in the South stood higher than he. He was unfortunate in his temporal affairs. He ought never to have turned his attention to any thing but theology. He appeared to have been cut out for the pulpit, and admirably adapted to the ministry. His solemn look, his impressive gestures, his sublime, yet plain and chaste language, with the intonations of his voice, were all calculated to render him an eloquent and effective preacher. And had he devoted his time and talents alone to that calling, he would truly have been "a polished shaft in Jehovah's quiver." But as he was, few equalled him, and still fewer excelled him, South or North. He lived to be quite aged, and still a faithful and holy minister. But all we know of his last moments are, "And he died." Does any tombstone point out the remains of this man of God, this pioneer of Southern Methodism? I fear not.

GEORGE CLARKE entered the itinerancy in 1792, and

was appointed to Burke Circuit; 1793, Saluda Circuit; 1794, Richmond Circuit; 1795, Little Pee Dee Circuit; 1796, Santee and Catawba; 1797, Saluda Circuit; 1798, Edisto; 1799, St. Mary's. In 1801 he located.

Mr. Clarke had quite respectable preaching talents, and was esteemed by his neighbors and the public generally. He was sociable and pleasant in his manners, thereby at all times rendering his company delightful. He took special pains to impart ease and comfort to his visitors. He was plain in his dress, though a man of considerable wealth. His exemplary, pious, and excellent wife also adorned herself as a woman professing godliness. He brought up quite a large family, and, as far as I can learn, they have all done and are doing well. He resided on Enoree River, Union District, South Carolina, when I last knew him. The cause of Methodism in that section of country was much aided by the influence and talents of Mr. Clarke. The wicked themselves had to acknowledge his goodness, and to respect his upright walk; so that out of the pulpit, as well as in it, he had his weight of influence in the community. He lived to an advanced age. "And he died." That is all the Church in general knows.

JOHN HARPER was stationed in 1795 in Boston; 1796, Northampton; 1797, 1798, Baltimore; 1799, 1800, 1801, Charleston, South Carolina. In 1802, his name, by mistake, (I presume,) does not appear on the Minutes. In 1803 he located.

I think Mr. Harper came from England a Methodist preacher to this country; but of this I am not certain. I am only sorry that further materials are not afforded for a

sketch of the travels and labors of this eminent servant of God and of the Church. He was in his day well known, and his talents as a minister duly appreciated.

My own acquaintance with the Rev. Mr. Harper was but limited; yet I saw enough to satisfy my mind that he had a superior intellect. I was at that time just commencing to try to preach, (my name not yet being sent on to Conference.) I had to preach before him; and the cross was almost insupportable. I had already heard of the universal popularity of Mr. Harper; and, being conscious of my own inability every way as a preacher, I made quite likely a much worse effort than had he not been present. But, after I had finished my sermon, instead of upbraiding me for my multifarious errors, he encouraged me to go on—meanwhile in an affectionate and fatherly manner pointed out to me some of my most glaring faults. I can never forget his looks, his manners, his senility; yet, with the weakness of age, he had a lucid and well-balanced mind.

He was the first Methodist preacher that ever got any foothold in Columbia, South Carolina. And oh! if there really be any communication between saints on earth and glorified spirits in paradise, how must he be delighted in beholding the hundreds converted to God through the instrumentality of the Methodist preachers, where he had toiled and labored with apparently little success! The good seed sown by him sprung up, and brought forth even a hundred-fold; and the field is at present white for a still more abundant harvest.

Mr. Harper was in very deed one of the fathers of Southern Methodism. When, and where, and how he

died, I know not. I hope he is monumentally recognized somewhere in the South.

HENRY LEDBETTER ought not to be forgotten by us. He may be ranked among the pioneers and fathers of Southern Methodism. I never saw him; but those who knew him pronounced him a good man, and a zealous, excellent preacher. He entered the itinerancy in 1787—travelled Caswell, Pamlico, Pee Dee, Richmond, Little Pee Dee, Anson, and Santee Circuits. Owing, no doubt, to family concerns, or want of health, or want of support, he located.

Mr. Ledbetter may not have been ranked among what are called the great preachers; yet he was a useful and holy man of God.

Good Rev. William Dyer, a little before his departure from earth, called his sons and daughters to his bedside, saying, "Now, my children, I have three pieces of advice to give you: First, read the best books: secondly, keep the best company: thirdly, hear the best preachers. But you may be ready to ask me who are the best preachers? I answer, those preachers that do the most good." He was right. It is by no means the most learned and eloquent preachers that are the most successful in winning souls to Christ. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

The Rev. Mr. Ledbetter lived to be aged, and no doubt continued to bear much good fruit in his old age; and, being ripe for a better world, his Master called him home. "And he died." What a blessing that, with the good old patriarchs, our "record is on high!"

SAMUEL COWLES entered the travelling connection

in 1790, (by mistake of the printer, he has no appointment.) In 1791, he was appointed to Roanoke; 1792, Trent; 1793, Surry; 1794, Amelia; 1795, Broad River; 1796, Richmond. At the expiration of this conference year he located; but, in 1798, reëntered the itinerancy, and was appointed to Washington Circuit; 1799, Richmond; 1800, Washington; 1801, Oconee; 1802, Oconee; 1803, Appalachee; 1804, presiding elder on the Georgia District; 1805, 1806, presiding elder on the Oconee District; but at the termination of 1806 he located.

I have seen Mr. Cowles, but never heard him preach. From the important appointments that he filled, he must have possessed some talent, and weight of character. He was a good man, and a lover of our doctrines and discipline. To him the Southern Church is much indebted for his indefatigable labors, his exemplary life, and for his valuable efforts in the pulpit, thereby bringing many persons into her fold. In his local sphere, as far as he could, he continued to aid the cause of our Zion.

JONATHAN JACKSON has already been introduced in my Autobiography; but not in that full and satisfactory manner that his character demands. He was one of the fathers of our Southern Church, being admitted on trial in the travelling connection in 1789, and appointed to Anson Circuit; in 1790, Catawba; 1791, Little Pee Dee; 1792, Newhope; 1793, Charleston, South Carolina; 1794, Black Swamp; 1795, Bush River; 1796, 1797, 1798, 1799, 1800, presiding elder (district not named); 1801, 1802, 1803, presiding elder on Newbern District; 1804, presiding elder on Swanino Dis-

trict; 1805, presiding elder on Holston District; 1806, supernumerary; 1807, Charleston; 1808, Santee Circuit; 1809, presiding elder on Camden District; 1810, 1811, 1812, 1813, presiding elder on Catawba District; 1814, supernumerary, and in 1815 he finally located. He ought to have been superannuated. He had been in the itinerancy for twenty-six years; and from the various important appointments that he filled, we might form a pretty correct opinion of the talents and character of Brother Jackson, had we never seen him. But I was blest with his acquaintance—he having been my presiding elder more than once. He was one that could bear acquaintance. The more you were with him, the more you were brought to admire and to love him. He was emphatically “a man of God.” His piety was deep, his fervent zeal was governed by knowledge, and his walk was in accordance with the Holy Bible.

His preaching talents were not the most brilliant; but his sermons were always calculated to do good—orthodox and scriptural, practical and experimental, and on the prophecies, especially of Daniel, he was profound; and, to the attentive hearer, very interesting. I loved the man on account of his good, hard sense, his undoubted holiness, and his mild yet decisive government in the Church, and with what I called his very useful talent in the pulpit.

In his local sphere of action, he was still the same untiring and persevering servant of the most high God. The time of his departure at length arrived. His lamp was trimmed and brightly burning. An hour or so before his death, a preacher present perceived that his

recollection was fast giving way. He asked Brother Jackson if he knew him. The reply was, no. Sister Jackson also being present, the brother asked him if he knew his wife. The reply was, no. The preacher then asked him if he knew Jesus. "Jesus," says he, "yes: I have known my Jesus for better than forty years." This was about the last thing he said.

Such a man as the Rev. Mr. Jackson ought to be recollected by all the children and grand-children of Southern Methodists, down to the fortieth generation. If a General Andrew Jackson is worthy of remembrance, a Rev. Jonathan Jackson is more abundantly so.

JAMES DOUTHET is another of those Heaven-honored worthies that I cannot pass by unnoticed. He was admitted on trial in the travelling connection in 1793, and appointed to Saluda Circuit; in 1794, Burke; 1795, Saluda; 1796, Broad River; 1797, Great Pee Dee; 1798, Santee and Catawba; 1799, Salisbury; 1800, Greenville; 1801 and 1802, presiding elder on Salisbury District. At the expiration of 1802, he located; but in 1805, returned to the itinerant work, and was appointed to Saluda Circuit. Owing either to family concerns, or want of health, or want of support, he at the next Conference finally located.

The name of James Douthet is venerated by hundreds in South Carolina. I never had the pleasure of seeing him; but I recollect, when I was but a youth, of hearing his fame proclaimed by many as one of the great ones of the earth; and from what I could learn in after days, Mr. Douthet was ranked far above mediocrity. He was universally beloved as a neighbor, citizen, and

gospel minister. He lived and preached in mature old age; "and he died."

HANOVER DONON entered the itinerancy in 1798, and was appointed to Great Pee Dee Circuit; in 1799, Bush River; 1800, Washington; 1801, Bladen; 1802, Edisto and Orangeburg; 1803, same circuit; 1804, Enoree and Sandy River; 1805, Catawba; 1806, St. Mary's; 1807, Great Pee Dee. At the next Conference he located, having travelled ten years.

I was well acquainted with Mr. Donon. For depth of piety he had not many equals. His preaching talents were not splendid: his delivery was much against him. He appeared to study plainness of speech in the pulpit, which, being accompanied with deep solemnity and earnestness of look, and warmth of feeling and expression, often had a salutary effect upon his congregation. By the pious portion of the communities in which he travelled, he was always beloved and duly respected.

After his location I heard but little about him, being quite remote from his place of abode. But I am led to believe that, from the long-tried and unblemished character of Brother Donon in the itinerancy, the same principle of holiness manifested by him in the itinerant ranks, continued to actuate him in his local sphere of operation.

JAMES CROWDER I do not introduce among the fathers: those received after A. D. 1800, I view as sons. He was received on trial in the itinerancy in 1803, and appointed to Broad River Circuit; in 1804, Saluda; 1805, Saluda; 1806, he located. Family concerns forbade his continuing in the itinerancy. Being so

nearly allied to the fathers, and on account of his zeal and piety, which were proverbial in his local character, I have thought proper not to pass him by unnoticed. His talents as a preacher were not great, yet for general utility he was not behind any of his brethren. I must here relate a circumstance that I view worth notice. At a certain camp-meeting on Saturday night, Brother Crowder was requested to preach on the ninth chapter of Romans. While in the act of explaining that chapter, fully proving that the doctrine of personal election to salvation from all eternity (in the Calvinistic sense) could not be sustained thereby, the power of the Highest fell upon the congregation in a most astounding manner. The loud shouts of "Glory to God!" commingled with the piercing cries for mercy, forbade his proceeding any farther in his discourse. The result was glorious. A goodly number of Calvinists were present. They felt the weight of argument, and saw the power of God attending it. Mr. Crowder lived as he preached. His life was uniform and holy, exemplary and useful; "and he died"—no doubt, as he lived.

JAMES HILL I place in the same category with the Rev. Mr. Crowder—not to be styled "father." True, I have myself, again and again, been thus styled; but I always viewed it a misnomer. I do not wish to be styled "Father," or "Parson." I prefer the title of "Uncle," or "Brother." Mr. Hill was admitted on trial in the travelling connection in 1803, and appointed to Broad River Circuit; 1804, on Broad River Circuit; 1805, Enoree; and at the end of that Conference year he located.

I always thought that Brother Hill did wrong, very wrong, in locating. He was young and healthy, but lately married, and could have travelled with but little encumbrance for several years. He possessed superior preaching talents: his person was manly, his manner dignified, and his address interesting—made more so by his natural oratorical powers. There was abundant good sense in all his sermons. Had he continued to devote his time and talents to the ministry, few, very few, either North or South, would have excelled him in that calling. I think that he and our lamented Bishop Bascom would have compared well together, at the same age in the ministry, when Mr. Hill located. After his location I heard him once, but he was by no means what he had been. The falling off was to me painfully perceptible. But he remained pious to the last. After only a few years in his local sphere, disease arrested him, “and he died;” and that is all we know about our dear brother, James Hill.

ASHLEY HEWITT is introduced by me as being a truly worthy brother, and on account of his untiring zeal in the missionary field of labor, and, after his location, his triumphant departure from time into eternity. He entered the itinerancy in 1811, and was appointed on Little Pee Dee Circuit; 1812, Great Pee Dee; 1813, Washington Circuit; 1814, Ocmulgee; 1815, Upper French Broad; 1816, a missionary to Tombeckbee Circuit; 1817 and 1818, presiding elder on the Louisiana District. At the end of 1818 he located; but in 1820, returned to the itinerancy, and was again appointed on Louisiana District. He continued filling several im-

portant missionary appointments until 1832, when he finally located.

I was intimately acquainted with Brother Hewitt, being a member of the same Conference (namely, South Carolina) with him for some years. He was esteemed by the brethren of that Conference, and stood eminently high in his missionary fields both in Mississippi and Louisiana. It was not long after his location before his happy transfer to glory took place. He had several children, all of whom who had come to years of accountability had embraced religion, except one daughter (Elizabeth) about sixteen years of age, for whom he prayed again and again; and would not give over his fervent addresses to the throne of grace in her behalf. The deadly fever of Louisiana broke into his happy family. His daughter Elizabeth and himself were taken down the self-same day. Brother Hewitt was conscious of his approaching dissolution, as medicines failed to take effect upon him. Hearing it to be the case also with his daughter, he despaired of her recovery, but not of her salvation. Consultation among physicians amounted to naught. Intelligence was brought him that Elizabeth was dead. He asked, "Did she profess religion before she died?" The answer was, no. Then says Brother Hewitt, "She is not dead. God will not permit her to die until she is converted. I have trusted my heavenly Father too long to doubt it, and He has heard my prayer too frequently now to turn a deaf ear to my dying request in behalf of my beloved child." But she was laid out, shroud made, eyes closed, etc.; when, to the astonishment of all present, after lying thus about an hour.

she opened her eyes, and said distinctly, "Glory to God, my sins are forgiven, and I am going safe to heaven." In a few minutes afterwards, she closed her eyes in death. Her sainted father also went home the same day.

The above almost miraculous account of faith and prayer was given to me by a very responsible minister of the gospel. And just here permit me to say: Parents, never cease to pray for your children! Don't give them up!—don't give them up! I beg you, I beseech you, and I would conjure you in the name of the Holy Trinity—don't give them up! pray on; and God will hear your prayer.*

JOSEPH TARPLEY, though not to be ranked among the fathers, was yet so nearly allied to them, and so eminently useful, that his name ought to be brought afresh to the reminiscences of many hundreds who honored and loved him when laboring among them. He entered the itinerant ranks in 1804, and was appointed to Morganton Circuit; 1805, Swanino Circuit; 1806, Appalachee; 1807, Louisville, Georgia; 1808, Milledgeville; 1809, Santee; 1810, 1811, 1812, presiding elder on Sparta District; 1813, on Oconee District; 1814, on Ogechee District; also 1815, 1816, 1817, on Ogechee District; 1818, Oconee District; 1819 and 1820, on Athens District. Having travelled eighteen years, he located in

* It must not be supposed that God will work miracles to control irresistibly the free agency of sinners in answer to the prayers of their pious friends—God compels no one to be religious. We are sure that the author would deprecate such an inference from this singular anecdote.—[EDITOR

1821, beloved and esteemed by the bishops and the members of the Conference. I well recollect that Bishop McKendree yielded to his location with great reluctance. In his manners he was social, pleasant, and interesting, yet dignified—at all times and places keeping in view his holy calling, and endeavoring to walk worthy of it. He was a plain, energetic, and (as is sometimes called) powerful preacher. He had an excellent voice; and he knew how to manage it to the best effect on his congregation. His emphasis and cadence were always wisely directed; so that the trooping multitudes would sit with delight for an hour or more, only regretting that he was drawing to a close.

After his location, he was still a pious man, and popular preacher; but unfortunately he entered into mercantile business. I cannot believe that ever God designed a travelling Methodist preacher to become a mercer, or a speculator of any kind. Besides, a man who has spent twenty years of his life in unreserved devotion to the ministry is ill fitted to enter upon the uncertain enterprises of merchandise.

Brother Tarpley was unsuccessful, and, I believe, lost every thing but his religion. He remained steadfast, abounding in the love of God, and bearing up under his worldly difficulties with all the fortitude, resignation, and patience, that characterize the humble Christian and the faithful servant of God. The most satisfactory evidence was afforded by him to his creditors, and to the community at large, that he acted in good faith; and that all his errors originated from miscalculations, and too much confidence in others. He preached

regularly to the end of life. "And he died." But I have never seen or heard of any periodical noting his death, or telling us how he died. I knew him, and loved him on earth. To this late period I continue to dream about him; and I have the pleasing hope of meeting him in heaven.

HILLIARD JUDGE was a preacher of no ordinary talents. He stood deservedly high in the community at large. His preaching was in power, and demonstration of the Spirit.

He entered the itinerancy in 1806, in the Virginia Conference, and was appointed to Gloucester Circuit; 1807, Suffolk; 1808, transferred to the South Carolina Conference, and appointed to Milledgeville Circuit; 1809, Appalachee; 1810, Louisville; 1811, Congaree; 1812, 1813, 1814, 1815, presiding elder on Broad River District; 1816, stationed in Camden. At the expiration of this year he located.

Brother Judge was a pleasant companion. There was nothing sour or morose in his manners. There was a sprinkle of the *sang froid* in his composition. Equally at home in the well-decorated parlor, as in the log-cabin—no company, however splendid, rich, or grand, appeared in the least degree whatever to agitate his mind. In the pulpit it was the same. If his congregation were chiefly composed of the *litterati*, he was just as cool and composed as if they were so many of the poor sons of Ham. At the sitting of the Legislature of South Carolina, in Columbia, he was called upon to preach to it, as he was passing through the place. He accordingly did so—took for his text, "Except ye repent, ye shall all like-

wise perish." In his discourse, he was just as plain and emphatic as if he had been preaching to the illiterate pineywoods farmers. He lived but a short time after location—was arrested by consumption—"and he died"—much lamented by thousands who knew him well, and loved him much. But no periodical ever announced the manner of his death.

I had fully intended to write more in reference to that extraordinary man, the Rev. JAMES RUSSELL, but, recollecting that Dr. Olin had written a considerable piece concerning his death, as also his travels and sorrows, I have thought it unnecessary. Dr. Olin's remarks are all to the point, and cannot be excelled. I would also have been glad to introduce some of our local brethren who never had itinerated, such as Aaron Knight, etc.; but I lacked data to go upon, in order to give any thing like a correct or satisfactory history in relation to them. The Rev. Messrs. Hull, Humphries, Glenn, etc., have already received a passing notice in my Autobiography.

We love our local brethren, and highly esteem them for their piety, zeal, and labor of love. Thousands of them have left the walls of our Zion to tread the golden streets of the New Jerusalem. Thousands more are bending their course thitherward. May the great Head of the Church prosper them in their way, giving them many souls for their hire, and, finally, the crown of endless life. Amen.

Before I close my little book, I want to address a few words to my acquaintances and friends at large in the Methodist Episcopal Church.

CHAPTER XII.

An Address on Brotherly Love—Class-meetings—Prayer—The fashions and amusements of the world—Holiness—Reading.

TO MY MANY ACQUAINTANCES AND FRIENDS IN THE METHODIST EPISCOPAL CHURCH, IN THE VALLEY OF VIRGINIA, NORTH AND SOUTH CAROLINA, GEORGIA, ALABAMA, LOUISIANA, MISSISSIPPI, AND TENNESSEE.

DEAR BRETHREN:—To me it is matter of thanksgiving that when unable to travel to see my friends, I can nevertheless, by pen and ink and paper, and through the press, correspond with them. My days of itinerating are over. You will never again see me *hopping* over your encampments—in the altar or in the pulpit: I shall never again mingle in your society around the hearthstone—never again be seated at your well-furnished tables: you will never see me take the old family Bible, read my chapter, and pray with and for you and yours—never again will my delighted ears be accosted by your lovely children with the familiar and welcome appellation of “Uncle Travis.” No, no—our next interview will be in the spirit-land. Away with the heart-chilling reflection, that we are not to recognize each

other in a better world. Our holy Bible affords us a more consoling view than this. It is a most pleasing reflection, that the time is not far distant when the pious dead whom I so dearly loved on earth will again be presented to my vision, and again associated with me in a more blessed union than could have been enjoyed upon earth. In the language of Harbaugh:—"The sainted dead—they are treasures, changeless and shining treasures. Let us look up hopefully. Not lost, but gone before: lost only like the stars of the morning, that have faded into the light of a brighter heaven. Lost to earth, but not to us. They are our treasures—loving treasures—the sainted dead!"

Yes, my beloved brethren, we shall know each other in heaven. If, in very deed, Dives knew Lazarus—as far remote from each other as hell is from heaven—strange, wondrous strange, if the inhabitants of heaven cannot recognize their old friends whom they so much esteemed and loved on earth. Indeed, I hope to become acquainted in heaven with many I never knew on earth. It will assuredly add to my joy to say to a Mr. Wesley, a Mr. Fletcher, a Martin Luther, "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear, but now mine eye seeth thee."

Religion is love to God and to our fellow-creatures—to the people of God especially, because of the love we bear to God. That special love, then, to our brethren is not the effect of human sympathy, but originates in our love to God. And when we are freed from "this dull clod of cumbrous clay," our love to our brethren will be increased in the same ratio as our love to God. Hence,

if we truly loved a pious and holy person on earth, we shall love that one more abundantly in heaven. "God is love; and he that dwelleth in love, dwelleth in God, and God in him"—so that heaven itself is love. And when permitted to see those whom for God's sake we so highly esteemed and loved on earth, how will it increase our bliss, our heaven, and our eternal felicity, to be again united with them, never to sin—never to err—never to realize distress or pain—never again to separate from each other.

"There all the ship's company meet,
Who sailed with their Saviour beneath:
With shouting each other they greet,
And triumph o'er sorrow and death.
The voyage of life's at an end,
The mortal affliction is past:
The age that in heaven they spend
For ever and ever shall last."

BROTHERLY LOVE.

Will you suffer your aged friend to enforce the heavenly command on you—"Love one another?" Destitute of this heavenborn principle, we are but as "sounding brass or a tinkling cymbal." "Love worketh no ill to his neighbor." "We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren." "For this is the message that ye heard from the beginning, that we love one another." "He that loveth not his brother, abideth in death." "Whosoever hateth his brother, is a murderer; and ye know that no murderer hath eternal life abiding in him." "My beloved

children, let us love not in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth." "He that loveth not, knoweth not God, for God is love. If we love one another, God abideth in us." "There is no fear in love." "But if any man say, I love God, and hateth his brother, he is a liar; for he that loveth not his brother, whom he hath seen, how can he love God, whom he hath not seen?" Brethren, you see from these texts of Holy Writ how important, how vastly important, is the spirit of love to the forming of the Christian character. And of all beings on earth, Methodist preachers should love each other: their toils, their privations, their self-sacrificing and laborious calling, should ever create a unison of feeling and of sentiment towards each other. But especially should they love each other, from the fact that the Great Head of the Church hath so highly and wondrously magnified their office and honored their ministry. Yet let not this love be restrained or pent up within the bounds of our own household—let it flow abroad, as God hath his sons and daughters in other departments of our common Zion. In being Methodists, in doctrine, discipline, and Church ordinances, we need not be bigots. "Let brotherly love continue" to all Christians; and having the fruit of the Spirit, "love, joy, peace, longsuffering, gentleness, goodness, meekness, faith, temperance," we must love them. Yes, we must love them; because we expect to meet them in heaven, and there to commingle with them, and to spend a blessed eternity together, where there will be but one principle actuating the whole celestial company of glorified spirits, and but one universal song bursting forth from every redeemed

soul: "Worthy is the Lamb that was slain to receive power, and riches, and wisdom, and strength, and honor, and glory, and blessing."

I would entreat my beloved brethren and sisters to read the 13th chapter of 1st Corinthians *once* a day for *three* months; and as they read, to substitute the word *love* for *charity*, agreeably to Mr. Wesley's and many other translations; and as they read, pray for wisdom to understand, and for grace to perform its most excellent instructions. *Would it not be well to read it on your knees?*

CLASS-MEETINGS.

An intelligent Presbyterian clergyman, belonging to the Old School, once said to me, "Sir, I believe your class-meetings are the very sinews of your Church." At first I thought it a very strong expression, but upon more mature thought I concluded that my Presbyterian friend was about right. It is a means of grace admirably calculated to aid us on our way to heaven. I view such a meeting as being fully recognized and approved by God himself. Read Malachi iii. 16, 17, 18: "Then they that feared the Lord, *spake often one to another*; and the Lord hearkened, and heard it; and a *book of remembrance* was written before him for them that feared the Lord, and that thought upon his name. And *they* shall be *mine*, saith the Lord of hosts, in that day when I make up my jewels; and I will spare them, as a man spareth his own son that serveth him. Then shall ye return and discern between the *righteous* and the *wicked*, between him that serveth God and him

that serveth him not." Brethren, what say ye? will ye belong to the *righteous*, who love to *meet* and to *speak* to each other about the Lord and their own souls' salvation; or will you consent to be numbered with the *wicked*, who have no delight in such associations? I want no surer mark of a fearful apostasy in any Methodist than wilful and repeated neglect of class-meeting. Let any one be alive to God, and truly in earnest in striving to get to heaven, and he will love his classroom.

From what I can learn, there is an alarming falling off in some parts of our Zion in the discharge of this all-important duty; and what is still worse, some of our preachers do not hold a class-meeting during the entire Conference year in parts of their work. Of such I would say, let them be discharged from further public duty, while in a state of good health and good plight of body, and let some one who has religion and zeal enough to discharge the duties of a pastor take their place.

If ever the Methodist Episcopal Church, South or North, sadly deteriorates, it will in a great measure be owing to the abandonment of class-meetings. Ever since God at first changed my heart, now considerably above half a century ago, I have never been in a class-meeting without being blessed. I can say the same of a love-feast. These two precious means of grace I do hope the Methodists will never abandon, so long as sun, moon, and stars endure. My brethren at large, whom I sincerely love, I do beseech you as your aged friend, if hitherto you have been negligent as respects your class-meetings, the very moment this exhortation meets your

eyes, resolve, by the help of God, to be more punctual in attending to this pleasing and advantageous duty. Alas, brethren, our dead formality in religion will only cause us to be damned with the greater solemnity. And my younger brethren in the ministry, sound and healthful in body, don't preach such long sermons, and prostrate your physical powers, that you have no remaining strength to meet the class after preaching. Don't take *all* the children's bread to cast away in the promiscuous crowd to whom you may be preaching. Give to all their meat in due season; and don't forget that a gracious season is due the members of the church in class-meeting.

I would assure my dear friends that I am none of your *croakers* or *fault-finders*. But I am a Methodist, and I am constantly striving by grace to make my calling and election sure, and truly desirous of meeting all my good friends and brethren in the kingdom of glory.

PRAYER.

It was the saying of a certain writer that "prayer will make us leave off sinning, or sinning will make us leave off prayer." It is not for me to say, my beloved brethren, whether any of you are in the neglect of this all-essential duty. I will not accuse you—I will not condemn you. I leave it to God and to your own conscience to decide whether or not you are faithful in this respect. A prayerless Christian is a perfect contradiction. You might as well tell me of an *honest* thief, a *sober* drunkard, or a *truthful* liar. I fear, however,

that there are some of us who are not as conscientious and regular at a throne of grace as we should be. If there be neglect of class-meetings by us, be assured there is neglect of prayer, particularly private prayer.

Our discipline used to be enforced upon those who neglected family prayer. Of late years the rule is nearly obsolete—whether for the better or worse, it is not for me to say. But, rule or no rule, the truly pious man will pray in his family, and endeavor to aid his children and servants in their duty to God, and to save their souls. It is true, we have various hindrances in our approaches to a throne of grace; but, thank God, none of them are insurmountable. Both in secret and family prayer we may expect the devil to make every effort to thwart our pious engagements. But he is a conquered enemy, and

— “Trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.”

I must relate a little circumstance, worthy of note, that took place not long since in this State. A certain Methodist removed from South Carolina to this section of country. Before his removal he was regular in family and private devotion. He had a little son about five years of age, that he was accustomed to take with him to private prayer. One day the little boy remarked to him, “Pa, who is it that you were talking to?” The father replied, that he was talking to God in prayer. In travelling to Mississippi, he neglected family and private prayer. Afterwards his attention was so completely taken up in fixing his new residence, etc., prayer was again neglected, and he had nearly gone back to the

world. About eight or ten months after his removal, the little boy, in the simplicity of a child, said to him, "Pa, where is that God you used to be talking to?" It went like a dagger to his inmost soul. He quickly hastened to the lonely forest, and again bowed himself to his God and Saviour. That night he took down the neglected Bible and hymn-book, and again engaged in the blessed work of family worship—joined the Church, and with renewed diligence bent his course to the saints' everlasting rest. In the first love-feast he attended afterwards, while many were relating how they were brought home to God, and who were their spiritual fathers—pointing to his son, he said, "Brethren, you may think it strange when I tell you that here sits my spiritual father."

Mr. Ryland, speaking of prayer, says : "Abraham's servant prays—Rebecca appears. Jacob wrestles and prays—the angel is conquered, and Esau's mind is wonderfully turned from the revengeful purpose he had harbored for twenty years. Moses prays—Amalek is discomfited. Joshua prays—Achan is discovered. Hannah prays—Samuel is born. David prays—Ahithophel hangs himself. Jehoshaphat prays—God turns away his face. Asa prays—a victory is gained. Isaiah and Hezekiah pray—one hundred and eighty-five thousand Assyrians are dead in twelve hours. Daniel prays—the lions are muzzled. Mordecai and Esther fast—Haman is hanged on his own gallows in three days. Ezra prays at Ahava—God answers. Nehemiah darts a prayer—the king's heart is softened in a minute. Elijah prays—a drought of three years succeeds. Elijah prays—rain descends apace

Elisha prays—Jordan is divided. Elisha prays—a child's soul comes back. The Church prays—Peter is delivered by an angel. Paul and Silas prayed, and sang praises at midnight—the doors of the prison were opened, and every man's bands were loosed. Prayer has divided seas, rolled up flowing rivers, made flinty rocks gush into fountains, quenched flames of fire, muzzled lions, disarmed vipers and poisons, marshalled the stars against the wicked, stopped the course of the moon, arrested the rapid sun in his great race, burst open iron gates, recalled souls from eternity, conquered the strongest devils, commanded legions of angels from heaven. Prayer has bridled and chained the raging passions of men, and routed and destroyed vast armies of proud, daring, blustering atheists. Prayer has brought one man from the bottom of the sea, and carried another in a chariot of fire to heaven. What has not prayer done?"

Brethren, will you continue to pray? Methinks I hear the response, "God being my helper, I will." Some of my dear sisters used to sing, and to play on the piano, "Home, sweet Home!" I want you to sing in the same tune the beautiful lines of Miss Ann Lutton, of Ireland. You may have seen them in the "Songs of Zion," but I will here transcribe them:

"When torn is thy bosom by sorrow and care,
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer:
It eases, soothes, softens, subdues, yet restrains,
Gives vigor to hope, and puts passion in chains.

Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer—
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer!

When forced from the friends we hold dearest to part,
What fond recollections still cling to the heart!

Past converse, past scenes, past enjoyments are there—
O, how hurtfully pleasing till hallowed by prayer!

Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer—
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer!

When pleasure would woo us from piety's arms,
The siren sings sweetly, or silently charms:
We listen, love, loiter, are caught in the snare,
But, looking to Jesus, we conquer by prayer.

Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer—
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer!

While strangers to prayer, we're strangers to bliss:
Heaven pours its full streams through no medium but this;
And till we the seraph's full ecstasy share,
Our chalice of bliss must be guarded by prayer.

Prayer, prayer, sweet, sweet prayer—
Be it ever so simple, there's nothing like prayer!"

My few remarks on prayer are designed to "stir up your pure minds by way of remembrance;" and if I can but excite one immortal spirit to a daily use of this blessed means of grace, I shall greatly rejoice. There is yet another subject which I wish in a brief manner to notice.

THE FASHIONS AND AMUSEMENTS OF THE WORLD.

I do not design a long essay on this subject, but merely a few plain and scriptural remarks, hoping thereby to aid you in renouncing the world, the flesh, and the devil, and, in daring to be singular, to devote your time, your talents, your all, to the praise and service of your Heavenly Father. You will, no doubt, recollect the command of the Holy Spirit by St. Paul, "Be

not conformed to this world," (in spirit, judgment, or practice,)—of St. John, "Love not the world, neither the things that are in the world. If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him. For all that is in the world, the desire of the flesh, and the desire of the eye, and the pride of life, is not of the Father, but is of the world; and the world passeth away, and the desire thereof"—St. Peter, "Beloved, I beseech you as strangers and pilgrims, abstain from fleshly lusts, (or desires,) which war against the soul"—St. James, "Therefore, laying aside all the filthiness and superfluity of wickedness, receive with meekness the ingrafted word, which is able to save your souls."

Quotations of this character might be multiplied. But, my dear brethren and sisters, read over again the foregoing, and then let me ask you before God, Do you believe that "If any man love the world, the love of the Father is not in him?" Read it again, inwardly digest it, and pause and reflect for a conscientious response. Again, as to these divinely inspired injunctions, are you willing to take heed unto them, and to be governed thereby? What say you? O that I could but hear you say, "Yes, yes!" With these lights flashing in your face, can you mingle in worldly conversation-parties, so-called? I trow not, with a good conscience. Those associations are gotten up by the devil, to seduce the young and thoughtless professor of religion from the paths of piety. They are composed in part of *dandies*, with some refined and well-bred people, but few, very few, of those who fear God and are striving to work righteousness.

The daughter of a certain honorable and wealthy gentleman in London embraced religion under the Methodist ministry, and became a Methodist. Her father belonged to the Established Church. As she was his only child, he was somewhat chagrined at her proceedings. She was well educated, and versed in all the etiquette of the day. He tried hard to get her to balls; but all in vain. One day he remarked to her, saying, "Martha, you will certainly go with your pa to the conversation-party to-night: there can be no harm in attending it." She replied that for his sake she would go. The company meets: Martha is cheerful, but not gay. A dance is proposed, and a young gentleman of standing offers himself as a partner. She peremptorily refuses. The piano at length is introduced. The father steps up to Martha, saying, "My child, come and give us a song: I will go with you." She modestly rises, takes her father by the arm, and walks to the piano. Composed and tranquil, she takes her seat, and commences with that well-known stanza of Mr. Wesley's:

"No room for mirth or trifling here,
For worldly hope or worldly fear,
If life so soon is gone:
If now the Judge is at the door,
And all mankind must stand before
Th' inexorable throne."

She played it off finely, and the sweet intonations of her voice in singing it melted the company. Her father rose, and, with tears in his eyes, exclaimed: "My dear daughter, you have conquered me." Meanwhile, taking

her in his arms, he conducted her back to her seat. O that we had such Marthas among us !

I have heard with deep regret that in some places our younger Methodists are found in the ball-room, and some of our older ones have occasionally had a dance at their houses. "My brethren, these things ought not so to be." Time was that the Methodist Church almost stood alone in opposition to this unchristian exercise. But it is no longer isolated: the Baptist, the Presbyterian, the Protestant Episcopal Churches, have all entered their protest against dancing. Our Baptist brethren assign a very good reason for their opposition—namely, that by the dancing of a silly girl, John the Baptist lost his head. Many have absurdly undertaken to prove its lawfulness from Scripture—*e. g.*, "There is a time to dance," etc., forgetting that there is also a time to be damned, if they don't repent.

"Thus men go wrong with an ingenious skill—
Bend the straight rule to their own crooked will;
And with a clear and shining lamp supplied,
First put it out, then take it for their guide."

Cicero, the heathen orator, once remarked, that a man must either be mad or drunk before he would dance. For the benefit of my younger friends in our Church, I will here relate a circumstance that I read many years ago. A certain young lady was ticketed to a ball. The night before the ball, she dreamed that she was at the ball—danced a while—was taken sick—carried home—put in an elbow-chair—that a smelling-bottle was given to her—that she fainted and died—ascended to heaven—was miserable in the company of saints and angels—

was hurled down to flames and burnings. A clergyman, intimate in the family, discovered her countenance rather gloomy—inquired the reason. She said she would tell him her dream, and think no more about it—it being but a dream. He begged her not to go; but she said she would not be scared by a dream. She accordingly went; and all the particulars of her dream relating to this world came to pass; and we may infer its fulfilment also in the world of spirits. A dancing Christian cannot be saved without repentance. Let Methodists have nothing to do with dancing, or any thing of the sort. But, say some, it is an honorable acquirement. But how can ye love God, seeking honor one of another?

“What numbers here would into fame advance,
Conscious of merit in the coxcomb’s dance!
That wheel of fops! that saunter of the town!
Call it *diversion*, and the *pill* goes down.”

HOLINESS.

This is a cardinal doctrine of our Church. The Methodists were believed to be designed by God to spread scriptural holiness throughout the length and breadth of “these lands.” I need not quote a multiplicity of scriptures on this point. Have you not read that plain and positive assertion of St. Paul, “*Without holiness, NO MAN shall see the Lord?*” Do you believe it? O what a comprehensive phrase! No man: no rich man, no poor man, no learned man, no ignorant man, no white man, no colored man, no Methodist man, no Presbyterian man, no Baptist man, or Episcopalian man: indeed,

no professing man or non-professing man shall ever see the Lord, or, in other words, ever get to heaven, "without holiness." God is holy: angels, seraphim and cherubim, are holy: yea, all heaven is holy; and all who would enjoy a holy heaven, must become holy on earth; "for there is no work, nor device, nor knowledge, nor wisdom in the grave." As death leaves us, judgment will find us. They that are righteous, will be righteous still: whilst they that are filthy, will be filthy still. My brethren beloved, if holiness be a prerequisite for our admission into heaven, how dare we delay in attaining unto it? O let us be up and doing—"time is flying—death urging—knells calling—hell threatening"—but, thank God, "Heaven is yet inviting!" For what purpose did we join the Church? Was it to please God, and to aid us on our way to heaven? Now then, in order to please God and to make sure of heaven, let us strive to be holy in all manner of conversation. And whatsoever we do, whether in eating, or drinking, or wearing apparel, let us do all to the glory of God. Thus shall we keep a conscience void of offence towards God and man. But inward, heart-holiness, will be productive of outward holiness. Whenever the heart is circumcised to love the Lord God with all the heart; and whenever the blood of the Lord Jesus cleanses us from all sin, it is then that the whole man is brought into entire subjection to the word and will of God. The world is crucified unto us, and we unto the world. We become dead unto sin, and alive unto God—perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord. As you are believers in the doctrine of sanctification, and must needs be aware of

the pleasing results attending its blessed experience, making you happy and still more happy, and enabling you to bear all the difficulties of life with more fortitude, patience, and resignation, you will suffer the word of exhortation from your gray-headed friend and brother, "Go up at once and possess the goodly land." Yea, why not to-day? why not this hour? yea, why not this very moment? Let it be your cry,

"Now, O my Joshua, bring me in,
Cast out thy foes: the inbred sin,
The carnal mind remove:
The purchase of thy death divide,
And O with all the sanctified
Give me a lot of love."

To me it is a heart-cheering doctrine—yea, it is my light in darkness, my way when bewildered, my strength in weakness, my comfort in distress—and it is that which opens up a vista to the skies. I love the very term holiness. Lord, make and keep me holy.

READING.

Be careful and guarded in your selection of books. Don't be without Mr. Wesley's Sermons, his Notes on the New Testament, our Hymn-Book, and our periodicals, if you can get them. But I beseech you, have no thing to do with what are called "novels." Their authors

"Are writers of what none with safety reads,
Footing it in the dance that Fancy leads:
These novelists do mar what they would mend,
Snivelling and drivelling folly without end.

O that a verse had power, and could command
Far, far away these flesh-flies from our land.
Such writers and such readers owe the gust
And relish of their pleasure all to lust.

In the place of foolish novels, devote what time you can to the reading of the Holy Bible: it is emphatically styled the "Book of books." Even Byron, though semi-infidel, says:

"Within this awful volume lies
The mystery of mysteries;
And happiest they of human race
To whom our God hath given grace
To hear, to read, to watch, to pray,
To lift the latch, and force their way;
But better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt, or read to scorn."

One or two chapters each day should be carefully and prayerfully read: in so doing, you will become wise unto salvation, and fully prepared to give a scriptural reason for your hopes of immortality and eternal life. Love your Bible: treasure up its blessed contents; well recollecting that,

"Men's books with heaps of chaff are stored—
God's book doth golden grains afford:
Then leave the chaff, and spare thy pains,
In gathering up the golden grains."

I should really love to dwell upon these interesting subjects, and to swell the size of my little book even to that of a large one. But to whom am I writing? Not to the ignorant, or I would enlarge on these points. My address is to those who know their Master's will;

and my object is to save them from “many stripes,” by prevailing on them to *do* that which they already *know*. It is no small matter to be a Christian. It requires the same power that created a world to make a Christian. He is a new creation, moulded by the hand of the omnipotent God; and by Him alone he is kept in his original character from day to day. And that character is the “highest style of man.” It is the genuine Christian who does and suffers the will of God. And such I most sincerely desire and pray may be every one for whom this brief and imperfect address is designed.

My brethren, if genuine Christianity be worth any thing, it is worth every thing. If there is a heaven of endless and infinite delights, surely it is worth a little cross-bearing to attain it. If there is a hell of endless woe and pain—of deathless worms and quenchless flames, we ought to spare no pains to shun it. My dear reader, in a few years from now, heaven or hell will contain your immortal spirit. To which of those long homes will you bend your course? If for heaven, remember, O remember! that without holiness you will never enter there. O that I could write this all-important text, as it were, with the point of a diamond upon your breast. I pray you, don’t forget it. You may forget your brother, or Uncle Travis—you may forget your own name; but don’t forget St. Paul to the Hebrews, c. xii. 14: “Follow peace with all men, and holiness, without which no man shall see the Lord.”

I never expect to minister to you again in holy things: I never again expect to see you on earth. I cannot say that the time of my departure is come; but agreeably

to the course of nature, and the weakness of my bodily frame, it cannot be very remote. I am now waiting my appointed time; and when it does arrive, I trust that I shall be able to say: "The time of my departure is at hand: I have fought a good fight: I have finished my course: I have kept the faith. Henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me at that day; and not unto me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing." In thus addressing you, I am convinced you will properly appreciate my good motives, and my sincere desire for your present and eternal happiness. I have committed myself into the merciful hands of a good God, whether to die soon, or to live even to my fourscore years. And I would sing:

"If such a worm as I can spread
The common Saviour's name,
Let Him who raised thee from the dead
Quicken my mortal frame."

And now this one and last request: Brethren, pray for me. If such as St. Paul saw the necessity of begging the prayers of Christians, how much more such as I, who, in comparison with him, am less than nothing. Again, I say, pray for your aged and afflicted friend.

JOSEPH TRAVIS.

CHINA GROVE, near Grenada, Miss., }
April 21, 1855.

APPENDIX.

To the Reader.

IN my preface to the first edition, I hinted to the reader the condition of my health, and the unfavorable circumstances under which I wrote. And I found, upon examination of the work, that I had neglected to insert several names and incidents that I ought not to have passed over. I shall now attend to this matter, in a brief manner, and in a simple, plain style.

I am glad to find that my little book has met with as cordial a reception as it has ; whilst several letters from estimable preachers have assured me of their approval of it. I think the appendix that I now give will much contribute to its utility, without greatly enhancing the price. To do what little good I can, in my confined and crippled condition, is my great desire. I would only add, that, in all my privations and afflictions, my soul continues to enjoy sweet peace and communion with the blessed Trinity ; and when I try to pray, Heaven is propitious. This I mention, not

vauntingly, but to the glory of Almighty God, and to the richness, and fulness, and freeness of his grace, so abundantly manifested day by day to an unworthy worm of dust and ashes.

JOSEPH TRAVIS.

CHINA GROVE, May 3d, 1856.

A P P E N D I X.

Notices of Stephen Thompson—Peter William Gautier—Father Sellers—Rev. Dr. H———E. Waterman—C. Daniel—T. R. Walsh—Anthony Forster—A. M. Forster—T. W. Stanley—W. P. Arnold—T. D. Turpin—F. C. Spraggins—V. Wooley—T. Stubbs—John Lane—G. Baker—P. Palmer—H. McGehee—E. F. Gibbs—E. I. Fitzgerald—Llewellyn Evans—Hope Hull—J. Russell—T. Humphries, and many others.

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STEPHEN THOMPSON, mentioned by me in charge of Bladen Circuit, was received on trial the year before myself. This year closed his toils and sufferings on earth; and being but a probationer in the Conference, there is no notice taken of his death in the printed minutes. Although forty-nine years have nearly rolled around since his death, I do not think that the name, the labors, and the triumphant death of such a man of God should be permitted to remain unnoticed.

He was a married man, and his children, or grandchildren, as the case may be, may yet be living in North or South Carolina; if not, his memory cannot be obliterated from the minds of many yet living in Bladen Circuit.

To the best of my recollection he was what might be called a good preacher. One thing I distinctly remember, he was both a son of thunder and a son of consolation, happily blended together. I listened to him with delight, and never without profit, resolving to try to get more religion, and to be a better man. He was

cordially, received on the circuit, and the prospect of much good being effected by him was very palpable, and to the Church at large matter of much thanksgiving to God. But ere six months have elapsed, the time of his departure mysteriously arrives. He is violently attacked with inflammatory rheumatism; in a short time it pervades his whole system. He makes out to reach home. The skill of physicians proves abortive, and after a few weeks of excruciating pain, he breathes his last. During all this scene of suffering he was not only patient and resigned, but happy in the love of God. He died in the full assurance of faith.

He was a very spiritual preacher—plain in his dress, unaffected in his manners in and out of the pulpit, a great lover of Methodist discipline, doctrine, and usages. And had he lived in this day of progression, (but, as Bishop Morris says, “backward,”) he might be called an old “fogy” in religion. Happy man, his race was but short, but the terminus was glorious. Should his children or grandchildren glance at this, let them understand that their father or grandfather was universally beloved, useful in life, and triumphantly happy in death; and let them try to meet him in heaven.

Peter William Gautier lived within the bounds of Bladen Circuit. He was, however, much with me in Brunswick Circuit, and I thus became well acquainted with him. He was a local preacher of considerable standing. I have heard, but do not know that it was so, that after he removed to Florida, clouds and darkness threatened obscurity to his setting sun. I can only state what I knew of him personally in North Carolina and in Georgia.

In 1807 I first became acquainted with him; and was truly delighted with him, as a gentleman, a Christian, and Methodist preacher. He was a man of wealth and influence, and gave a good tone to Methodism in that section. His parents were wealthy, and I think that Peter was educated and designed for the bar. But, much to the mortification of his relatives, he embraced religion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church, which in that day was not considered honorable, and by many not even respectable. Peter at length obtained license to preach. His brothers and other relatives opposed him in the most assiduous manner. Yea, one of his brothers, (a lawyer,) cowhided him in the pulpit. But Peter was not to be driven from his purposes. He remained "steadfast and unmovable." He preached with an eloquence that drew crowds to hear him. His labor was not in vain. Souls were brought home to God, and to the Church, through his instrumentality.

Brother Gautier was a man of inflexible courage and honesty of purpose. If he erred, one had only to convince him of it, and, with childlike simplicity and honesty of heart, he would make an acknowledgment, with suitable promises of amendment. I heard him, one day, on the stand to a large congregation, make a confession of his pride of heart; stating that but a few weeks before he had lost his wife—they were both lying in bed together, a thunder-cloud arose, and a stroke of lightning killed his wife by his side—"and," says he, weeping, "had God killed me, instead of my good wife, I should have gone right to hell;"—stating that he had become so proud that he was ashamed for

a poor Methodist, dressed in homespun, to step up and call him "Brother," particularly in certain company.

In 1822, I again knew him in Georgia, the same good and zealous Peter W. Gautier. At a camp-meeting in Georgia, he reproved Col. J. for misconduct. When brother Gautier had finished, and came out of the stand, Col. J. stepped up to him, saying, "Sir, you have to give me a written acknowledgment as an apology for reproofing me, or I will be necessitated to flog you." Brother G. called for pen, ink, and paper, and hastily wrote: "I am truly sorry that I was compelled to reprove Col. J. for misconduct on a camp-meeting ground," and signed it. The Colonel read it, and his friends burst into a laugh at him, and he carelessly walked off. I have understood that he has gone the way of all flesh: he probably died in Texas. I would only add, that whatever may have been the closing scene of life with brother Gautier, one thing is certain: but few men have effected a greater amount of good than he in a local sphere of action.

PAGE 43.

Undesignedly, I passed over some very worthy and excellent local preachers in Brunswick Circuit, but it was owing to my ill-health when I penned my autobiography. There was Father Lyell, gray-headed and bending under the weight of three-score and ten years; yet with zeal and energy preaching Jesus as the Saviour of poor lost sinners; nor did he preach in vain.

He was a good man, and quite an acceptable preacher. He has long since gone home to receive his hire.

Also, Father Sellers, equally as old, equally as good a preacher, well-beloved, and highly esteemed by all who knew him. These two patriarchs were truly coadjutors to our fathers in the itinerancy in planting Methodism in that section of country; and with them I have no doubt both are participating in the delights of immortal glory.

There was also Stephen Daniel, a much younger man than the two former, but every way equal to them for piety, zeal, and usefulness. He was in truth a lovely man, of a most amiable temper, humble, holy, and affectionate in his universal deportment. Saint and sinner admired Stephen Daniel. His house was my home, and I always left it with reluctance. His amiable and pious wife greatly added to the comfort and delight of the hearth-stone. They are both gone, and there can be no rational doubt of their final happiness.

The great and lasting good effected by local preachers who are zealous, pious, and truly holy and devoted to God, eternity alone can and will unfold. May the great Head of the Church keep them humble and faithful.

In relation to Brunswick Circuit in 1807, I should have mentioned that it was a five weeks' circuit, embracing a quite extensive region of country; and the preacher was necessitated at times to undergo some difficulties and privations, to which those of this day and time are utter strangers. On this circuit, I adopted a rule to spend one hour each day whilst riding on to my appointments in close meditation and prayer. The

result to me was truly advantageous. Many a time, on the silent and lonesome road, I was peculiarly blessed, and constrained to shout out, "Glory to God!" It fitted me to enter the pulpit with suitable feelings, and to submit to any little inconveniences afterwards. My dear young brother, just starting on your toils and labors in the itinerancy, suppose you try the experiment.

PAGE 90.

During this year, the Rev. Dr. H., pastor of the Protestant Episcopal church in Georgetown, was called home, I trust, to glory and to God. He was afflicted for some weeks. I frequently visited him by his request, and prayed with him on each visit. He was the father of our much esteemed sister, widow Moore, of Wilmington, N. C., who I suppose has taken her exit from earth to heaven. Upon the demise of the venerable Doctor, I was respectfully invited by the vestry of his church, with the Masonic fraternity, (he being a member of their lodge in that place,) to preach his funeral sermon in his own church and pulpit; which I accordingly did to a crowded house. About three months afterwards, the Bishop from Charleston re-preached it. I heard the sermon, but there was no allusion whatever to the preceding sermon on the occasion.

Another circumstance transpired this year in Georgetown which I can never forget, in relation to an unfortunate youth who had been an overseer for Mr. —, who, by the way was known to be severe, and at times

even cruel to his servants. When this young man was leaving Mr. —, two of the servants came to him weeping and begging to go with him. He was thoughtless about consequences, and yielded to their entreaties : upon which he was arrested for negro-stealing, and condemned to death. Such were the sympathies of both ladies and gentlemen for the young man, that petitions were again and again sent to Governor A., for his reprieve ; but the Governor was inflexible. One day the Lieutenant-Governor called at the parsonage, requesting me as a clergyman to go and tell him his doom : that, although his day of death had been procrastinated for some time, it would inevitably take place the next day at twelve o'clock. I accordingly went, and announced to him the dolorous tidings. He remained calm and unmoved, quite to my astonishment. I then asked him if he felt prepared for the event. He replied that he had been long looking to that end, had made his peace with God, and, as he had innocently violated the laws of his country, he was perfectly willing that justice should be satisfied, if God saw best. I then asked him if he desired to take the sacrament from my hands, and that I should attend him to the gallows. He replied, "If you please, sir." I then told him, after praying with him, that I would be with him at ten o'clock next day, and remain until the appointed hour. I accordingly went, with an attendant carrying the bread and wine, and when I reached the prison, the jailer told me that somehow or other he had made his escape in the night. This was the last that was heard of the unfortunate young man.

In noticing some of the excellent members of our

Church in Georgetown, I undesignedly neglected to name a brother, E. Waterman, who at that time was truly a pillar of the Church, and if yet alive,* I trust that such he is to the present day—kind, benevolent, and active in the service of God and the Church. Also a sister Belin, with her amiable family, of whom James L. Belin, of the South Carolina Conference, was one. Sisters Senter, Harvey, Carson, and Addison ought always to be had in grateful remembrance.

PAGE 94.

I ought not to have closed my remarks concerning the citizens of Marion village and its vicinity without bringing into view a Chesley Daniel, Esq., a lawyer of that place, who was the means of my going there, though he was at that time no professor of religion. He was friendly to the Methodists, and subsequently became converted, joined the Church, and died, I trust, a holy man. His pious and excellent mother, of the Presbyterian Church, was universally esteemed and beloved by all who knew her. His sisters, Mrs. Giles, Mrs. Evans, Mrs. Williams, and Mrs. Turpin, were all amiable, pious, and devoted Christians, and all, I believe, members of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Sister Turpin is the widow of our beloved Thomas D. Turpin, of the South Carolina Conference, who died at his post, shouting and rejoicing in the struggles of death. He was one of my students at Mount Ariel.

* He is yet alive.—[EDITOR.]

The widow Henry and her amiable family can never be forgotten by me. A daughter of hers married my nephew, the Rev. Tracey R. Walsh. An Edward Wheeler (now General) was one of my students, and, I learn, is a pious and upright member of our Church at this time. A General Godbold and family I much esteemed, as also a Mr. Harley and Mr. Tart. The older ones have, no doubt, ere this gone home ; but let the younger ones who may read this recollect how often their Uncle Travis has prayed for them in their fathers' houses.

It would truly gladden my heart if I could but once more visit Marion—once more see and converse with a General Wheeler, a Jane Evans, and Ann Turpin, and their excellent sisters. But as I cannot, I have but little doubt they will get to heaven, and I must try to meet them there. And when they read this sketch, let them forthwith resolve to double their diligence in making their calling and election sure.

PAGE 101.

When I was penning the remarks concerning the good lady that joined our Church in Fayetteville under Evans, I could not at that time call to mind her name. Such were the afflictions of my poor body, that my mind of course could not be as lucid and reminiscential as in a state of good health. But without further apology, I here state that it was our much-esteemed and excellent sister Bowen, a lady of finished education, of refined manners, of superior intellect and of fervent piety.

She has, no doubt, long since gone to unite with the Church triumphant. Yet her name should be kept in "everlasting remembrance," and handed down to posterity as one of the lights and way-marks of the Southern Methodist Church. Indeed, too much could not be said in her praise for Christian fidelity, for heroic firmness and magnanimity, for untiring perseverance and zeal manifested for the glory of God, and for the prosperity of the Church. Like Doreas, "she was full of good works." She had a goodly number of lovely children, who, when but young, were acquainted with me. If living, I would say to them, in reading this brief sketch of their sainted mother, Don't forget to imitate all her virtues, that you with her may ultimately share in the glories of her blessed reward in a better world.

PAGE 105.

I would further state, in reference to the Rev. Anthony Forster, that he wrote and had printed a volume of sermons, but not one of them was tinctured with Socinianism. I much doubt whether he publicly advocated that system; or if he did, it was more in an inferential than dogmatical manner. His brother, the Rev. Alexius M. Forster, a Methodist minister, is yet living, or I should freely indulge in affectionate remarks concerning him. He has been a Methodist preacher for forty-five or forty-six years; steadfast and immovable in the doctrines maintained by the Church to which he belongs, his life and conversation corresponding thereunto. I have known him for at least forty-four years,

and have loved him not only as a brother-in-law, but as a worthy minister of Christ in our Church. He is now a superannuated member of the South Carolina Conference.

PAGE 108.

The name of the Rev. Thomas W. Stanley ought to be handed down to posterity with honor, because of his talents and usefulness. He was admitted on trial in the travelling connection in 1812, and appointed on Little Pee Dee Circuit ; in 1813, Little River Circuit ; in 1814, Sparta Circuit ; in 1815, Wilmington Station ; in 1816, Charleston Station ; in 1817, Columbia Station : at the ensuing Conference he located. In his local sphere he was truly useful as teacher of a female academy in Athens, Ga., as also in his ministry as a gifted and zealous preacher. After remaining several years in Athens, beloved and esteemed, he removed to some other point in Georgia, (the place I have forgotten,) but, as has been stated to me, continued the same pious, popular, and effective preacher and teacher until 1834, when, by a stroke of apoplexy, he was hastily called home to his inheritance in glory.

PAGE 119.

Since my partial recovery, I have been enabled to lay my hands upon the minutes of 1821, etc., until the time of my location, December, 1824. In 1821, the following brethren were received on trial in the South

Carolina Conference, namely, David Riley, Henry Seagrest, Archibald Purifoy, Thomas Thweat, Joshua N. Glenn, John Robertson, Daniel G. McDaniel, Elias Sinclair, Robert T. Ward, Elijah Sinclair, John I. Triggs, Noah Laney, Bond English, Malcolm McPherson, John Reynolds, and Levi Stancell—sixteen in all. But, alas, how few remain! I know of none except our much beloved brother and faithful servant of God, Bond English.

Those appointed with me on Pee Dee district were as follows :

Lynch's Creek, John Dix.

Little Pee Dee, *John Boswell* and J. H. Tradewell.

Black River, Matthew Raiford.

Brunswick, D. F. Christenberry and B. L. Hoskins.

Bladen, Nicholas Ware.

Deep River, Thomas L. Winn.

Georgetown, *Nicholas Talley*.

Fayetteville, Benjamin Rhodes.

Wilmington, *Samuel Dunwody*.

John Dix, John Boswell, Matthew Raiford, and Samuel Dunwody, I know have gone home, and, best of all, have gone to glory ; but as our printed minutes have recognized their demise, I do not here repeat what is already stated in relation to them. There is but one of the entire number at present in the field of effective labor, namely, the good and faithful Nicholas Talley, and for the good of the Church I could wish his protracted stay in "the land of the dying ;" fully believing that when his Master calls him, he will be duly ripe for "the land of the living."

In 1822, the following brethren were received on trial

in the South Carolina Conference: Mark Westmoreland, Abner P. Manly, Peyton L. Wade, Josiah Freeman, William J. Parks, Gideon Mason, Morgan Turrentine, John Bigby, George White, John Covington, Edward I. Fitzgerald, William Knight, Henry W. Ledbetter, Peyton Greaves—fourteen in all. Our beloved William J. Parks, of the Georgia Conference, is the only one now in the itinerancy.

Those with me on the Ogechee District were as follows:

Augusta, John Howard.

Washington Town, *Thomas Darley*.

Louisville, Christian G. Hill.

Warren, *James B. Turner* and Noah Laney.

Little River, *David Garrettsen* and Joshua N. Glenn.

Saluda, Bond English.

Abbeville, Barnet Smith and Abner P. Manly.

Kewee, James Dannelly.

John Howard, Thomas Darley, C. G. Hill, and James Dannelly, have finished their course, and no doubt have entered into their Master's joy. I know of none being in the work but Brother English.

In 1823, the brethren received on trial in the South Carolina Conference were, Alexapder F. Edwards, Benjamin Crane, James Tabor, Philip Groover, Isaac Sewell, Samuel Sewell, McCarroll Purifoy, John Slade, Elisha Askew, C. Hardy, D. N. Burkhalter, Benjamin Gaines, Sewell Petty, P. N. Maddox, N. P. Cook, S. B. Abbott, Adam Wyrick, G. W. Huckabee, Joel W. Townsend—nineteen in all. How many at present are in the field of effective itinerancy? Not one. Joel Townsend, I believe, is a superannuated member of the

South Carolina Conference, and, unless he has much changed since I knew him, is an excellent man, a good preacher, and truly zealous in his Master's cause.

The co-workers with myself on Ogeechee District were :

Augusta, *Lovick Pierce*.

Washington, *William Kennedy*.

Waynesborough, *Peyton L. Wade*.

Warren, *Robert Flournoy* and *Benjamin Gordon*, Sup.

Little River, *James B. Turner* and *H. W. Ledbetter*.

Saluda, *Robert L. Edwards* and *Abner P. Manly*.

Abbeville, *James Dannelly* and *Elisha Askew*.

Kewee, *Matthew Raiford*.

Louisville, *Thomas Darley*.

Brothers Darley, Raiford, and Dannelly, have already been noticed as having died in the work, and now, in addition to them, we have to name Robert L. Edwards, William Kennedy, Robert Flournoy, and Benjamin Gordon, as having left the walls of Zion, and gone, we trust, safe to glory.

In 1824, those received on trial in the South Carolina Conference were, John C. Wright, Isaac Oslin, John H. Massey, Stephen Olin, John Mood, Joseph Gallachat, Daniel F. Wade, Washington Mason, Reuben Mason, Joseph Holmes, James Stockdale, James Hitchener—twelve in all. If there be one alive, I know it not.* Truly may we cry, "All flesh is grass, and all

* John Mood is still living—a devoted Christian and a zealous local preacher in Charleston. See "Methodism in Charleston," by the Rev. Francis Asbury Mood, one of his sons, four of whom are ministers in the South Carolina Conference.—[EDITOR.]

the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field. The grass withereth, the flower fadeth; because the Spirit of the Lord bloweth upon it: surely the people (yea, the ministry) is grass."

The brethren appointed with me on Ogeechee District were:

Augusta, *George Hill*.

Washington and Lexington, *Lovick Pierce*.

Little River, *Robert L. Edwards* and Abner P. Manly.

Warren, *Tilman Snead* and *William Kennedy*, Sup.

Waynesborough, *N. H. Rhodes*.

Saluda, *James B. Turner*.

Abbeville, *James Dannelly* and John H. Massey.

Kewee, *David Garrettson*.

Warren and Louisville, *Thomas Darley*.

I know of none of them that are now alive except Dr. Lovick Pierce and James B. Turner, both of the Georgia Conference, and both brethren beloved and faithful in their calling. Whilst I was associated with the above named brethren, I was a cripple; and strange to tell that so many of my former associates, strong, active, and hearty, have finished their course, whilst I, in my decrepitude, am still lingering on these mortal shores. But it is all right, and must be for the best. At the end of this Conference year I located, and thus remained for seven years.

I should have made respectful mention of the names

of these worthy young men, who went from this institute to labor in the vineyard of the Lord as itinerants.

Wesley P. Arnold was about the first who took the field, and manfully, faithfully, and perseveringly keeps it to the present year, (1856,) a member of the Georgia Conference, beloved, and highly esteemed by the members of his Conference, and by the different charges wherever he is sent. God bless him! and may he continue for many years an effective laborer in the vineyard!

Tracey R. Walsh, my beloved nephew, shortly afterwards entered the itinerancy. He filled several important appointments, and located at Marion village, taught and superintended an excellent academy in that place, but forgot not his sacred calling as a minister; and when opportunity served, gloried in preaching "Jesus and the resurrection." He continued there several years. He loved the itinerancy, and again entered the work. He has been for some years appointed from his Conference to the Presidency of the Carolina Female College, where he yet remains, I trust, an humble and faithful servant of God and the Church. He has the prayers of his aged uncle, that he may long live to be a "burning and a shining light."

Thomas D. Turpin was a youth of a lovely spirit, of deep piety, and of much zeal; plain in his attire, and unaffected and dignified in his manners; universally beloved by his fellow-students and citizens at large. He would have commenced the itinerant ministry one year sooner than he did, had it not been for good Bishop McKendrec, who paid me a visit at Mount Ariel, and becoming well acquainted with Brother Turpin, sug-

gested to me the propriety of his remaining with me yet another year, and in the mean time for him to preach about as occasion might offer. I hinted the subject to Brother Turpin, and he most cordially gave in to it. The next year he went to work, and labored faithfully and effectively for some years; but his work being done, his Master beckoned him home, and in the most triumphant manner he ascended to heaven. His amiable wife was also a student of mine at Marion—Miss Ann Daniel. If she be yet living, and should read this sketch of her devoted and excellent husband, let her also read, that her old friend and teacher has not forgotten her, but confidently hopes to meet her and her dear husband in heaven.

There were also Francis C. Spraggin and Vardy Wooley, with two others whose names I have forgotten, all worthy and precious young men. When they located, and where they may have died,* I know not. I think I am justified in saying, I thank God that not one of them ever backslid; for had it been the case, I should certainly have had intelligence of their unhappy fate.

Whilst residing here, I became fully acquainted with that good man, Allen Turner. In 1829, he was appointed to Abbeville Circuit, within the bounds of which I lived. He was a plain, pointed, and honest-hearted Methodist preacher. He might then have been ranked with the old-school preachers; and I have but little doubt that the venerable brother continues such to the present day; at least, I hope he does. He was greatly beloved, and did much good.

* V. Wooley is still a local preacher in Georgia.—[EDITOR.]

In taking leave of Milledgeville, Ga., in my autobiography, I certainly was much in fault in not recording some truly worthy characters as members and even pillars of our Church. They must forgive me, and attribute the neglect, not to the want of due affection or sincere regard towards them, but alone to my state of health. Brother Washington, of precious memory, for many years housed and fed the preachers. He was a prominent class-leader, and active steward in the town. His family were also pious and devoted Christians. One of his daughters married a travelling preacher, our brother Tilman Snead: she was a choice woman, and an exemplary member of our Church.

Brother Thomas Stubbs can never be forgotten by Methodist preachers. His house was not only their welcome home, but he would at times conduct them to his store, and present them with garments already made, or with a sufficiency of cloth to make them. If a collection was to be made for Sunday-school books, a ten dollar bill would forthwith be handed over by him. His excellent wife and children exhibited the same disposition of kindness and benevolence. Such a family should certainly be recorded in the register of worthies by every Methodist preacher.

There were also Brother H. Malone and pious wife, and her father, and Brothers Ford, Green, and Turner, with many others; as also a number of females, members of our Church, with a Mrs. Godwin, of the Baptist Church, who were truly patterns of piety and ornaments to

the Christian name. Indeed, our Church there in 1834 had a choice set of members, male and female, and such I hope it has continued to be. With a slight exception, the year I spent there was uninterruptedly happy and pleasant with me. It is true that it was a year of labor, preaching regularly in the penitentiary as well as my own church, and meeting the classes, with holding prayer-meetings, etc.; yet my health was preserved, and my mind kept in peace.

PAGE 166.

Our dear brother, the Rev. John Lane, last November fell asleep. He died by the yellow fever. Being so well acquainted with Brother Lane—he entering the Conference with which I was connected, and travelling there as a preacher for some time, and then spending an entire year with him in his own house in Vicksburg, Miss.,—I ought to know somewhat of the dear man. In 1814, he joined the South Carolina Conference. If ever there was a charge brought against him as a minister or professor of religion, I never heard of it: I know it not. One thing I do know: he stood high in the South Carolina Conference, and the few years that I was with him in the Mississippi Conference, he there stood high and much beloved by the Conference. In 1837, when I was stationed in Vicksburg, no man, in Church or State, stood higher than he did in that town and its vicinity.

If his talents in the pulpit were not of the most brilliant order, they were nevertheless of a character

that effected much good. Under his solemn and pathetic appeals, the hardened sinner has been made to weep and tremble: with a heavenly pathos he has mingled his feelings with the penitent mourner, causing him to trust in the same Saviour who had shown mercy to the preacher; and with his brightened eye and elevated voice, has, by presenting the exalted privileges of the believer to his converted hearers, not only built them up in their most precious faith, but also effectually excited them to the "pressing toward the mark for the prize of the high calling of God in Christ Jesus;" yea, to the attainment of the length, and breadth, and depth, and height of redeeming love.

He was truly an agreeable companion, sometimes indulging in innocent and instructive anecdote, causing thereby some little risibility in the company present; but never to a degree of censurable hilarity or levity, to which too many are accustomed. He was good-natured, yet quite firm in his purposes. I never witnessed a better-governed family; yet never heard him scold or castigate a child or servant. It was but for him to speak, and they to look him in the face, and obedience was the immediate result. His excellent wife was a great auxiliary to his family government. They both knew how to govern themselves, being possessed of much firmness and Christian meekness.

I recollect one morning, when she, my wife, and self were seated in conversation, Brother Lane walked in, looking uncommonly solemn, and at length remarked, "Sarah, we are not worth a dime! The law-suit has gone against us, and we are ruined." It was a shock to myself and wife, not anticipating such dolorous

tidings ; but I looked at Sister Lane, and, to my astonishment, not a muscle in her face was changed, nor did the eye alter its accustomed sprightliness, nor the tongue utter one word of discontent or reflection upon him or any one else. It was a law-suit involving property of Mr. Vick, deceased, in the town of Vicksburg. But I am glad to learn that said property is at last gained to the heirs of Mr. Vick.

Brother Lane, in family government, endeavored fully to follow up the directions of St. Paul : "Fathers, provoke not your children to wrath, but bring them up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord ;" and in relation to servants, "forbearing threatening," well knowing that he also had "a Master in heaven." Would that all parents and masters were thus actuated !

Judge Lane was no ordinary man. In him were manifestly united uniform piety with Christian charity ; meekness and fervor, dignity and gentleness, with plainness and neatness ; yea, I might add, with all the graces that dignify human nature. I may have thought too highly of him, for I candidly acknowledge that in my view of the appearance, etc., of the man, he would have dignified the episcopal chair as well as the judge's bench or the sacred desk. But he has gone from us, to mingle with the blood-washed throng in glory. O that unworthy I may see and unite with him there for ever ! And may Almighty God protect, bless, and finally save his widow and orphan children ! Amen and amen.

PAGE 170.

Before closing my remarks in reference to Holly Springs, I should have affectionately recognized that worthy man, the Rev. German Baker, a local preacher residing in the village. He had for years been a travelling preacher of acceptability and usefulness in the Tennessee Conference; and in Holly Springs he was no less acceptable and useful. His pious walk, his godly conversation, his meek and lowly spirit, united with his ardent zeal for the cause of God and for the prosperity of his Church, constituted him in word and deed a pillar to our little Zion in that place. I boarded with him some time, which enabled me the more fully to ascertain his real worth. He removed from Holly Springs to De Soto county; and whenever I heard from him, I always heard of his fidelity, zeal, and undoubted piety. He may yet be living; hence I forbear any further remarks.

A brother John Alexander, and his truly pious wife, with his excellent son, Robert, and his amiable wife, laid me under many obligations to them for their kindness, attention, and affection manifested towards myself and wife during our stay in Holly Springs.

I ought likewise not to pass by a Judge Haling and wife, a William Williams, wife, and children, a brother Lumpkins, wife, and children, some of whom are gone from Holly Springs and its vicinity to their long and, I trust, happy home in a better world; yet their works of charity, of goodness, and piety cannot soon be forgotten by the community in which they lived, by the Church to which they belonged, and especially by their

unworthy pastor, who tried to serve them to the utmost of his ability.

There was also at that time residing in Holly Springs a Dr. John Pitman, whom the Church in that place ought never to forget—a man of talent, piety, and much usefulness as a private member. I understand that he has removed to Memphis, and is yet alive, and, no doubt, remaining to the present day a worthy member of our Church. I can never forget his constant and untiring attention towards myself by day and night, when prostrated by an attack of congestive fever in Holly Springs, and all without fee or reward. God bless him, and abundantly reward him in a better world.

I should also have mentioned the cordiality and kindness of many of my Presbyterian brethren towards me during my stay in that place. Indeed, I never at any place witnessed more harmony between Methodists and Presbyterians than I did there. I hope it thus continues to the present day. I would here enter my solemn protest against bigotry. It is shocking to see Christian Churches “biting and devouring each other” on account of some non-essential discrepancies. It argues a want of that Christian charity or love so necessary to final salvation, namely, the charity that “suffereth long, and is kind; that envieth not; that vaunteth not itself; that is not puffed up; that does not behave itself unseemly; that seeketh not her own; is not easily provoked; that thinketh no evil; rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; that beareth all things, believeth all things, hopeth all things, endureth all things; yea, that charity that never faileth.”

Forget not, that where the above-mentioned characteristics of Christian charity were wanting, we are but "sounding brass and a tinkling cymbal."

PAGE 171.

Not for the want of due affection and of sincere regard was the name of our highly esteemed brother, Paul Palmer, neglected in my few remarks in relation to Sommerville. He did not at that time live in the village, but had his membership there, and was one of our active and faithful stewards. Few men ever excelled him in that office. Punctuality, fidelity, and untiring perseverance were prominent traits in the character of our dear Brother Palmer; and if yet alive, I have no reason to doubt are still daily manifested by him. He was truly a worthy member of our Church, and as such, should be recognized by us; as so, also, his very pious and amiable wife. I dearly esteemed them both, not only as warm friends, but especially as exemplary and pious members of my charge in Sommerville. I anticipate the unspeakable pleasure of meeting them both in heaven; yea, and their interesting children also. In the vicinity of Sommerville I shall never forget the attention and kindness of the aged Brother Littlejohn and family, a Burrill Pattison and excellent wife, a Colonel Henderson and his worthy wife, of the Presbyterian Church; as also many other members of the said Church in the village of Sommerville. Should I never meet them on earth, may the good Lord grant

us to have a union together in the Church triumphant,

“Where death shall all be done away,
And bodies part no more.”

PAGE 176.

My much esteemed friend, Hugh McGehee, a few months ago departed this life, I hope, for the uninterrupted enjoyments of immortality and eternal life. Brother McGehee was a very modest, unassuming man—a man of but few words, except with some particular and intimate friend. In his religious career he was noiseless; yet I presume few, if any, were more exemplary in their general deportment than was Hugh McGehee. He was wealthy; but his wealth by no means rendered him vain, or proud, or aristocratic. I was a frequent visitor at his house, and I do not recollect a solitary instance in family worship at night but that he had his slaves called into the parlor to join in family worship. He was charitable to the poor; and never did I know him refusing aid to any religious or benevolent enterprise. He was, nevertheless, economical in all his temporalities, and generally conferred his donations with advisedness. Notwithstanding he was a man of few words, yet he possessed an uncommon share of good common sense. He was a warm friend; but his knowledge of human nature enabled him to select only such as he thought worthy of his confidence and esteem. He was the enemy of no man. I recollect but one solitary instance, with all my intercourse with him, that I ever

heard him speak disrespectfully of any human being. Several of his dear children are dead and gone before him : the others now living, I trust, are trying to get to heaven. May the entire family be found at God's right hand !

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Our dear brother Edward F. Gibbs is no more. Last autumn he fell a victim to the yellow fever in Vicksburg, to which place he had removed two years previous to his death. But he died resigned, and in full and certain hope of future happiness through the blood of atonement. I had received a well-written and long letter from him some months before his demise, in which he expressed his hope, and only hope, in the merits of his blessed Saviour, with the ardent desire of attaining to the full enjoyment of Christian perfection. As he has left us, to mingle with the redeemed above, I can write more freely in relation to this good and worthy brother. He was piously trained ; and at an early period of life he embraced religion, and joined the Methodist Episcopal Church. His fidelity, his zeal, and godly walk, soon brought him into notice. He was appointed class-leader and steward, and by many of good judgment believed to be well qualified for the ministry ; but to this he demurred, from a consciousness of his unworthiness and want of talent. He married an amiable young lady, and engaged in merchandise ; but, like many others, not successfully. On his removal to Vicksburg he again embarked in the same calling, and, to all appearances, was bidding fair to prosper. His

Heavenly Father saw best to call him home. His loss to the class, to the Quarterly Conference, but especially to the Sunday-school, will be deeply felt. He was universally beloved. Bland and affectionate in his manners, dignified and honorable in all his intercourse with his fellow-creatures, he was greatly esteemed and respected.

In penning these few remarks in relation to our esteemed young brother, Edward F. Gibbs, my mind reverts to two of his truly worthy uncles, dead and gone, namely, the Rev. Henry T. Fitzgerald and the Rev. Edward I. Fitzgerald. These two brothers were for a short time itinerant preachers.

Henry T. was received on trial in the South Carolina Conference in 1818, and appointed to Little River Circuit; and such were his talents and piety, that in 1819 he was stationed in Charleston, with the Rev. Lewis Myers. As a preacher, a pastor, a gentleman, and a Christian, he was becoming duly appreciated, and brightening prospects of his usefulness were daily increasing, and many were prognosticating his future greatness, when he was seized with yellow fever, and passed away in triumph from earth to heaven.

He was from childhood moral and orderly in his conduct. As he grew up, he carefully avoided every species of profanity and outbreacking wickedness. At school he was studious and industrious, and became the favorite of all his schoolmates. He carefully cultivated a spirit of urbanity, affection, and mildness. At an early period of life, he found the pearl of great price. He felt it his duty to preach, conferred not with flesh and blood, entered the itinerant ministry, and went

to the place appointed him by the proper authorities. The pale horse of death is prancing through the streets of Charleston. Many of the hoary-headed clergy are fleeing in dread of his approach. Young Henry, and his aged and truly faithful senior, Lewis Myers, remain at their posts, in discharge of duty, regardless of consequences. No doubt he received the plaudit of his Divine Master, "Well done, good and faithful servant." I knew Brother H. T. Fitzgerald, and knew him only to love him, as a lovely, gifted, and pious youth.

His brother, Edward I. Fitzgerald, was admitted on trial in the travelling connection, South Carolina Conference, in the year 1822, and was appointed to Cooper River Circuit. Possessing talents of more than ordinary character for one of his age, and of unquestionable piety, in 1823 he was stationed in Savannah, with James O. Andrew, (now Bishop.) He labored on for some time with acceptability and considerable promise of usefulness; when he was suddenly attacked with mental derangement, and had to abandon his work. At the next Conference he was dropped, not for any moral defect, but solely on the account of his aberration of mind. After a while he was restored, and appeared to be blessed with a well-balanced mind. He preached with zeal and usefulness as a local preacher—married, and had quite a family; (however, I know of but three children now living.) For years he remains undisturbed in mind—holy, zealous, and much engaged in preaching, as a local preacher, in Grenada and its vicinity. His theme by day and night was holiness, his walk perfectly corresponding with his profession. But, strange to tell! he was again seized with perfect

derangement of mind, was taken to the lunatic asylum, and, after staying there a few weeks, death kindly released him from his melancholy confinement. The day of judgment alone can and will justify the ways of God to man. To us it is strange that such as a Robert Hall, of England, a Dr. Daniel Hall, of the Virginia Conference, and an Edward I. Fitzgerald, of Grenada, Mississippi, should ever become the subjects of insanity—all three, great and good men, and, when in their right minds, burning and shining lights in the pulpit. We can assign no satisfactory cause for such dispensations of Providence; for

“Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain:
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.”

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The physician alluded to was E. W. Hughes, the son-in-law of my old friends, John and Margaret Gibbs. Dr. Hughes is also a member of our Church, and acknowledged on all hands to be a first-rate and skilful physician. I was made to feel the deep interest he took in my case; for about the first thing that I took notice of upon the return of my consciousness was the good doctor's looks, when he stepped into my room, and found out that I knew him. Addressing me in his affectionate manner, his very eyes apparently dancing for joy, he gave me first to understand the length of time I had remained in a state of unconsciousness namely, eight

days. I could scarcely believe the good doctor's assertion, feeling no pain, hunger, or thirst, but quite calm and composed ; however, in attempting to move on my bed, I quickly perceived that I was by no means as well off as I thought myself to be. I would here record the attention and kindness, of him, his dear mother-in-law and her husband, Brother and Sister Gibbs, as also my own brother and sister-in-law, G. A. and Sarah Graves, both of whom are worthy of my best and warmest regards, with many other of my kind neighbors, who on this occasion evinced their deep concern in my behalf. A James N. Barnard, a B. Latham, a Jacob Keon, and an Abner Ely, a James McKelpin, with a Richard Nason, Sen., all brought me under lasting obligations to them for their untiring efforts to aid and comfort me in this hour of affliction. Some of the foregoing are Methodists, others Presbyterians, and one Baptist. Yet the pleasing thought radiates through my inmost soul, we may, can, and I hope will, all mingle together in heaven.

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Among the list of local preachers that I have mentioned as having been once itinerants, and justly meriting the appellation of "fathers or pioneers of Southern Methodism," the name of Llewellyn Evans should by no means be passed over without notice. With this beloved man I was well acquainted. It is true that he did not rank among those called great and eloquent; yet very few in the ministry sustained an equality with

him for sweetness of temper, for urbanity of manners, for universal and undoubted piety, at home or abroad, in the pulpit, in the social and family circle, in the mixed crowd at the court-house, or at the ballot-box : be he where he might, he was the same uniform and exemplary man of God. Indeed, his very looks were loud preaching. I literally loved to look at him, for in so doing I could not help feeling that I was gazing upon a saint, a child of God, an heir of immortality and eternal life ; and I could plainly see depicted in his countenance the visage of my Lord and Master. The gay, the giddy, the thoughtless, and the profane, were awed into reverence at his approach. He brought up a large family, all of whom are not only respectable, but pious and worthy members of the M. E. Church, South. Three of his sons are ministers of the gospel—one a local preacher, and two itinerants in the Georgia Conference. James E. Evans, favorably known, and justly recognized as one of our excellent and highly-esteemed ministers of the Georgia Conference, is a son of the venerable father whose name and virtues we are here recording.

I addressed a few lines to his son, James E. Evans, now stationed in Macon, Georgia Conference, (1856,) to give me some particulars in relation to his sainted father, of which I was ignorant, viz., his birth, death, etc., which letter in relation to his father I will take the liberty of transcribing:

“ My dear father was born in Virginia, in 1771. His father moved to South Carolina while my father was quite a child, where my father lived until he joined the

travelling connection. He married my mother, Miss Mary Harris, of Harrisburg, Ga., at the close of his seventh year in the itinerancy, at which time he located. He continued a local preacher until he died, in 1842, in the seventy-first year of his age. He was one of the most scrupulously honest men I ever knew, and a most spiritually devoted Christian, and a zealous, useful minister of the gospel. He died in great peace, exhorting all around him to be faithful, and to meet him in heaven. It is proper to note that all through life he seemed to have a natural horror of the dying struggle, when soul and body should be parting. The poet well expresses it, when he says,

‘The pains, the groans, the dying strife
Fright our approaching souls away ;
And we shrink back again to life,
Fond of our prison and our clay.’

He would often say, ‘I have no dread beyond the grave, but O, the dying struggle!’ Such were his views and feelings whilst living, even when in health. But God was better to him than all his fears. When he came to die, he passed away so gently, like unto one falling asleep, that my brother sitting by him did not know the moment when he breathed his last.

“He left my mother and eight children, six sons and two daughters, to mourn his loss. My mother is dead, and the youngest child ; but six sons and my eldest sister still live. Three of the sons are ministers : two in the Georgia Conference, and one local. All the children are in the Church. He laid great stress upon bringing up his children ‘in the way they should go.’ And we are now reaping the fruit.”

The reader may rest assured that there is nothing exaggeratory in this letter from his excellent son. Never, no, never, should he be forgotten ; but continually presented to the minds of both clergy and laity, as a worthy sample to imitate. It might be satisfactory to his numerous friends to know the particular fields of labor assigned to our dear Brother Evans when itinerating. The first mention of his name is in 1797, when he was appointed to Franklin Circuit ; 1798, Newbern ; 1799, Union ; 1800, Edisto, at the end of which Conference year he located. But in 1802, he re-entered the itinerancy, and was stationed in Georgetown ; 1803, Edisto and Orangeburg ; at the end of which year he again located, not of choice, but of necessity. There is some discrepancy between his son's letter to me and the bound minutes : in 1797, he is put down with those remaining on trial ; yet in 1796 there is no mention of his name among those who were admitted on trial ; neither does he in that year have any work assigned him, yet the next year, 1797, he is continued on trial ; so that I think his son is correct in stating that he located in his seventh year of itinerancy. But be that as it may, one thing we are now assured of, viz., that he has finally located in heaven, glory be to God !

We might say much more in relation to this worthy pioneer of Southern Methodism ; but I consider it needless ; for in his lifetime he was known and read of all men, and in his death he proved the truths of the doctrines he had been preaching for forty-five years. Could the curtain be drawn aside, and we have a full view of his present condition, we should no doubt be-

hold him highly exalted in glory. May his mantle fall on his three beloved sons in the ministry ; and may the family who were so harmonious on earth, be all united in heaven.

Having again introduced my sketches of local preachers, I have thought best to redeem my promise made in my autobiography, page 126, in reference to the Rev. Hope Hull, "to give the history of his itinerant ministry from the commencement until his location." It may afford satisfaction to his relations and many friends who may not know the places where this eminent minister labored in the early days of Methodism in the South. As to his birth, parentage, and the time of his death, I myself am entirely ignorant. I wish it were otherwise. He is, indeed, worthy of some biographical pen far superior to mine. I hope that such a one may yet be found.

He was admitted on trial in the travelling connection in 1785, and appointed to Salisbury Circuit ; in 1786 to Pee Dee Circuit ; in 1787 to Amelia Circuit ; in 1788 to Washington Circuit ; in 1789 to Burke Circuit ; in 1790 stationed in Savannah ; in 1791 to Burke Circuit ; in 1792 stationed in Hartford, (North ;) in 1793 Savannah, (again ;) in 1794 his name is registered in the catalogue of elders, but not in any station or circuit, (I presume by mistake,) but at the end of that year he located. However, his name again appears on the minutes for 1797, and he is stationed in Augusta. This was his last appointment from Conference. Having travelled ten or twelve years, faithful in his calling, and successful in his pious efforts, he finally located, no doubt upon justifiable grounds, and endeavored to reconcile it to himself in doing all he could for God,

and the Church in a local sphere. And, truly, in that field of action, he was mighty in word and doctrine. What was said of Barnabas, may have been said of him: "For he was a good man, full of the Holy Ghost and of faith."

He naturally possessed a turn for repartee, but seldom indulged therein, except when palpable good might be the result. I understood that at a certain time, a man accompanied by two or three others met him in the road. One of them, considerably inebriated, apparently glad to see him, says, "Brother Hull, you are the very man that converted my soul at such a time." "Ah!" says Mr. Hull, "it looks like some of my work; if God had converted you, in all probability, you would not have been drunk to-day."

At another time, he and a Calvinistic minister were walking in an orchard together. The Calvinistic brother was arguing very strongly on God's decreeing whatever comes to pass; and holding up a peach that he had in his hand, added, "I believe that from all eternity God decreed that I should eat this peach to-day;" and when about putting it to his mouth, Mr. Hull remarked, "I believe that I will break that decree," and snatched it out of his hands and ate it himself, much to the confusion of his friend.

It is also said of him, that when quite a young preacher, he stopped at a tavern, where he was not known. There was a dance to be in the house that night. When the people collected, the man of the house remarked that a good-looking, well-dressed young man was there, and it would be no more than polite in them to request him to open the dance. The request was

made ; to which Mr. Hull replied, if they would permit him to open it in accordance with his own views, he would do so. Not suspecting him to be a clergyman, they readily complied. He asked to be introduced to the one whom they designed for his partner. This being done, she took his arm, and they walked into the room where the dancers, fiddler, etc., were waiting. Mr. Hull bowed to the company, and said, "As you have been so polite as to request me to open the ball, I must state to the ladies and gentlemen present, that I never engage in any enterprise whatever without asking the blessing of God upon it. Now," says he, "you will all be so good as to unite with me in prayer. Let us kneel down and pray." Holding the young lady by the hand, he prayed one of his energetic prayers, loud and long. The company, astounded, and several conscience-smitten, dispersed without any dancing that night.

I give these anecdotes in substance as stated to me. Whether true or not, one thing is certain, Mr. Hull's motto was, to do all things to the glory of God ; and to this point he devoted all his talents, wit, learning, eloquence, wealth, and influence.

I was acquainted with only one of his children, namely, Asbury Hull, and had only to be acquainted with him in order to love and highly esteem him. If he was a sample of the rest, it was truly an amiable family. May they all, with their pious father, have an abundant entrance into the kingdom of glory !

Considerable regret has been expressed to me that I had said no more in relation to the Rev. James Russell. As what was written by Dr. Olin and others,

in reference to him, is not even in pamphlet form, having been merely published in one of our Advocates; and as he had a large acquaintance, and a number of warm friends, I have concluded to offer to the reader of this work some remarks concerning him. I am sorry that I have not Dr. Olin's Memoirs; but I will do the best I can by the aid of the printed minutes.

He was admitted on trial in the travelling connection in 1805, and appointed to Bladen Circuit, with Lewis Myers and John Porter; in 1806 Great Pee Dee Circuit; in 1807 Sparta Circuit, with the venerable Jesse Lee and J. Porter; in 1808 Appalachee Circuit; in 1809 Little River Circuit; in 1810 Little River Circuit; in 1811 Louisville Circuit; in 1812, 1813, and 1814, he was stationed in Savannah, Georgia. At the end of 1814 he located. When he went to Savannah he found but three white and two colored members in our Church; that year he returned twenty-seven whites and twenty-five colored; the next year he returned thirty whites and thirty-five colored. It was truly difficult for our Church to get foothold in Savannah, and required much faith and perseverance. In 1807 our beloved Brother Samuel Dunwody was stationed there, and returned but five whites and nine colored. In 1808 the great and good James H. Mellard was appointed there, and returned but four whites and seven colored. In 1809 and 1810 John McVean was stationed there, and returned but nine whites and seven colored for the two years. This was truly discouraging, and I suspect that none but Methodists would have held on.

Let us now turn to the minutes of 1855 and 1856, and behold what great things the Lord hath done for

us, even in Savannah : the number now is five hundred and seventy-four whites and three hundred and sixty-six colored, and five local preachers, besides the hundreds of whites and colored that through our instrumentality have reached the blessed shore of eternal life.—But to return to James Russell.

He was born in North Carolina—what county I know not, neither the year of his birth, but should surmise it to be about A. D. 1782. It was not long after his conversion that he felt it impressed upon him to call sinners to repentance. Conscious of his own incapacity, he threw himself entirely upon God for aid and success ; hence he was a man of much prayer. He started, with Bible, hymn-book, Discipline, and spelling-book, “not knowing whither he went.” He spelled his lessons, read his hymns, Bible, and Discipline, as well as he could ; prayed effectually, trusted implicitly in his God, preached with zeal and power, and before twelve months expired, many hundreds were happily converted to God through his instrumentality. His fame spread from Dan to Beersheba ; the trooping multitudes flocked to hear him. Captains, majors, generals, doctors, lawyers, judges, professors, and philosophers, commingled in the crowd, and often with the common people were seen weeping, yea, trembling, and, finally, falling at the foot of the cross, loudly crying for mercy. The State of Georgia was particularly blessed by his zealous and pious labors, and it was in that part of the country that many of the rich and great were brought home to God under his ministry. I have much doubted the propriety of his ever being sent to Savannah. A circuit or a district would have

been a field of operation much more congenial with his feelings, and I think much more adapted to his talents for usefulness. But as I have said of other brethren, so I say of him, "O that he had never located!" But he did locate; and the next unfortunate step he took was to engage in merchandise. For a few years he was doing well upon a moderate scale of business, and had he been content to "let well enough alone," he might have avoided much trouble and much loss. But his motto through life had been "go ahead," and so in the mercantile line he felt disposed to enlarge his borders. And being by nature too confiding, and viewing almost everybody as honest as himself, he ultimately fell a prey to a sharper who took advantage of his goodness, and at once plunged him into temporal ruin, and, I might add, extreme want. I met with him in this forlorn situation; but am glad to state found him cheerful, resigned, and happy in the Lord. I believe that God wanted to save Brother Russell, and he might have foreseen that much worldly prosperity would have proven his downfall. How few lay it to heart, "that they that will be rich fall into temptation, and a snare, and into many foolish and hurtful lusts, which drown men in destruction and perdition," and that "the love of money is the root of all evil;" and how "hard it is for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of heaven." And how few consider the converse, "Hearken, my beloved brethren: hath not God chosen the poor of this world, rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him?" This was emphatically the character of our dear Brother Russell for the remainder of his life.

It may be asked, In what did his greatness consist? wherein did his moral strength lie? I know not that I shall be able to satisfy the inquirer. Mr. Russell was of medium size, gray eyes and black hair, athletic, and of quick motion. He had two prominent characteristics of an orator, viz., a large mouth and a voluble tongue. To me there was nothing remarkable in his countenance. Had I met him on the way, not knowing who he was, I should have passed him by as a common man, of no extraordinary powers of either body or mind. It was in the pulpit, and in the pulpit alone, that the extraordinary was exhibited. The pulpit was his strong forte; and there, with fluency of language, (generally grammatical and chaste,) with fervency of spirit, with an uncommon degree of heavenly zeal, and with the Holy Ghost sent down from heaven, the tall son of Anak, the thoughtless youth, the gray-headed sinner, and the scholastic infidel, were made to bow and to acknowledge the power of God under his preaching. He was at times quite figurative; and his figures, though not of classic character, were nevertheless very appropriate, and truly interesting; and the more so on account of their originality. He appeared to be perfectly original in what is termed the skeleton of a sermon, and in his voice and manner an imitator of no one. In the early part of his ministry he was rather vociferous at times; but as he became older, he also became more moderate, without any apparent loss of holy zeal or Christian fervor. I know it cannot be viewed as any invidiousness in me to say that during the itinerancy of James Russell, he did more good than any other man of his day and time in the South Caro-

lina Conference. His good natural abilities, his depth of piety, (for he professed the witness of sanctification,) his undoubted call to the ministry, with the daily verification of the promise of his Lord and Master, "Lo, I am with you," will account for his unparalleled success.

I was intimately acquainted with brother Russell whilst he was itinerating, when local, when in prosperity, and when in deep adversity; and in all the changes he was called to pass through, I still found him the same humble, prayerful, and holy man of God. I think it was about the year 1828 or 1829, that he closed his earthly career, and bid adieu to all the sorrows of life, at the house of his warm and undeviating friend, Doctor Moon, a local preacher of Union District, South Carolina. On his dying-pillow he was triumphant, and left the heart-cheering testimony to his friends and relatives that he was going safe to heaven; and there he has, no doubt, already happily united with hundreds whom he was made the happy instrument of bringing home to God, and who will be as stars in his crown of rejoicing, world without end.

I intended to say more in relation to that faithful and indefatigable servant of God and the Church, Thomas Humphries, but did not, owing to causes already mentioned. I will now, for the satisfaction of his many friends and relatives, state the fields of labor to which he was appointed during his itinerancy.

He was received on trial in the travelling connection A. D. 1783, and appointed to Berkley Circuit; in 1784, Guilford Circuit; in 1785, Tar River Circuit; in 1786, Georgia Circuit, (including the entire State;) in 1787, Augusta, Ga.; in 1788, Pee Dee Circuit; in 1789, Little

Pee Dee Circuit ; in 1790, Georgetown, S. C. : in 1791, 1792, 1793, I presume he was supernumerary or superannuated—the Minutes of those days have no such questions—but in 1794 he is returned on the Minutes located. In 1797 he reëntered the itinerancy, and was appointed presiding elder, his district embracing Little Pce Dee, Anson, Great Pee Dee, and Bladen; having as coadjutors James Douthet, John Russell, James Patterson, John Floyd, Christopher S. Mooring, and Moses Black. In 1798 he was appointed to Little Pce Dee Circuit ; and at the termination of this Conference year he finally located—I never heard him say, but I presume, more through weakness of body than through family concerns. Although he was sprightly even in old age, yet he by no means possessed a robust frame or healthful constitution. Let the younger preachers of the present age, when travelling over those fields of labor, recollect that before they were born, the tears, and sweat, and prayers of the sainted Thomas Humphries were mellowing the soil, and the gospel plough—to which he had put his hand, never to look back—was breaking up the fallow-ground for them to reap an abundant and easy harvest. How thankful should our younger itinerants be for living in this day and time !

Some were disposed to blame father Humphries for, as they said it, “making people laugh under preaching.” It is true, he had a considerable faculty of humor about him, but never used it in the pulpit for the sole purpose of “courting a grin, when he should have wooed a soul :” no, it was only used to wake up attention to something important that he was about to introduce. I will give a sample. On a certain sultry Sabbath, the

house densely crowded—several outside—the good old man was preaching: the spirit of dormancy was seizing a goodly number: some two or three outside were in conversation. The preacher turns round towards them, and, with a pretty loud voice, says, “I would thank those gentlemen outside of the church not to talk quite so loud, or they will wake up the people in the house.” Well, it had the desired effect: silence outside, and a waking up inside of the Church. True, for a moment it created a smile upon many. They admired the ingenuity of the preacher in so happily killing “two birds with one stone;” and father Humphries now had the attention of the people *en masse*; and good use he made of it, by bringing home to their consciences truths calculated to search their hearts, or, warm as the day was, to cause the blood to run cold in their veins. He was none of your daubers with untempered mortar; neither was he ever known to “cry Peace, peace,” when “God had not spoken peace.” Yet at the same time he was well calculated to build up believers in their most holy faith, and successfully to point the trembling penitent to the blood of atonement. Indeed, he well knew how to give to all their meat in due season; and he himself was always “instant in season, out of season; reproving, rebuking, and exhorting with all long-suffering and doctrine.” But long since he went home, and truly may we say,

“The good old man is gone!

He is gone to his saintly rest,

Where no sorrow can be known,

And no trouble can molest;

For his crown of life is won,

And the dead in Christ are blessed!

“The wise old man is gone!

He lies in his saintly rest,
And his labors all are done,

And the work that he loved the best.

The brave old man is gone,

But the dead in Christ are blessed!”

ON APOSTASY.

IN my short address to my friends and old acquaintances at large, I entirely neglected to call their attention to this all-important subject. I admit that it is a mooted question with some Churches, but not with the members of the Methodist Episcopal Church, whom I addressed, and to whom in this Appendix I continue my address. Hence I need not quote a multiplicity of texts to prove a doctrine that you all concede to be true, and to be most plainly proven from the sacred Scriptures, both in the Old and in the New Testaments. Would to God that our argument to prove the truth of the doctrine were confined to the letter of the text! Alas! too many living and palpable facts go to prove its authenticity. How many in our own Church, as well as in other Churches, that once bade fair for the kingdom of heaven, have tired in their pious efforts, and by degrees have gone back to the world and to the service of the wicked one!

It seldom happens that any one suddenly apostatizes from God. Apostasy is generally gradual. Men first become backsliders in heart. Hence it is that the Holy

Ghost by St. Paul says, "Take heed, brethren, lest there be in any of you an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God. But exhort one another daily while it is called To-day, lest any of you be hardened through the deceitfulness of sin. For we are made partakers of Christ, if we hold the beginning of our confidence steadfast unto the end." Heb. iii. 12-14. The heart! yes, the heart, as described by our Lord: "For from within, out of the heart of men, proceed evil thoughts, adulteries, fornications, murders, thefts, covetousness, wickedness, deceit, lasciviousness, an evil eye, blasphemy, pride, foolishness." Mark vii. 21, 22. Our Lord further adds, "that out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Matt. xii. 34. The prophet Jeremiah, xvii. 5, 9, says: "Thus saith the Lord: Cursed is the man that trusteth in man, and maketh flesh his arm, and whose heart departeth from the Lord." "The heart is deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked: who can know it?" Well might the Divine command be given, "Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life," Prov. iv. 23; or, as it might be translated, "Keep thy heart above all keeping;" *i. e.*, with a greater concern and watchfulness than any other deposit whatever. Gold, silver, land, honors, and even life itself, are not to be so strictly watched, cared for, guarded, and protected—"for out of it are the issues of life." "The heart is the seat of the Lord of life and glory; and the streams of spiritual life proceed from him to all the powers and faculties of the soul. Watch with all diligence that this fountain be not sealed up, nor these streams of life be cut off. Look inward—look onward—look upward."—Dr. A. Clarke,

in loc. I would add, Look all about you, on the right and on the left, and keep looking. O! this treacherous, unbelieving heart! how prone "to depart from the living God!"

It was said of the ancient Israelites that "their heart was not right in the sight of God, neither were they steadfast in his covenant." Ps. lxxviii. 37. Would to God that this lamentable charge were alone applicable to the ancient Jews! But I fear that hundreds, if not thousands, of our Israel may be classed in the same category. Their hearts not being right in the sight of the Lord, they do not continue steadfast in his covenant. If the heart be not kept with all diligence, evil thoughts and evil affections will necessarily take place. Our every thought should be guarded; for "the thought of foolishness is sin." Prov. xxiv. 9. True, we cannot at all times help our thoughts, for "thought will intrude;" yet we can and must use all diligence in repelling evil thoughts. As a certain writer remarks, "We cannot keep the birds from flying over our heads, but we may prevent their building nests in our hair." The prophet Jeremiah cries out, "O Jerusalem, wash thine heart from wickedness, that thou mayest be saved! how long shall thy vain thoughts lodge within thee?" He does not say, How long shall thy vain thoughts *pass* through thy mind? but it is the lodgment, the indulgence of those thoughts in the heart that called forth this pathetic apostrophe from the weeping prophet.

The injecting of a wicked thought by Satan in the mind of a godly man is no sin to him if he does not yield to it. But be you assured, dear reader, that the very first step to apostasy is the reception of evil

thoughts of any kind or description in the heart. A wicked thought, engendering anger, lust, or pride, or any such like passion, "being conceived, it bringeth forth sin; and sin, when it is finished, bringeth forth death." James i. 15. This being the dolorous and awful effect of evil thoughts, should we not, with the Psalmist, exclaim, "I hate vain thoughts?" Psalm cxix. 113; and again, with him pray, "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my Strength and my Redeemer?" Psalm xix. 14. Forget not the declaration of our Lord previously quoted, that "out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Let but the heart become replete with the evil thoughts of prejudice, and forthwith out of the mouth floweth a torrent of "angry, rough, and harsh expressions;" and well if there be no mixture of profane language in the uncomely and filthy stream. Permit but the evil thoughts of pride to occupy the heart, and the mouth will quickly be found speaking forth "great swelling words."

Permit me to impress your minds with this solemn truth, "Thou God seest me." There is a pen up yonder recording every idle word you utter, every act that you do, yea, every thought that you nourish or indulge in your heart. The Psalmist exclaims, "O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me: thou knowest my down-sitting and mine uprising: thou understandest my thought afar off." Hence, with him let us sincerely pray, "Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts; and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting." Bear in mind the declaration of our Lord, Matt. xii. 36,

"But I say unto you, that every idle word that men shall speak, they shall give an account thereof in the day of judgment." How should we guard, and strive, and "watch, and pray that we fall not into temptation!" By prayer and faith we can foil the adversary; but in so doing, be careful to

"Leave no unguarded place,
No weakness of the soul:
Take every virtue, every grace,
And fortify the whole."

My good and beloved friends will not take amiss some further remarks in relation to a manifested departure from God.

And, First, the want of brotherly love is a certain sign; for if you once yield to evil surmisings, envyings, and jealousies, you most effectually close the door of your heart against the reviving showers of Divine grace: yea, as Mr. Fletcher remarks, you might as well attempt to fill up a corked bottle by pouring water on it, as to fill the heart with joy and peace, when already replete with prejudice. There is no passing through life without some trials of our graces; but we should regard the language of the poet:

"For every trifle scorn to take offence:
That always shows great pride, or little sense:
Good nature and good sense must always join:
To err, is human: to forgive, divine."

A certain wagoner driving on a rough road one dark night, heard another wagoner meeting him, and with a loud and commanding voice bade him give the road to him, or he would serve him as he did a wagoner the night before. The wagoner gave way, and when the

other came up to him, asked him how he served the waggoner last night. "Why," said he, "he would not give way to me, and I gave way to him; and thus I intended to serve you." Brethren, do not forget it. "He would not give way to me, and I gave way to him." Go, and do likewise; yea, rather suffer wrong than do wrong. A good conscience, and an approving God!—O, what a treasure! Let us possess it.

Another infallible sign of our departure from God is a wilful neglect of the means of grace; such as, Bible-reading, church-going, prayer-meetings, and class-meetings; family and closet prayer, the holy sacrament, and appointed times for fasting and humiliation; also, a delight in visiting and participating in jovial society; a fondness for dress and show; a silly and sickening effort to imitate the gay and giddy throng. O, when shall professing female Christians learn more sense, and not make themselves the sport and ridicule of those whom they are thus trying to ape? But alas! my young sister, you are speedily departing from God, and O, what a mercy if your course does not continue downward until it land you in hopeless ruin!

As a warning to one and all against apostasy, we will give you a brief account of two persons who were once shining lights in the Church of God. One was a lady of good character and of acknowledged piety; a member of our Church, and who for years had even professed the attainment of sanctification. Her husband, on some account, was expelled the Church. She became prejudiced—withdrew from the Church—totally neglected the house of God. Yielding to the tempter

more and yet more, the closet was also relinquished; the Bible laid aside: the house (i. e., the heart) being empty of grace and garnished with pride, unbelief, and prejudice, the evil spirit who had once inhabited it returns, and brings with him seven more: they enter in and take possession; and truly the last state of that poor woman was worse than the first. Death calls for her: she realizes her fearful doom; and for three long weeks groans under the impending wrath already kindled in her wretched soul, continually exclaiming that her doom was fixed, no mercy in heaven for her, and that she justly deserved the damnation of hell; and in this awful and heart-rending condition she breathed her last.

The other instance was that of a young man of promise, of considerable talent, and of unexceptionable deportment. He professed conversion, joined our Church, and in a short time is appointed a class-leader. The Church and all have confidence in him. But alas! pride gets possession of his heart: he is not sufficiently honored by the Church: he leaves it; and step after step departs farther and yet farther from God. He reads Tom Paine; becomes an infidel; joins a club of infidels, who meet on Sabbath-days to kick the Bible about in a certain room. The time of his departure from earth speedily arrives. The doctors pronounce his case hopeless; and a truly hopeless case was it for soul as well as body. He unhesitatingly says that hell is his portion. His friends send for a preacher to come and pray with him. The man of God tries to pray: asks God to have mercy on him. His reply was, "O God, don't hear him!" When the preacher would

exclaim, "Lord, save him!" his response would be, "O God, damn me, and send me to hell at once!" And in this terrific manner poor Mr. P—— bade earth farewell!

Dear reader, do you ever feel like apostatizing?—or are you ready to say with your aged friend, Rather let me be torn piecemeal, limb by limb, or suffer the flames of martyrdom, than to meet the fate of the two above-named apostates? In order to avoid it, let us "take heed that there be not in us an evil heart of unbelief in departing from the living God." Let us "keep the heart with all diligence." Let us pray God "to create in us a clean heart, and to renew a right spirit within us." Let us keep in recollection the old adage, that "a single leak may sink the ship." Let us "strive to enter in at the strait gate." And permit me to add, that one, just one wilful sin indulged in by us would swell us so immensely large that it would amount to a moral impossibility for us to enter in. "If I regard iniquity in my heart, the Lord will not hear me." To prevent apostasy, let us pluck out right eye and cut off right-hand sins; and carefully attend to the instruction given us in 2 Peter i. 5–7, 10: "And beside this, giving all diligence, add to your faith virtue; and to virtue, knowledge; and to knowledge, temperance; and to temperance, patience; and to patience, godliness; and to godliness, brotherly kindness; and to brotherly kindness, charity;" "for if ye do these things, ye shall never fall." No: thanks be unto God, there is no necessity for apostasy.

But have any of my dear brethen, since I last saw them, "left their first love?" To such I would say,

“Remember from whence thou art fallen, and repent, and do the first works.” You have lost ground, but, thank God, you have not lost all ground. You have a little religion yet: the good Spirit has been grieved, but still he hovers around you, loth to give you up. Let it be your cry,

“Return, O holy Dove, return,
Sweet Messenger of rest:
I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
And drove thee from my breast.”

He will return, reënter your heart, heal your backslidings, and love you freely. Do not delay—I beg you, do not delay. Come back to Christ: get home again; and where you have prayed once, pray thrice; and where you have fasted once, fast twice.

What is this poor world in comparison to an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away? What would it profit us to gain the whole world, and in the bargain to lose our own souls? If I am happy enough to get to heaven, I expect that three circumstances will produce some wonder in my mind: the first will be that unworthy I ever reached the blessed shore; the second will be in looking around in heaven for some that I was sure would get there, but, alas! they have not entered in: they fell by the hands of some Saul, and are shut out from heaven world without end. My brother, will it be you? It need not be. You may get to heaven if you will but persevere in well-doing. The third matter of astonishment will be, that some I never calculated on getting to heaven will be there: their zigzag movements many years ago, when I knew them almost forbade any hopes of meeting them in

the goodly land ; but they changed their course, they repented of their follies, they were pardoned and washed in the atoning blood of Christ ; and here they are, high up in heaven. My brother, my sister, will it be you? God grant it !

Meditate daily about heaven, where all your toils and sufferings will be over, and keep in mind that

“The more you toil and suffer here,
The sweeter heaven will be;”

that your light afflictions, which are but for a moment, are working out for you a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory. Bear up a little longer : never let it be said that you apostatized from God and the Church. Thank God that no temptation can happen unto you but such as is common unto men ; and that Christ was in all points tempted like as we are, yet he and thousands of his disciples have conquered, and you may conquer too.

But still more effectually to prevent apostasy, keep an abiding consciousness of your own weakness, and the absolute necessity of clinging close to your Almighty Saviour, never for a moment trusting to an arm of flesh, but feeling and saying,

“Every moment, Lord, I want
The merit of thy death.”

And to aid you in this all-important duty, I will here transcribe a rather poetical curiosity, published in the National Intelligencer :

“Cling to the mighty One,	(Ps. lxxxix. 19.)
Cling in thy grief;	(Heb. xii. 11.)
Cling to the holy One,	(Hab. i. 12.)
He gives relief.	(Ps. cxvi. 9.)

- "Cling to the gracious One, (Ps. cxvi. 5.)
 Cling in thy pain; (Ps. lv. 4.)
 Cling to the faithful One, (1 Thess. v. 24.)
 He will sustain. (Ps. xxviii. 8.)
- "Cling to the living One, (Heb. vii. 25.)
 Cling in thy woe; (Ps. lxxxvi. 7.)
 Cling to the loving One, (1 John iv. 16.)
 Whilst here below. (Rom. viii. 28.)
- "Cling to the pardoning One, (Isa. i. 18.)
 He speaketh peace; (John xiv. 27.)
 Cling to the healing One, (Ex. xv. 26; Jer. iii. 22.)
 Anguish shall cease. (Ps. cxlvii. 3.)
- "Cling to the bleeding One, (1 John i. 7.)
 Cling to his side; (John xx. 27.)
 Cling to the risen One, (Rom. iv. 25; vi. 6, 9.)
 In him abide. (John xv. 4.)
- "Cling to the coming One, (Rev. xxii. 20.)
 Hope shall arise; (Tit. ii. 13.)
 Cling to the reigning One, (Ps. xcvi. 1.)
 Joy lights thine eyes." (Ps. xvi. 11.)

I hope the reader will examine each text referred to, in connection with the foregoing lines. How often has it been the ease that one single verse of the inspired Scriptures has proved a most salutary and lasting benefit to the tempted and afflicted child of God! Yea, to the careless and impenitent sinner it has become the power of God unto salvation. Little did that youth think, when going into battle, that the pocket Bible which his pious mother presented him was to become the means of both his temporal and spiritual salvation! The Bible, being placed in a side-pocket, prevented the bullet from piercing his vitals. Curiosity leading him to examine how far the bullet had penetrated the Bible,

he pursued its ravages on to Ecclesiastes xi., and there it stopped at, "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth, and let thy heart cheer thee in the days of thy youth, and walk in the ways of thine heart, and in the sight of thine eyes; but know thou that for all these things, God will bring thee into judgment." On that solitary verse the youth fastens his eyes, meditates, and duly reflects: becomes convinced of his unpreparedness to meet his God in judgment: bows at the foot of the cross: obtains the forgiveness of his sins: returns home to his sainted mother: points her attention to the course of the bullet; and then exclaims, "O mother! that verse has brought me, a poor wanderer, home to God; and I now feel that, unworthy as I am, I am nevertheless his adopted child."

But not only has one verse thus afforded a lasting blessing to the reader: a word, yea, a single word from this book of books has had its glorious and benign effects upon the attentive reader. The sister of the late Archdeacon of Bombay, in one of her hymns, describes the powerful effect produced upon her heart by the word "freely;" no doubt referring to Rom. iii. 24, and Rev. xxii. 17. She thus gives vent to her feelings in the following beautiful stanza:

"When to my inmost heart
Thou didst *one* word impart,
Mighty in strength,
Larger and larger grew,
On my astonished view,
Its breadth and length."

Permit me, then, to exhort you to read, yea, even to memorize the verses above quoted. I know they will

do you good: they will prove a powerful preventive to apostasy. I do earnestly want you to get to heaven, and we well know that none but those who endure to the end can be saved; and in order to this final perseverance, I am truly desirous of your becoming Bible-wise, as also of having your minds well instructed in the particular doctrines and usages of our most excellent Church. In my former address to you on Reading, I was not as explicit and full as I should have been; and before I close this appendix I must be a little more specific on this very essential point.

And in the first place, our periodicals should have a wide circulation, and each Methodist family by all means should possess at least one or more of our Christian Advocates. The Home Circle, published at Nashville, ought to be read (especially by every female) throughout the length and breadth of our Southern country. It is blessed with a first-rate editor. The Southern Methodist Quarterly Review is worthy of the acceptance of all intelligent gentlemen and ladies of any Church community. In addition to these, if you have not already got them, you ought forthwith to procure Watson's Apology for the Bible, with Refutation of Paine, by Thomas O. Summers, D. D.; Appeal to Matter of Fact, by Mr. Fletcher; Baptism, a Treatise on the Nature, etc., by Thomas O. Summers, D. D.; Dancing: an Essay on, by Crane; Methodist Pamphlets for the People; Gate of Prayer; Holiness, a Treatise on Sanctification, by Dr. Summers; Methodism—Primary Platform, by Dr. Henkle; Bishop Morris's Sermons; and if possible Clarke's or Benson's Commentary—all the above-mentioned works are well calculated to

illumine the understanding, to correct the judgment, to mend the heart, and to aid you in the discharge of your duties to God, to your fellow-creatures, and to yourselves. I did not mention Bible, Hymn book, and Discipline; expecting, of course, that as Methodists you already possess these. Do not fail in procuring the above-named works. They can all be obtained at our Publishing House, in Nashville, Tennessee. They are all cheap, and will more than a hundred-fold compensate you for the trifle they cost.

The Protestant Churches have long since exploded the Romanist dogma, that "Ignorance is the mother of devotion." And facts always go to demonstrate, that the more enlightened and better read the Christian is, the more likely is he to persevere in well-doing. For it is the "double-minded man that is unstable in all his ways." And it is the man of little information that is "carried about with every wind of doctrine." Hence, in order to our final perseverance, how necessary to store the mind with useful knowledge! St. Jude says, "But ye, beloved, building up yourselves on your most holy faith, praying in the Holy Ghost." Now, how are we to carry on this "building," unless we possess the proper and suitable materials for the work? We view our faith as a Church, a "most holy faith." And in order to build thereon, and to be firmly established in it, we should possess ourselves at least of the books above named. A good library, well read, and properly digested, containing those books which are in accordance with the Holy Bible, will much tend to make us wise even unto salvation, and enable us to earnestly contend for the faith once delivered unto the saints.

Get the periodicals, get the books : money spent in this way will never be lost. But in this "building up yourselves," don't forget to "pray in the Holy Ghost," keeping in recollection, the Apostle James, who says, "If any of you lack wisdom, let him ask of God, that giveth to all men liberally, and upbraideth not, and it shall be given him. Seek wisdom.

"Wisdom divine! who tells the price
Of wisdom's costly merchandise?
Wisdom to silver we prefer,
And gold is dross compared to her."

Bear in mind that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom;" and if we but continue to fear the Lord, there will be little danger of our apostasy.

It is the want of this filial fear, which permits us to cherish vain, and foolish, and wicked thoughts; yea, the want of this fear suffers us to indulge in wrong passions and in wrong expressions. The neglect of duties, such as family worship, private devotion, and the searching of the Holy Scriptures: neglect of the house of God, and especially of the class-meeting; (for "they that feared the Lord spake often one to another;") yea, every entering wedge to apostasy, with its final and dolorous consummation, is owing to the want of this filial fear of the Lord. Well might both the Psalmist and the wise man unite, in the same sentiment and in the very same language, in saying that "The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom." O that you and I may daily be found among the happy number of those who are "perfecting holiness in the fear of the Lord"—for the "fear of the Lord

is clean, enduring for ever"—admitting no unholy passion to have predominancy over us ; nipping in the very bud every unclean thought, and effectually quenching the first rise of every inordinate desire. Hence I would again repeat, that if we continue to fear the Lord, there will be but little danger of our apostasy. I do hope my much-beloved friends will strive hard to "fear God, and to work righteousness ;" to "grow in grace, and in the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." "Now unto him that is able to keep you from falling, and to present you faultless before the presence of his glory with exceeding joy, to the only wise God our Saviour, be glory and majesty, dominion and power, both now and ever. Amen."

Do not forget at the throne of the heavenly grace your aged brother and sincere friend,

JOSEPH TRAVIS.

CHINA GROVE, near Grenada, Miss., }
May 3d, 1856. }

SEMI-CENTENNIAL SERMON.

Preface.

A LITTLE more than fifty years ago, the good and pious Henry Smith, class-leader at Smith's Chapel, in Sandy River Circuit, South Carolina Conference, in his bland and social way remarked to me, saying, "Brother Joseph, you must preach for us next Sunday;" and as well as I can recollect, he gave me the text that I took, namely, Luke xiii. 24. What kind of a sermon I preached, at this late period I know not: I can only say, that he encouraged me to go on. Yet I do not recollect reading out a text as a foundation for a discourse after that, until I was admitted on trial in the travelling connection; as I never asked for nor obtained license to preach, being merely a licensed exhorter when my name was presented to the Annual Conference. Yet the above was the first text I ever took, and hence as my semi-centennial* I have again taken it for the foundation of a

* Preached at Spring Hill Chapel, Grenada Circuit, Memphis Conference, July 26th, 1856.

discourse now written out, and designed, in its simple and plain manner, to benefit the reader, and particularly those among whom in former days I was accustomed to preach, and with whom I labored in weakness, yet in godly sincerity for their present and final salvation ; and now that my voice no longer can be heard by them, I do desire through the agency of pen, ink, paper, and press, to talk to them ; and if by the following sermon I can aid them but one half inch in their onward march to heaven, I shall not think that either time or paper was spent in vain. May the great Head of the Church bless this, my feeble effort to do good, and save both myself and readers in the kingdom of glory, world without end ! Amen.

JOSEPH TRAVIS.

CHINA GROVE, near Grenada, Miss., }
July 21st, 1856.

S E R M O N .

“Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.”—LUKE xiii. 24.

WHILST our Lord was passing through the cities and villages, teaching, and journeying toward Jerusalem, a certain individual, either prompted by sheer curiosity, or influenced by a sincere desire of ascertaining an all-important fact, addressed him, saying, “Lord, are there few that be saved?” Our blessed Lord, in his infinite wisdom, did not see proper to give him a direct answer; but replied to him in the language of our text. The purport of which is, “It does not so materially concern you, as an individual, whether there be many or few that will be ultimately saved; but there is one thing that does truly concern you, as an individual, and that is your own salvation. But this I can assure you, that there is but the one way to heaven, and that is through a strait gate; and that many will seek to enter through that gate, but will not be able. I therefore exhort you, that if in very deed you do desire to be saved, you must strive to enter in.”

The parallel passage may be found in Matthew vii. 13, 14, and reads thus: "Enter ye in at the strait gate; for wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be which go in thereat; because strait is the gate, and narrow is the way, which leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it."

The metaphor in our text, namely, "strait gate," has been, by commentators and divines, variously construed: some making it to mean repentance; others, faith, etc. To this exposition we have no objection, all being necessary for the attainment of heaven. But we would refer the metaphor immediately to Christ himself. Some very ancient and respectable MSS., instead of *pules*, gate, read *thuras*, door; that is, strive to enter in at the strait door. This would be in accordance with the metaphor used by our Lord, John x. 9, when he says, "I am the door: by me if any man enter in, he shall be saved, and shall go in and out, and find pasture." Our blessed Lord again declares, that "He is the way, the truth, and the life; and that no man cometh unto the Father but by him." See John xiv. 6. Again, we read in Acts iv. 12, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men, whereby we must be saved." Hence we rationally and scripturally infer, that Christ is the gate, the door, the way, the name, and the only name, by which we can possibly enter into heaven.

"Strive to enter in." Does not the preposition *in* somewhat destroy the regularity and beauty of the metaphor? Not at all. It is in perfect keeping with the phraseology of Christ and his apostles. Says our

Lord, "Every branch *in* me." "Abide in me and I in you." "If a man abide not in me." "If ye abide in me," etc. See John xv. Also St. Paul, 2 Cor. v. 17: "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature." Again, Col. ii. 6, "As ye have therefore received Christ Jesus the Lord, so walk ye in him." We might multiply texts to the same import; but enough has been adduced to show that there is no incongruity attached to the metaphor by the introduction of the preposition *in* when made to refer to Christ himself. Thus, by striving to enter in at the strait gate, we are to strive to enter into the full and implicit belief of the great atonement made by the vicarious sufferings and death of Christ; to strive to the attainment of that justification effected by his resurrection; "for he was delivered for our offences, and raised again for our justification." Rom. iv. 25. We are to strive for that faith, as the instrumental cause of our justification, producing "peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ." Rom. v. 1. We are to strive for that holiness and entire sanctification by the blood of sprinkling, which speaketh better things than the blood of Abel. And for this we have the greatest encouragement held out to us in 1 John i. 9, where it is said, that "If we confess our sins, he [Christ] is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." Blessed text! Have you ever duly considered it, digested its hallowed contents, weighed its vast import, and, above all, realized its glorious truth within your own heart?

Let no one imagine that he has entered into the strait gate, who has never experienced the peace of God—a peace that passeth all understanding—a great peace—

peace like unto a river overflowing—a peace being a part of the kingdom of God—yea, a peace leading us to “follow peace with all men,” causing us to lead a “peaceable life in all godliness,” and “to live peaceably with all men.” Ay, blessed religion!

“Sweet peace she brings wherever she arrives :
She builds our quiet, as she forms our lives :
Lays the rough paths of peevish nature even,
And opens in each breast a little heaven.”

Let no one imagine that he has truly entered into the “*sanctum sanctorum*” of a Christian’s privilege here on earth, until he has reason to believe that “the blood of Christ hath cleansed him from all sin :” that he “is dead unto sin, and alive unto God :” that the “world is crucified unto him, and he unto the world :” that “he daily lives by faith on the Son of God, who loved him, and gave himself for him :” that he “is sanctified wholly, throughout soul, body, and spirit ;” yea, that he is “able to comprehend with all saints what is the breadth, and length, and depth, and height, and to know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge, and to be filled with all the fulness of God.” This is the gate, this the door, this the way to heaven. There is no other way for gospel-enlightened and accountable creatures. Pause for the moment. Art thou in the way? Art thou striving to enter by this gate into the city—the new Jerusalem—the paradise of God? We will, after having explained to you what we understand by the metaphor “gate” in the text, come to show the reason why “many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.”

Is it because God did not will them to enter in, and by an eternal and unalterable decree excluded them from heaven? No, no! we know not such a God—the Bible knows not such a God. The God that the Bible presents to our view says, “As I live, saith the Lord, I have no pleasure in the death of the wicked. Turn ye, turn ye, for why will ye die, O house of Israel?” “God is no respecter of persons, but in every nation he that feareth God and worketh righteousness shall be accepted of him.”

Is it because Christ did not die for them? Not at all. “For God so loved the world, that he gave his only-begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life:” “Christ is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world:” “He tasted death for every man;” yea, he came to “seek and to save that which was lost.” None are excluded.

Is it because the Holy Spirit does not enlighten and strive with them? By no means. “For the grace of God that bringeth salvation hath appeared to all men;” “And the Spirit and the bride say, Come.” Our Lord says, “If I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but if I depart, I will send him unto you, to reprove the world of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment.” No blame can be attached to the Holy Trinity.

“To Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,
Who sweetly all agree
To save a world of sinners lost,
Eternal glory be!”

Is it, then, that you lack ability to enter in? No,

sirs. God requires no impossibility of the workmanship of his hands. Whoever does the best he can, will be accepted. Angels can do no more. Away with the absurd doctrine that God only imparts a natural ability to embrace the atonement, but refuses a moral ability, except to his chosen and elect ones! This is a mere play upon words; yea, an attempt "to remove one difficulty by introducing another." Let us for a moment glance at its absurdity. We will say, for instance, that two men are arrested before the court of our common judicature: both are implicated and proven to be guilty of murder. One is condemned to be hung; the other is set at liberty. Why this? It was because the one condemned had both natural and moral ability to perpetrate the act: the other had natural ability, but it was satisfactorily sustained in court, that he was a maniac; hence lacked moral ability, and for this defect was pardoned, and released from punishment. How dare we represent the God of love as more cruel and hard-hearted than a judge or a jury, in thus denying the gift of moral ability to the poor sinner, and then consigning him down to woe, for this very want of necessary aid in escaping hell, and of getting to heaven? Common humanity, common justice, and common sense revolt at such a doctrine. Truly would it be a *horribile decretum*, a "horrible decree."

What, then, is the cause that they shall not be able to enter in?

I answer: First, Their seeking in a lazy, careless and indifferent manner. Their efforts are weak, lukewarm, and inconstant. In prayer, they are hasty, wan-

dering, and doubtful. The Holy Scriptures are perused with little or no desire of becoming wise unto salvation. The house of God is attended more out of form and custom, than with an intent to hear what God the Lord may by his servants speak unto them. Hence a spirit of dormancy or restlessness frequently possesses them under the administration of God's holy word ; and not until they hear the concluding blessing announced, do they feel any exhilaration of spirit, and then only because the service is ended.

O tell me not of such seekers ever entering into the strait gate, or ever reaching heaven! Such may live in the Church, die in the Church, receive a Christian burial, but at last be damned with a greater solemnity for their hypocrisy and dead formality in religion. "The kingdom of heaven suffereth violence, and the violent take it by force." "I would that thou wert cold or hot : so, then, because thou art lukewarm, and neither cold nor hot, I will spew thee out of my mouth." An awful text! Reflect upon it day and night ; at home or abroad ; in public or private ; whatever you do, wherever you be, forget it not.

2d. Some seek only in times of imminent danger. In storms and tempests they become quite prayerful, and apparently truly concerned for their souls' salvation ; but only let the tempest hush ; the winds cease to roar ; the thunder and lightning pass over : their prayers are ended, their pious efforts entirely relinquished, and they exhibit the same unconcernedness, worldly-mindedness, and dissipation as before. I walk to yonder bedside : I see a pale, emaciated individual, whose looks tell out the anguish and deep concern of a sin-smitten

and polluted soul about entering into the presence of a holy God. I listen to his plaintive and heart-rending confessions and promises: "O what a wretch have I been! How unholy, prayerless, and careless! How ungrateful to my God!

‘Ten thousand times his goodness seen;

Ten thousand times his goodness grieved.’

O that I had but my time to live over! Never, no, never would I act out the wicked and inconsistent part that I have done. The residue of my days should be unreservedly devoted to God and to his service! O that he would but spare me! raise me up one more time, and thus afford me an opportunity of evincing to the world my loyalty to God, my entire subjection to his will and word."

Contrary to the expectations of friends and physicians, the disease yields to prayers, to promises, as well as to medicines—the penitent is restored. Gratitude to God is openly and freely expressed by him, and for weeks during his convalescent state he reads his Bible, meditates, and prays. Nerve and muscle at length resume their wonted strength; nature exercises her accustomed functions: the man is restored to perfect health; and, as in former days, he treads the earth with firmness and agility. But, alas! in a few months the Bible is neglected, the closet forsaken, and the house of God but seldom visited; and "like the sow that was washed, returned to her wallowing in the mire, and the dog to his vomit again," so hath he returned to the vanities and follies of this world, and to a life of sin and rebellion against God. Such shall never enter in.

This individual, like unto too many, lacked principle. He was alone influenced by a servile fear. Had he been under the guidance of a correct principle, he would have served God from the consideration of his relation to him, and of the ten thousand obligations binding him thereunto. Existence, preservation, and redemption, all flowing alone from God, would have been sufficient to bring him to the full determination of Joshua : "As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord."

In one sense of the word, virtue has its own reward ; and truly, if there were no hereafter, were we to sink into final annihilation after death, yet, for our well-being and rational happiness on earth, the Bible should be the man of our counsel, and our great delight should be in prayer and praise to God. Honors, riches, and worldly gratifications cannot satisfy the cravings of an immortal spirit. We might as well attempt to satisfy the demands of an empty, hungry stomach with the nether millstone, or with live coals of fire. God alone can impart substantial bliss to the noble, immaterial part of man, the soul.

3d. Others, again, shall not be able to enter in from the fact of their inconstancy, their zigzag course of piety, and what is by some called fits and starts in religion. In a revival, and during the great excitement occasioned by a camp or protracted meeting, they appear to be much engaged, and promise fair to enter into heaven ; and probably had they died at one of those meetings, they might have been saved. But, sad to tell, as soon as the extra excitement is over, so soon end their zeal and godly efforts. Apathy, lukewarm-

ness, and indifference mark their course from day to day, until the next extra meeting comes on. O shame on such professors! But are there not to be found too many such in the different Churches? We want a living membership in the Church of Christ; not members living in pleasure, and being dead whilst they live, but such as are like the tree planted by the river-side, whose fruit is always in season, and whose leaf never withereth, and who continue even in old age to "flourish like the palm tree." Take heed, brethren, that none of you belong to this unfortunate class of professed Christians, who are thus serving God "by fits and starts;" for fearful I am of such that our blessed Lord will say unto them, "I never knew you: depart from me." Many shall seek to enter in, but shall not be able. "My merciful God, is it I?"

4th. Too many are seeking to enter in, and shall not be able, owing to erroneous opinions which they have imbibed in relation to the gospel plan of salvation. Some there are who, having embraced Antinomian and solididian notions, pay little or no regard to works of piety, mercy, or charity, singing a requiem of peace to themselves, feeling sure of heaven on account of their faith, and the imputed righteousness of Christ. In the mean time, they are neglecters of prayer, of Bible-reading, and of self-denial, and altogether unacquainted with experimental religion, not feeling that "the kingdom of God is not meat and drink, but righteousness, peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." They are resting their hope of heaven on a mere historical faith in the birth, miracles, death, and resurrection of Christ; forgetting that our Lord hath said, "By their fruits ye

shall know them ;” and also, “By thy words thou shalt be justified, and by thy words thou shalt be condemned.” Such shall not be able to enter in, “for without holiness no man shall see the Lord.”

But another error, equally unscriptural and destructive, is that of exalting the merit of works, to the depreciation of the merits of Christ. The Arian and the Socinian, denying the vicarious merits of our Lord and Saviour, evidently build their hope of heaven upon works : their honesty, benevolence, urbanity, and general good morals, make out the platform of their prospects of future happiness. Deluded man ! knowest thou not that thou art born in sin, shapen in iniquity—that the carnal mind is enmity against God—that thou hast no strength (morally speaking) or goodness of thine own ; and that all thy works are but sin and death, until washed in the blood of atoning merit ? Knowest thou not that thou hast to be born again, or never enter heaven ? Or that, if thou couldst enter heaven in thine unregenerate state, heaven itself would be to thee the confines of torment ? It is every way consistent with the principles of philosophy that “like must go to like.” O, dream not of the attainment of future happiness as being a reward of thy morality, abstract from the merits of Christ. “By the deeds of the law no flesh shall be justified.” Salvation “is not of works, lest any man should boast.” Yet, without the inseparable union of faith and good works, we cannot be saved. God himself has joined these together : let no man put them asunder.

5th. Yet another most effectual preventive to our entering into the strait gate is procrastination.

That "thief of time," that murderer of immortal spirits, devours his victims by hundreds, year after year. To-morrow—to-morrow—fatal to-morrow! has peopled the lower regions! Yet, strange to tell, as none of these unhappy spirits have been permitted in person to tell their dolorous tale of woe and wretchedness consequent upon procrastination, thousands and tens of thousands are thoughtlessly listening to the siren song, "Time enough yet;" "Time enough yet." I am yet too young: let me become more aged and settled in life. I am at present too poor: let me accumulate some more of this world's goods around me. I have adjusted my plans of foreign travel, of honorable and distinguished association, and the like. Let me consummate and enjoy this pleasure: then, ay, then will I set about preparing to meet my God, and becoming a fit subject of the kingdom of glory.

Few, very few are to be found, in this our gospel-enlightened land, who will not candidly acknowledge their obligations to God, confess their full belief in the Christian religion, unhesitatingly tell you that they have good desires, and are at times "almost persuaded to be a Christian:" that they yet intend renouncing sin, the devil, and the world, with all its pomps and vanities, to make an open profession of godliness, and to devote their time and talents unreservedly to the service of their Heavenly Father; to glorify God on earth, and enjoy him for ever—in short, to become sincere followers of Christ. But, alas! at an unexpected moment death approaches silently to their bedside, and throws his icy arms around them: the pall, the shroud, the hearse, the gaping tomb, with an opening hell, are

presented to their vision : alarmed, yea, distracted, in no situation now to repent in an evangelical sense, no time to humble themselves suitably before God, they feel that they richly deserve future punishment, and that God in justice may seal their doom. They endeavor to elicit some hope from the case of the penitent and dying thief, but then the thought—ay, the true and awful thought—rushes across the mind, “The thief may have had no previous call until this hour : he is expiring not only in sight, but even touching the bleeding body of his innocent Saviour. Mine is a different case : call upon call has been given me, mercies, judgments, and gospel privileges have all united with the strivings of the Holy Spirit to bring me home to God ; but I have proven too strong for their combined forces, yea, too strong for Omnipotence itself ; and all this originated in the fatal delusion of procrastination—Time enough yet.” My brother, art thou the deluded one ? Art thou the unhappy spirit led to build thy flimsy hopes of a return to God upon a future day ? Stop ! O stop, and think ! No longer delay : sport not upon the very brink of woe : “time is flying ; death urging ; knells calling ; hell threatening.” Up ! God bless thee, up ! and be escaping to the city of refuge. Now is the time—the accepted time—to-day (not to-morrow) is the day of salvation ; for by procrastination many will seek to enter in, and shall not be able. I ask again, Will it be thou ? It will not be, if from this very moment thou turn to God, and every sin most carefully and conscientiously forsake. May God help thee !

We will now in a brief manner enforce the exhortation, “Strive to enter in.”

The original word, *agonizesthe*, literally means, agonize; so that our text may read, Agonize to enter in. The plain English of agony is, a contest; anguish; solicitude; conflict; a battle; a word used to denote the athletic games in ancient Greece; extreme pain of body or of mind; the sufferings of our Saviour in the garden of Gethsemane.

In our text it particularly means effort, untiring and unceasing effort; and most assuredly, if any thing on earth demands untiring effort, it is the salvation and final happiness of our immortal souls.

Nothing great, grand, glorious, or beneficial to mankind in this world can be consummated without effort. Does the student desire to excel in literature? You find him "trimming the midnight lamp, and catching the dawn of day;" poring over his musty books with an effort that shows his fixed purpose of treading the topmost peak of the hill of science. The thrifty farmer, by untiring effort, adds house to house, and field to field. He well knows that "he who regards the clouds shall not reap." Hence, day in and day out finds him contending against opposing elements, and striving with might and main annually to add some little more to his possessions. His efforts succeed, and he is necessitated at times to pull down his old barns and build greater, having no place where to bestow his goods. The prosperous merchant hesitates not to embark on the tempestuous seas; to visit foreign ports; to leave wife, children, relatives, and friends, to sojourn for months among strangers, and perhaps foes; and all this effort, toil, exposure, and privation, to add a little more pelf to his already accumulated thousands. The

military chieftain bids adieu to all that is near or dear to him ; with warlike attire takes up his march for the field of battle ; regardless of consequences, he rushes amain against opposing spears, swords, and cannon, with courage, resolution, and determined effort to gain the battle. He succeeds, but in so doing many of his army are slain ; he himself is wounded—the groans and shrieks of the dying, both of friends and foes, affect him not. He literally wades through blood to consummate the entire overthrow of the enemy. It is accomplished. Does he repent the hazardous campaign ? Not at all. Why not ? Because the laudatory notes of hundreds await him upon his arrival at home.

The jurist—the attorney—has a very important case committed to his trust. What effort!—day and night racking his invention. When no data can be afforded by the letter of the law, he is plotting ways and means, by intrigue, cunning, artifice, and chicanery, to gain his point : a large fee awaits him if successful. He spares no labor, energy, effort ; continued effort at the bar with judge and jury plainly show his zeal and vehement desire in favor of his client. And why all this ado, this striving, this agonizing, this apparent anguish of mind ? Pelf, trash, money, is the spring and cause of all the zeal, the sweat, toil, and effort of the attorney. Are not the children of this world in their generation wiser than the children of light ?

We might introduce the statesman, the office-hunter, the mechanic, etc., down to the foot-peddler, and show how all are striving to accomplish their ends, and to gain their wished-for objects ; but we will merely advert to another character to point out the absurdity and

gross inconsistency of the lukewarm and indolent professor of religion. Your little child, in its playful perambulations, has lost its way back to home. Are you sitting in a careless and indifferent manner, apparently unconcerned whether or not it ever return? No, no; this would be contrary to your nature. Your child, perhaps your only child, is lost. Parental feelings are all awake, and all in effort, untiring and unceasing effort. You call to your aid the entire neighborhood: hills and hillocks, dales and valleys, forests and plains, every nook and corner of fences, and every little thicket, are carefully searched: the oft-repeated and loud call is heard in the distance, "My child, my child, where are you?" Sleep has departed from your eyes, slumber from your eyelids; your stomach loathes food; you are all agitation; every nerve becomes unstrung; nature feels like yielding to the weight of parental grief; yet you know that were your child to die, it would go straight home to heaven. But you cannot give it up—continued effort and agonizing must go on until it is found. Brethren, I leave you to make the application.

A valuable animal has strayed off, or been stolen from you. Do you seek that animal in a lazy and careless manner? Do you merely inquire of the traveller on the highway? Rather, do you not enter into the by-paths, the hedges, the fields, and in every possible place where you think he might be found? Yea, the gazette announces his departure, with a promised reward for his apprehension and return to you. What is the loss of a valuable animal, or of ten thousand such, to the loss of your immortal soul?

You have mislaid even a ten dollar bill. Effort, and continued effort, is made to find it. This universal principle in man, of care, attention, and due regard to his property, is beautifully illustrated by our Lord in the parable of the shepherd with his hundred sheep, who having lost one of them, left the ninety-and-nine, and went in search of the one that was lost; and of the woman with ten pieces of silver, who having lost one piece, swept her house and searched diligently until she found it. Strange, passing strange, that the same principle does not actuate us in our spiritual and eternal concerns! However, St. Paul gives us a key which unlocks this great mystery, namely, "The things which are seen are temporal; but the things which are not seen are eternal." God, in his providence of grace and mercy, has seen proper that we should "walk by faith, not by sight." "Thomas, because thou hast seen me, thou hast believed; blessed are they that have not seen, and yet have believed." No special blessing was pronounced upon Thomas by our Lord, because his faith was founded upon ocular demonstration. The special and peculiar blessing belongs to those who walk by faith, not by sight; and who can say in relation to Christ, with St. Peter, "Whom having not seen, we love."

A house is on fire—it caught in the lower story—in the upper is a youth unconscious of his danger; he discovers it not until several of the lower steps of the stairs are all in a blaze. He rushes thither to make his way down, but too late; he can neither pass through nor overleap the flames. He returns back; but does he fold his arms together, exclaiming, "A little more sleep,

a little more slumber?" Nay: he runs to the window. His parents outside are begging him to leap out; but O, the height! he dreads the result. All is effort with him—not a moment lost—he runs again to the staircase, every step now in a blaze—to the window again he flies. Father and mother beg him to leap out—telling him that it would be better to die in their arms than in the fire. The flame is gaining on him—the smoke is suffocating him: to the window he again flies, exclaiming, "If I perish, I perish. To stay where I am is certain death; to leap out of the window is but death. I may be saved." He makes the leap, and saves his life. O, sinner, make the application to thy own state! The wrath of God is revealed from heaven against thee: it is above thee, all around thee, and ready to burst forth in one eternal peal upon thy guilty soul. Christ is the only ark of safety—flee to him. Stay where thou art, thy doom is fixed—nothing but death eternal. Christ may receive thee; God may yet be merciful unto thee. Make the trial: throw thyself entire upon the merits of Christ, who never yet has suffered a sincere penitent to perish at his feet. Now is thy time to strive to enter in—to use the necessary efforts for thy own salvation, working it out with fear and trembling, for now God is working in thee both to will and to do of his own good pleasure.

Permit us here to relate a circumstance quite in point, descriptive of this agonizing effort to enter in at the strait gate. A certain family was visited every fortnight by a pious clergyman, with a view of praying with them, and catechizing their children. The father and mother were members of his Church. The eldest

daughter, Elizabeth, became tired of these religious exercises: knowing the day and hour of the appearance of the man of God, and seeing him coming, she slipped up stairs to avoid his hour's devotion in the family; watching his departure, she hastened down, and was met by her weeping mother at the foot of the stairs, who affectionately accosted her, saying, "O, my child! how is it that you seek to be absent whilst good is going on?" The remark was fastened by the Holy Spirit on Elizabeth's heart. This was about ten o'clock A. M. Elizabeth disappears from the family; dinner comes on; she is called again and again; no response; search is made in every place in the neighborhood; in the evening the mill-pond is drained, not knowing but that she accidentally might have fallen in and have been drowned; neighbors and all continue the search until about eleven o'clock at night. The disconsolate parents retire to bed in deep distress. About midnight a rap is heard at the door. The father inquires, "Who is there?" The daughter answers. The mother leaps out of bed—runs to her—takes her in her arms, exclaiming, "Elizabeth, why did you serve us thus?" "Ah!" says she, "Ma! if you only knew what the Lord has done for my poor soul, you would not blame me. When I met you at the foot of the staircase—saw the big tears stealing down your cheek—heard the heart-rending inquiry, 'Why absent when good is going on?' it went like a dagger to my inmost soul. I immediately went and hid myself in the wood-pile; there to pray, and there to stay, until God spoke peace to my soul. He has heard my cry—

my soul is now happy in the Lord. Mother, don't blame me."

Here was effort, continued and determined effort: here was striving, ay, agonizing to enter in—and in she got; and so will it be with all others who thus resolve on seeking their souls' salvation.

In enforcing the exhortation in our text, we would admonish the believer to continue striving. Effort, effort is necessary on our part all the way upward and onward to the kingdom of glory. "For we wrestle not against flesh and blood, but against principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places." The devil continues, as of old, "going about seeking whom he may devour;" and those whom he well knows he cannot devour he is determined to worry, and to render their road to heaven as rough as he possibly can. Effort by him is not wanting: day and night he is on the alert to mar our peace, to impede our spiritual progress, and, if possible, to cause us to faint and tire in the good way. Hence we should take upon us "the whole armor of God, that we may be able to withstand in the evil day, and having done all to stand."

We should most assiduously strive against unbelief. It is a very successful and pernicious weapon of the wicked one, causing us to doubt, and finally "to forget that we were purged from our old sins;" instilling into our minds difficulties, and then positive doubts in relation to the atonement made by Christ; suggesting the absolute impossibility of being saved from all sin; quoting Scripture, (as he has been accustomed,) such as,

"There is no man which sinneth not," "If we say we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us," etc., etc. And, of course, if we are led to doubt the efficacy of Christ's blood to cleanse us from all sin, we shall not agonize as we should for this scriptural and inestimable blessing. True, there is a mystery in ascertaining the manner of effecting this glorious change in the heart of man ; but there is a mystery in every thing we see, hear, or feel ; and he that doubts things that he cannot comprehend, may doubt all muscular motion, the power and faculty of speech, of vision, and of hearing ; ay, even his own existence. In physics, in physiology, in natural philosophy, yea, in mathematics, the science of demonstration itself, there are incomprehensibilities as well as in theology. It behooves us, as poor, short-sighted, and imbecile creatures, to take God at his word, and that which we cannot unriddle, let us learn to trust.

Permit not doubts or unbelief to prevent your entering into the full and glorious enjoyment of sanctifying grace ; and when once made a participant of this scriptural privilege, your doubts will all vanish, whilst the language of your heart will be, "Come and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul." What is it, my brother ? Why, "As far as the east is from the west, so far hath he removed my transgressions from me." Let it be your incessant cry :

"Remove this hardness from my heart,
This unbelief remove ;
To me the rest of faith impart,
The Sabbath of thy love."

We must strive hard and incessantly against pride. It is the besetting sin of hundreds and thousands : supposed to be the very downfall of the devil, once an angel of light, but who, unfortunately, thought it better "to rule in hell than serve in heaven." Of all incongruities, absurdities, or inconsistencies that can characterize man, pride is the greatest. Proud of what? Your talents? your office in Church or state? your wealth? your equipage? your fine carriages and comely steeds? your attire? your gold watches, bracelets, chains, and rings? your elegant form and beautiful face? your superb dwelling and costly furniture? O man! O woman! from whom did you derive all these things on which you are vaunting and priding yourself from day to day? Are they not from God? who by one almighty stroke could blast and destroy them all. Yes, in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, all, all could be snatched from you. At best it will not be long before all the fine clothes that you will need will be a shroud to wrap you up in : all the superb building needed will be composed of six pieces of plank : all the fertile land demanded will be six feet in length and four in breadth. Listen to the heavenly mandate : "Thus saith the Lord, Let not the wise man glory in his wisdom, neither let the mighty man glory in his might, let not the rich man glory in his riches ; but him that glorieth, let him glory in this, that he understandeth and knoweth me, that I am the Lord which exercise loving-kindness, judgment, and righteousness in the earth ; for in these things I delight, saith the Lord." Jer. ix. 23, 24. Hence,

“If wisdom, strength, or riches be thy lot,
Boast not, but rather think thou hast them not:
One God alone, from whom those gifts proceed,
Is wise, is mighty, and is rich indeed.”

Brethren beloved, strive earnestly, and daily strive against pride. It “swells a haughty worm,” and may swell you so large that you will not be able to squeeze into the strait gate. May the good Lord kill in all of us this rebel sin—this detestable and hateful passion. “For thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, I dwell in the high and holy place; with him also that is of a contrite heart and humble spirit, to revive the spirit of the humble, and to revive the heart of the contrite ones.” Again: “God resisteth the proud, but giveth grace to the humble.”

We might enlarge upon this momentous subject in enforcing the mandate of our blessed Lord, “Strive to enter in at the strait gate.” Suffice us merely to add: Strive against prejudice—against worldly-mindedness—against the maxims and fashions of an ungodly world.

Strive to keep in view your great responsibility to God; your shortness of time on earth; the length of that eternity to which you are hastening. Strive to live one day at a time.

Strive to lay up treasures in heaven: to be daily thinking and meditating about heaven.

Strive to love your Bible; to love your closet devotions; to love your class-meetings; ay, to love all the means of grace—all the ordinances of the house of God.

In short, strive to be a consistent, constant, humble, sincere, and holy follower of the Lord Jesus Christ at

all times, in all places, and under all circumstances; and it will not be long—entering fully into the strait gate—before you will possess a right to the tree of life, and enter in through the gates into the city whose builder and maker is God—the new Jerusalem; the home of weary, blood-washed pilgrims; the rest of the laborious and untiring servants of God; the inheritance undefiled, incorruptible, and that fadeth not away; the meeting-place of husbands and wives, of parents and children, of masters and servants—of many loved ones on earth, not related by affinity, or consanguinity, or domestic ties; the place where preachers and their beloved charges all, all shall meet, never again to separate, but to unite with the patriarchs, prophets, and saints of old—with the apostles, martyrs, and primitive Christians—with angels, archangels, seraphim, and cherubim, and all the redeemed of the Lord, of every tongue and nation on earth. O blessed home! who would not strive to reach it!

Some of my old acquaintances may recollect my preaching on this subject. Several times, in different places, since I first took it for a text fifty years ago, have I endeavored to descant upon it for the benefit of the people; but never again will you see me limping into the pulpit, and, after the hymns, prayers, and lessons, reading for my text, “Strive to enter in at the strait gate; for many, I say unto you, will seek to enter in, and shall not be able.” No, brethren, never again shall I enjoy this privilege on earth. Those halcyon days are to be numbered with the past. But permit me to say to you, (not vauntingly,) my soul is yet in the same good old work of laborious itinerancy; and if my

physical powers would but admit it, my heaven on earth would be to go round the circuit or the district preaching Christ and him crucified.

In reading this, my semi-centennial sermon, imperfect as it is, I hope you will do it with a prayerful and docile spirit ; that you will appreciate its Bible truths ; and, for the sake of your aged and affectionate friend, but more especially for your own sake, you will double your diligence in making your calling and election sure ; that you will strive with greater effort than hitherto to be the entire Christian, loving God with a perfect heart, serving him with a willing mind, doing all things to his glory, and that continually. May the Lord bless you, and help you to

“Walk before God, be perfect here,
And then go up to heaven.”

THE END.

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